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February 22, 1941

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By FRANK GERVASI

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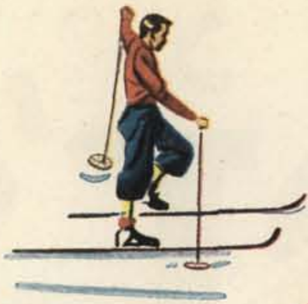
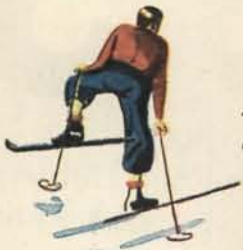
Here's how

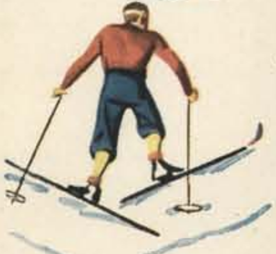
TO LEARN YOUR A B SKIS

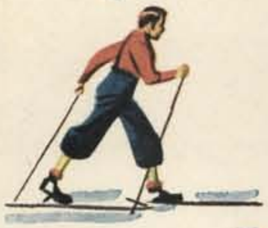
BY SIG BUCHMAYR

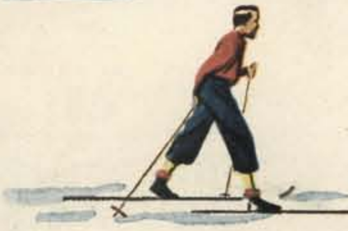
FAMOUS INSTRUCTOR

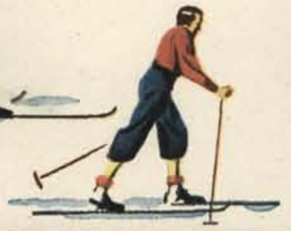






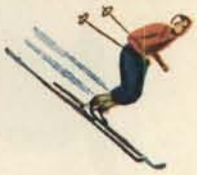


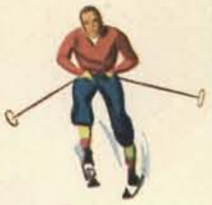


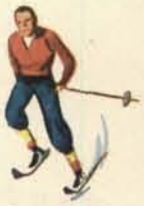


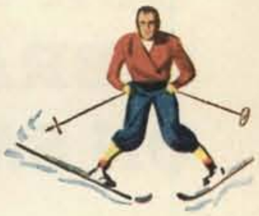
TO CLIMB: Here are 2 methods of climbing. *At left*, the "Herringbone" which is better suited to hard than to soft snow. Skis are pointed with tips outward, edge in toward the hill. The climbing ski is lifted across the heel of the standing ski and the weight transferred. Poles are thrust behind. *Shown at top* is the "Side Step"—for ascending steeper grades. Skis are kept at right angles to the grade, edged.

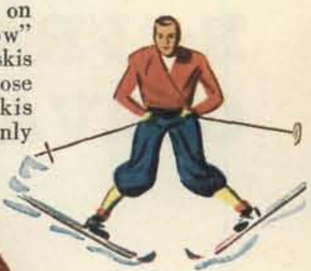
ON THE LEVEL: First learn to walk on level ground. That will accustom you to the feeling of snow—and ski equipment. In starting, keep the skis parallel, close together (weight on the balls of the feet). Slide your skis forward. Do not lift them. Use poles. When the left ski is sliding forward, the right arm is pushing, and vice versa. Keep poles close to body.

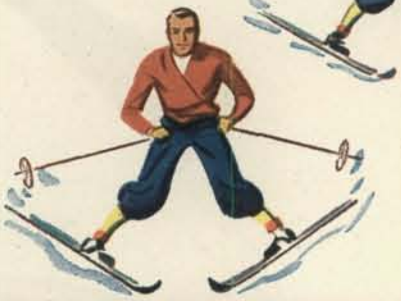












COMING DOWN: In the running position, the body leans forward at right angles to the slope. Skis are parallel, close together, weight on balls of both feet. Knees bent to absorb shocks.

TURNING: Shift weight to ski which will be on inside of turn. In one smooth, fluid motion (1) swing out heel of unweighted outside ski (keeping toes of skis together), (2) swing shoulders, then hips, in direction of turn, (3) transfer weight fully to turned ski and you will turn in that direction. Turn inside (now unweighted) ski to parallel direction. Keep knees bent.

TO STOP: Here's How to put on the brakes by "Snow Plow" action. Thrust heels of the skis outward. Keep ski tips close together—knees bent. Skis slightly edged—weight evenly distributed on both skis.

Waxed skis whizzing over white snow! Breathless moments! Zestful thrills! Now our fastest-growing sport, skiing each year takes more and more Americans—grandparents as well as youngsters—to snow-carpeted slopes.

With very little practice, anyone can ski well enough to get around and have fun. Here are a few capsule lessons that may help you to get started *right*.

Here's how

TO LEARN YOUR WHISKEY A-B-C's

1. Sip Seagram's 5 Crown straight—savor the full-fledged flavor that's mild, never heavy.
2. Enjoy it in a cocktail or highball—learn what a marvelous difference it makes in drinks.
3. Consider the 83 years of Seagram success—the master blenders, the finest ingredients.
4. Compare Seagram's 5 Crown for value—it's the "more-for-your-money" whiskey.
5. Learn all about this popular-priced whiskey today—don't delay this pleasure. Ask for

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THE BLENDED WHISKEY FOR EVERY DRINK

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Five Crown
Blended Whiskey
A distinctive whiskey of rare bouquet and full flavor — smooth and mellow
BLENDED AND BOTTLED BY
JOSEPH E. SEAGRAM & SONS INC.
LAWRENCEBURG, IND.
NINETY PROOF
FULL QUART

Thank you, Sig Buchmayr! Your little spiel on how not to spill will add to the blood-tingling fun of skiing—on that we all agree.

And after thrilling sport, we go for highball-sipping comfort—and on Seagram's 5 Crown we all agree. It's smooth as a ski run, light as a snowflake—*and easy on the budget, too.* Ask for it at your favorite bar or package store—*today!*

Here's how...

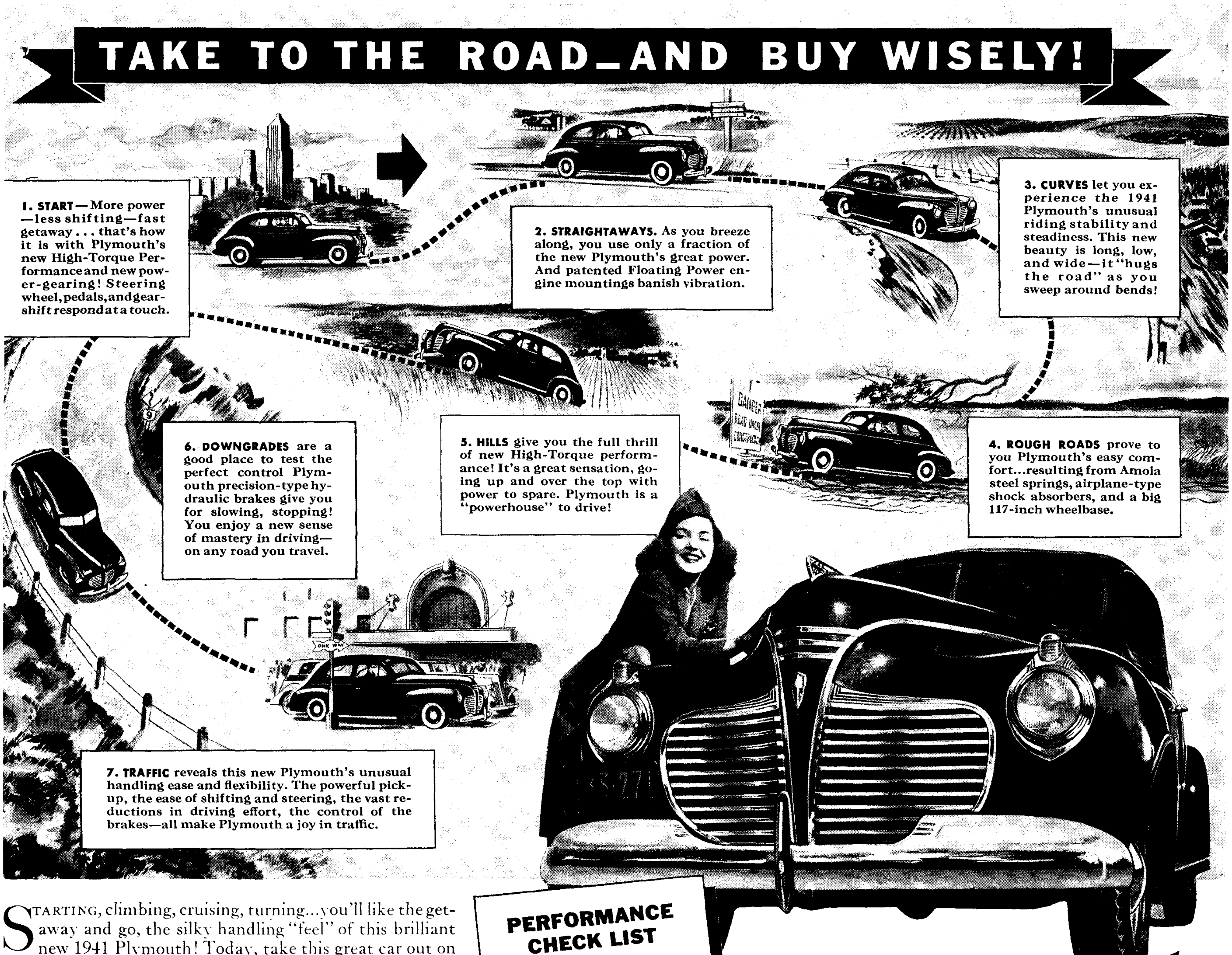
SAY SEAGRAM'S . . . AND BE SURE

Seagram's 5 Crown Blended Whiskey. 72½% neutral spirits distilled from grain. 90 proof. Copyright 1941. Seagram-Distillers Corp., New York

"RIDE IT—And You'll BUY IT"

...Take Plymouth out on the road. That's the way to get the most for your money.

TAKE TO THE ROAD—AND BUY WISELY!



1. START—More power—less shifting—fast getaway . . . that's how it is with Plymouth's new High-Torque Performance and new power-gearing! Steering wheel, pedals, and gearshift respond at a touch.

2. STRAIGHTAWAYS. As you breeze along, you use only a fraction of the new Plymouth's great power. And patented Floating Power engine mountings banish vibration.

3. CURVES let you experience the 1941 Plymouth's unusual riding stability and steadiness. This new beauty is long, low, and wide—it "hugs the road" as you sweep around bends!

4. ROUGH ROADS prove to you Plymouth's easy comfort...resulting from Amola steel springs, airplane-type shock absorbers, and a big 117-inch wheelbase.

5. HILLS give you the full thrill of new High-Torque performance! It's a great sensation, going up and over the top with power to spare. Plymouth is a "powerhouse" to drive!

6. DOWNGRADES are a good place to test the perfect control Plymouth precision-type hydraulic brakes give you for slowing, stopping! You enjoy a new sense of mastery in driving—on any road you travel.

7. TRAFFIC reveals this new Plymouth's unusual handling ease and flexibility. The powerful pick-up, the ease of shifting and steering, the vast reductions in driving effort, the control of the brakes—all make Plymouth a joy in traffic.

STARTING, climbing, cruising, turning...you'll like the getaway and go, the silky handling "feel" of this brilliant new 1941 Plymouth! Today, take this great car out on the road—get *first-hand* knowledge of how much more riding and driving enjoyment low price is now able to buy!

You get new Safety Rims on wheels...new High-Duty Engine Bearings...new Oil Bath Air Cleaner...Spring Covers...wide color choices—on even *lowest-priced* models!

See the 1941 Quality Chart, comparing "All 3" low-priced cars, at your Plymouth dealer's. *Ride* Plymouth and you'll *buy* it! PLYMOUTH DIVISION OF CHRYSLER CORPORATION.

TUNE IN MAJOR BOWES' HOUR, C. B. S., THURSDAYS, 9 TO 10 P. M., E. S. T.
SEE PLYMOUTH'S 1941 COMMERCIAL PICK-UP AND PANEL DELIVERY!

☛ **LOOK AT THE 1941 PRICES OF "ALL THREE"**

Plymouth is actually lowest-priced of "All Three" on many models. Your present car will probably cover a large part of Plymouth's low delivered price . . . balance in low monthly instalments.

PRICES ARE SUBJECT TO CHANGE WITHOUT NOTICE

PERFORMANCE CHECK LIST

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- ☑ 2. Smoothness on the Straightaway
- ☑ 3. Stability on Curves
- ☑ 4. New Riding Comfort Over Rough Roads
- ☑ 5. New Climbing Power for Steep Hills, Long Pulls
- ☑ 6. Smooth, Sure Stopping
- ☑ 7. Easy Handling and Flexibility in Heavy Traffic

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BUILDS GREAT CARS

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FEBRUARY 22, 1941

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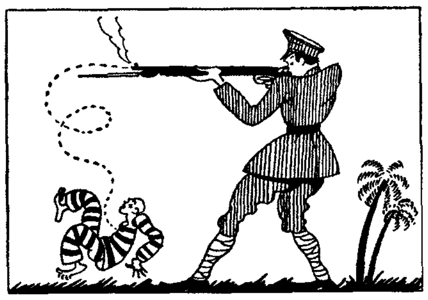
COVER HARRY L. TIMMINS

ANY WEEK

BEING a patriot of the more vociferous and ground-pawing school, we hate to mention this, but we've recently been told by a group of high-ranking Army officers that there are lads in this new Army of ours who are not completely virtuous. In fact, one or two of them are going to be court-martialed unless, haply, they should mend their ways. To retrieve us from the dismals into which this news cast us, one of the officers told us about a young warrior—a Filipino, by the way—whom he defended before a court-martial in Manila. Juan, as all Filipino soldiers are named, had shot and killed an escaping prisoner. You are permitted to shoot escaping prisoners, but afterward you must stand trial for murder. It's a formality whereby your record is kept clean. Questioned by the court, Juan told a straightforward story, demonstrating, incidentally, that he knew his regulations. "What did you do first?" the court asked. "I shouted to halt," said Juan. "They do not halt." The court looked shocked. "Then what?" Juan replied: "According to regulations, I fire a warning shot." This time the court nodded approval. "Quite right. And then?" Juan looked apologetic. "I missed," confessed he.

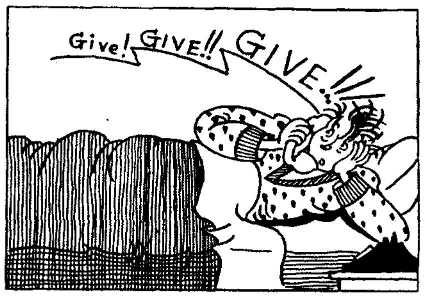


ALSO we got to talking to a German propagandist, a jovial fellow who does not deal in apologetic literature nor condemnation of Britain. He just doesn't believe that democracy can survive and scoffs at our contention that he really means plutocracy and that democracy will survive all the Hitlerian political racketeers to the end of time. "Anyway," we said, "we don't like Nazis. They're arrogant, cruel, stupid, humorless and—" But there he stopped us. "Not humorless," he protested. "Perhaps you do not know that in Berlin there are followers of the Fuehrer who even now speak of eventually invading the United States to save you from invasion by the British." Which explains why he's our pet Nazi.

WE'RE notified by Miss Eugenia Borrells of Washington, D. C., that several obscure but probably subversive citizens are thinking of launching an Aid-America movement. Personally we don't think it will be successful in times like these. Nevertheless, its obviously selfish promoters propose to go ahead, hopeful of raising a fund and enlisting the patronage of a group of influential citizens who will have the courage to let their names be printed on the Aid-America stationery. Influential as we are, we nevertheless refuse to become a sponsor. We are not to be caught in a pro-Nazi trap so easily. "Briefly," writes Miss Borrells, "this unique organization's purpose is to urge that a part of the munitions manufactured in America be kept in America—just in case. Furthermore, Aid America hopes to convince the country that there are still people here who need overcoats, socks, vitamin pills and a few kind words. Are you listening?" But maybe we'd better turn the letter over to the F.B.I.

OR MAYBE we'd do better to pay no further attention to it. Anyway, we have something to do that's worth while doing. Something we'll understand. We've been invited to go to Florida to watch the Yankees train. Here's something that needs no donation-seeking propagandists. In more than half the states in this emotional Union it is a more serious crime to bribe a baseball player than it is to bribe a legislator. And that is as it should be. It's harder to replace a good second baseman, and we'd give you the entire legislatures of New York, Pennsylvania, Illinois and California for one good southpaw pitcher. Or aren't you that easily gypped? Anyway, we're going to sneak off to Florida if we can, and swap profundities with Joe DiMaggio, Joe Gordon, Gerald Priddy, that Rizzutto boy, Red Rolfe and Bill Dickey. And get grunted at by Joe McCarthy.

AND we're warned by Mr. Joseph J. Holden of Yonkers, New York, that if this country is forced to fight we may possibly lose before firing a gun. "Frankly," sighs Mr. Holden, "we're likely to be so emotionally exhausted that we won't have anything left. The way things are going now, actual hostilities will be an anticlimax." And to prove it Mr. Holden had just returned exhausted from Redding, Connecticut. Under the direction of his host he spent the week end digging bomb shelters, being drilled in the arts of home defense and galloping two miles to an open field where he and seven others fired shotguns at the sky—antiparachute exercises. Once they routed him out at two in the morning to shoot parachutists. When he complained they asked him to think of what his plight would be were parachute troops to appear some time and catch him untrained. Mr. Holden got home in a pretty depleted condition. Although it was late Sunday night he had no sooner fallen into a fitful slumber than his telephone rang. A woman was calling. "Give, give, give for England and democracy," she said in a tone which Mr. Holden describes as unearthly. "It is later than you think." Mr. Holden was annoyed. "Who the hell are you, woman?" demanded he. "This is freedom speaking," said she—and hung up. Mr. Holden, on second thought, has purchased a shotgun—one that shoots horizontally.


Give! GIVE!! GIVE!!!

WE'VE just been informed by the man we buy our early spring seeds from that, due to the war, there will be a shortage of spinach seed. Spinach seed comes from Holland or Belgium or some such place. Anyway, we're all right, because he's our regular seedsman and he's saving our quota. Rather, he's "setting them aside." Of course, that's what ought to happen to spinach seed anyway. But there's a line in his letter that warns us not to "forego planting spinach this year inasmuch as the seed shortage is being felt even by the large growers, and buying spinach from your vegetable dealer may involve either paying premium prices or being told sadly that there is no spinach on the market." All of which makes a nice timely build-up for a letter we've just got from Mr. Elm Blankridge of Nashville, Tennessee. Mr. Blankridge is a column addict. He reads seven a day—every day. Besides that, he reads ten weekly columns, including this one. He says they're all spinach. "However, you patent-medicine journalists serve a purpose," says he. "You comfort me with the knowledge that I'm not the only buzz-brain in this country."

MR. WHEATLEY J. RALPH of Santa Cruz, California, has very generously volunteered to be our agent in his sector. He promises to advise us of "versives, both sub and contra," that pop up in Santa Cruz. His promise is accompanied by a trial report from which we learn, much to our consternation, that something has happened to the Santa Cruz lighthouse. "It was established in 1868," reports Mr. Ralph, "when schooners made this a port of call. Ten years later there came the railroads. The Coast Guard has found this out and says we'll have to get along with an 11,000-candle-power light on a fifty-five-foot spindly steel tower without anyone to attend it, in lieu of the 25,000 candle power we have had for the past seventy-three years."

PRACTICALLY a black-out. . . .W.D.

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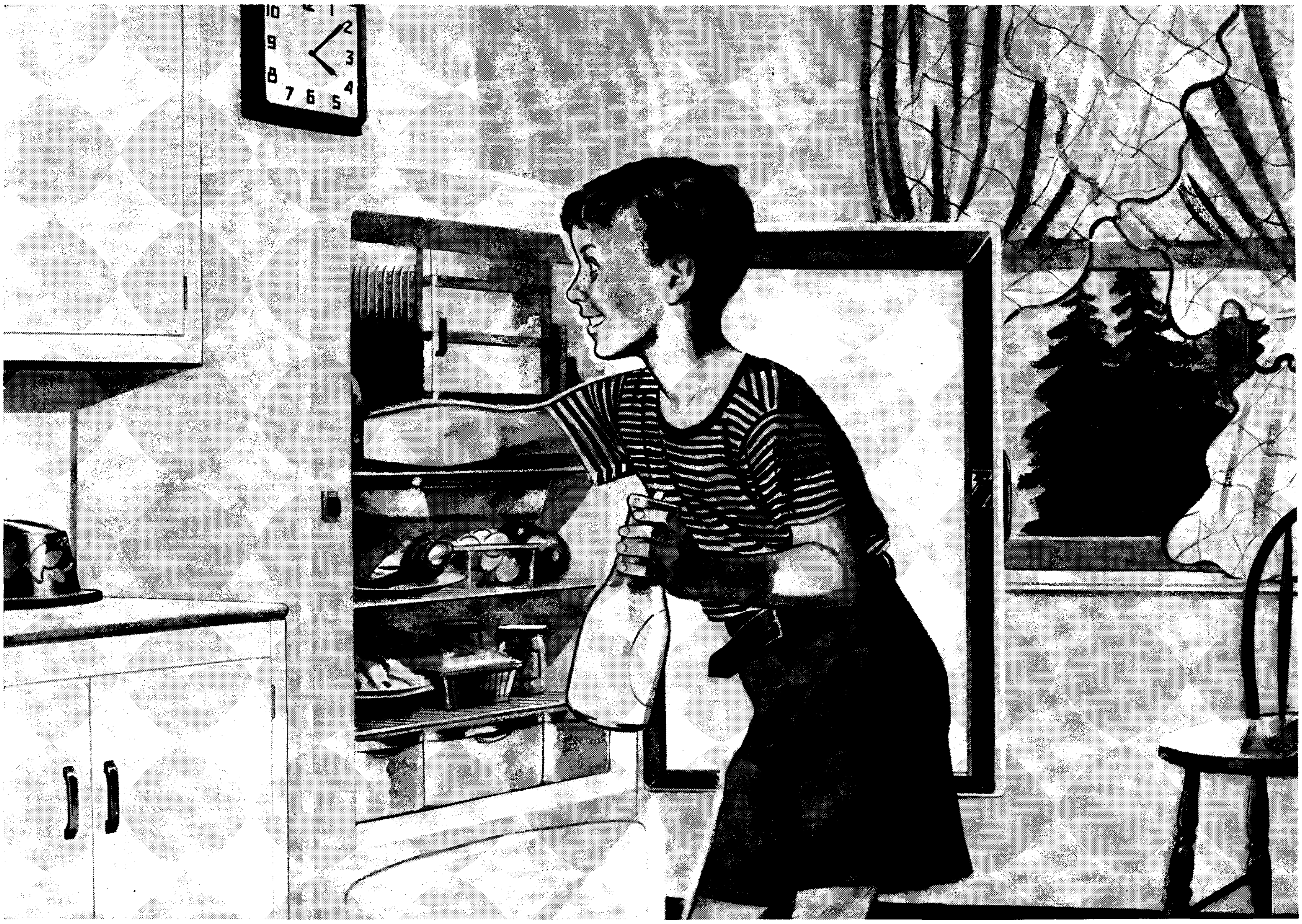

Where does he put it?

YOUNGSTERS, as they reach their teens, often develop an extraordinary capacity for food. Many a puzzled mother has said, "I don't know where he puts it!"

▶ It is important for parents to realize that in the majority of cases, such an appetite is normal and should be encouraged. One important exception, of course, is the child who shows a tendency to obesity—and in such a case a doctor should be consulted.

During the teen age, a normal child is exceptionally active. Each year he is adding 2 or 3 inches to his height and as much as 10 pounds or more to his weight. Therefore, a youngster has to eat a large amount. Too little food, or the wrong kind, can hinder normal development at this time just as truly as in infancy.

▶ Your doctor will tell you that an adolescent child's activities can be as strenuous as a manual laborer's—sometimes requiring from 50% to 75% more food than is needed by the average adult. That's why it may be perfectly proper for Junior to tuck away lots more dinner than his office-working Dad!

Three generous meals a day should include milk, cereals, vegetables, fruits, meat, and eggs—all so necessary for growth and good health. Furthermore, these meals should include wholesome desserts to satisfy the "sweet tooth" that boys and girls usually develop.

▶ This doesn't mean, of course, that the youngster should be free to gobble anything at any time. Simple, sensible snacks may be given to the child at appropriate times if they do not affect the child's appetite at regular meals. Good, satisfying foods like milk, bread and butter, and fruits are usually easy to keep on hand for the hungry young one.

In between times—right after school, for instance, but not too close to the next regular meal—such wholesome foods tend to discourage round-the-clock "nibbling."

To help you satisfy youthful appetites, and also to avoid one-sided or indigestible diets, Metropolitan offers a helpful, free leaflet, "When You Are In Your Teens."

▶ "THE PROOF OF THE PUDDING"—a ten-minute, Technicolor movie on food and health—has just been released by the United States Public Health Service and the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company. When it is shown in your neighborhood, it will be worth your while to see it.

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Please send me a copy of your booklet, "When You Are In Your Teens."

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You'll like yeast this new way

YOU'RE GETTING CUTER BY THE MINUTE! BEEN EATING YEAST AGAIN?

NO... DRINKING IT! FLEISCHMANN'S YEAST IN TOMATO JUICE IS ABSOLUTELY SWELL!

HARRY: What a good idea, smarty! I had that up-and-coming feeling, just like you, when I was eating yeast. But I didn't like the taste.
BETH: Well, you'll like *this* taste! It's like oven-fresh bread! Millions of old yeast-eaters like you are going to fall for it. Twice a day for me . . . and it *does* make a difference.

HARRY: I'd give it a work-out if I thought I could stick with it. I believe what the authorities say: "Yeast is one of the richest natural sources of the amazing vitamin B complex."
BETH: Believe it? I know it! And maybe you aren't getting enough of these vitamins. Drink it first thing in the morning, last thing at night . . . See if there isn't a boom in your personal pep!

MASH... Take a cold cake of Fleischmann's Fresh Yeast and mash it in a dry glass with a fork.

STIR . . . Add a little cold tomato juice, milk or water. Stir till blended. Then fill glass. Stir again and . . .

DRINK your yeast this delicious, easy way. It's quick, too ...whole business takes less than a minute!

Fleischmann's Fresh Yeast

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DRINK IT . . . TO YOUR HEALTH!

WING TALK

ALTHOUGH foundations for our modern air-travel system were poured in 1926 with the Air Commerce Act, hardened in May of the following year by Lindbergh's journey to Paris and by the ensuing heroic age of ocean flights throughout the late twenties, it wasn't until 1930 that scheduled air transportation really started to take form.

That year began the decade that can be fitted to Rudyard Kipling's famous aviation reference: "The opening verse of the opening page of the chapter of endless possibilities." It was a rich and confused decade and in view of present criticisms it is reassuring not to forget its glorious high lights.

It saw the disappearance of the barnstormer (peace to his hay-wired struts), the Air Mail Scandal, the introduction of high-speed planes, stewardesses and blind or instrument flying; the scheduling of both the Atlantic and the Pacific; the establishment of many safety records, including the first wholly safe year, and the recognition of scheduled air-travel safety in your ordinary life-insurance policies.

Engineers' libraries are filled with books that list the technical gains of this decade. However, for lay folks like you and me its real importance was two-fold:

First, aviation became a "business," providing commonplace daily transportation.

Second, aviation ceased to be a rich man's sport and became a pleasure that anyone in normal health and moderate circumstances might enjoy.

In 1930, 374,935 passengers were carried by domestic scheduled airlines. In 1939, the tenth year, 1,876,051. About 3,000,000 in 1940. In 1930 the cheapest new private-type plane cost $3,500. In 1939 you could buy a better and safer one for about $1,000.

All that is why airmen call the decade just ended the "Thrilling Thirties."

Also it is why Pat (W. A.) Patterson and Tom Braniff, among other well-known operators, are probably not too far out on the limb when they enthusiastically tell everybody that aviation soon will be so integrated into your private business lives, that the decade we are now in will be historically known as the "Flying Forties—"

VIGNETTES of Growing Up:

More passengers go through New York's airline terminal every *two days* than flew on all lines in all parts of the United States during the whole first year of regularly scheduled air service, 1927.

It took one typical company, American Airlines, 8 years to reach its first-millionth passenger—two more and a couple of months to count its second millionth. And less than one year for the third millionth to walk aboard. . . .

A dozen years ago scheduled air traveling cost you about 12 cents a mile—$400 from coast to coast, and like as not you sat on a mail sack. Nowadays, it costs you an average of under 6 cents, or $149.95 across the continent in feathered and pillowed luxury.

There is no way of estimating precisely the total number of Americans who have flown as passengers since the days of the Wright brothers. Count the "distinguished guests" of Curtiss, the Wrights, other pioneers, add the guinea pigs carried by the barnstormers from cow pastures or fair grounds, calculate friends of plane owners and customers of the splendid charter services now available all over the nation—and it will sum up, in the opinion of Colonel Edgar S. Gorrell, president of the Air Lines Transport Association, to more than the present total population of the U. S.

It is of record that scheduled airlines alone have carried about 13 millions—equivalent to the population of New York State plus Oregon.

THE BACK SEAT: Occupied this week by two men who add nothing to the plane's weight. You can't even see them. For the large gentleman with the eagle nose it is, in fact, a complimentary ride to celebrate his birthday: George Washington, Esq. His amiable companion is Dr. Benjamin Franklin. A fact not generally known is that the Father and First Citizen of his country was also its first air-minded leader. He followed with interest dispatches telling of the ascensions of the Montgolfier boys in France. Then, in Philadelphia one autumn morning in 1783, he got up early and with Dr. Franklin walked out to see the first aeronautical flight in the United States.

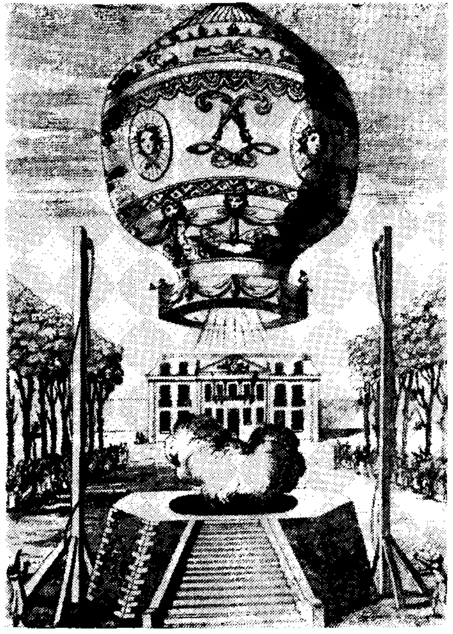
The Philadelphia Philosophical Society had built a balloon. With perhaps understandable lack of confidence in their experiment, the scholars went outside their ranks for a pilot; engaged James Wilcox, an unemployed carpenter, who came wearing his apron and carrying the tools of his trade. After a brief flight Mr. Wilcox fetched the balloon down by the simple expedient of puncturing its hydrogen-filled chambers with his chisel.

"Balloons! Flying! Fiddlesticks!" said a prominent citizen. He pointed to the crumpled balloon. "What good is that thing?"

"What good," shouted Dr. Franklin characteristically, before George Washington had a chance to open his mouth, "is a baby the day it is born?"

Now even the landing wheels have long pants! W.B.C.

BROWN BROS.



Ben Franklin saw possibilities in the Montgolfier brothers' balloons

Why you should start young fingers thinking early

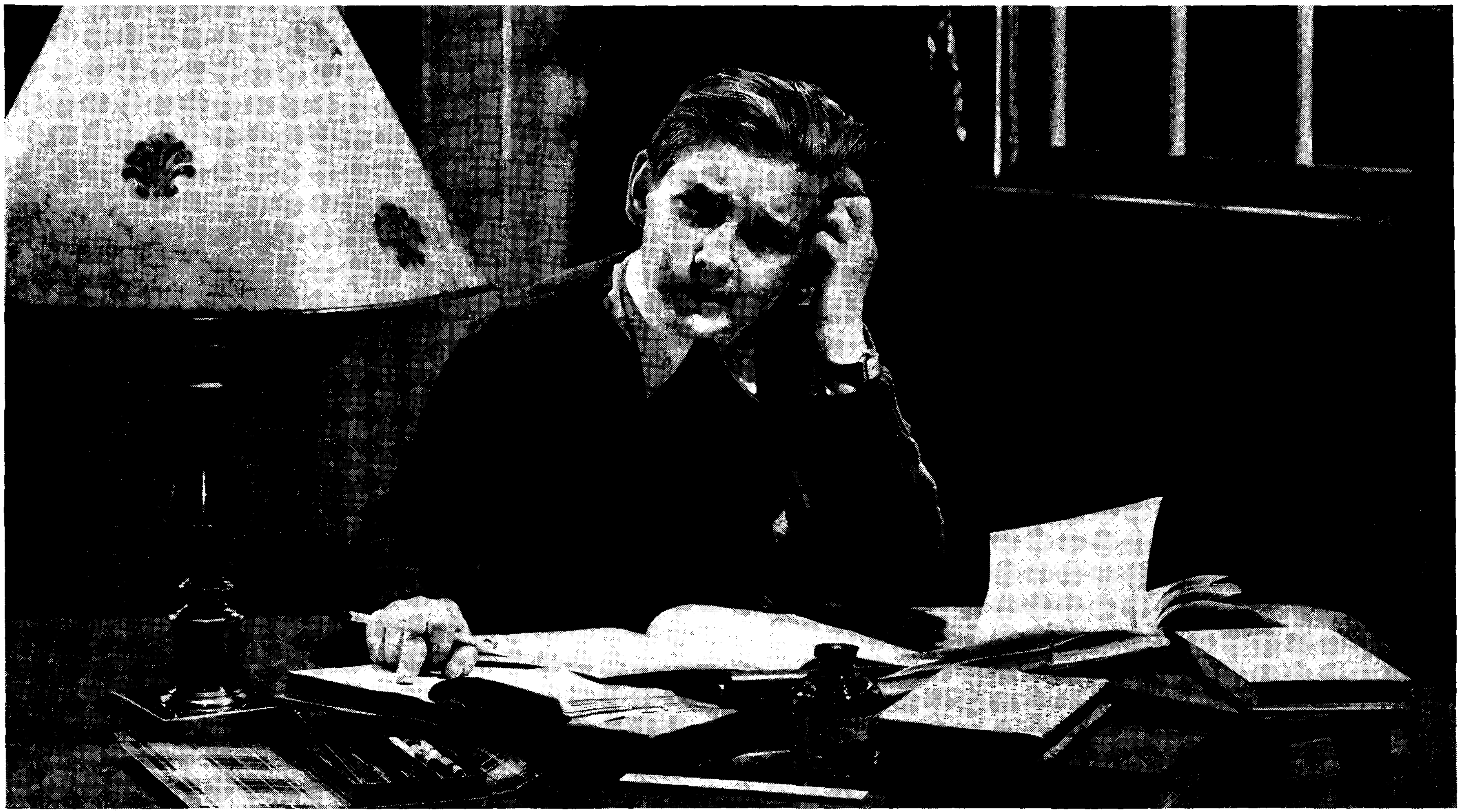
A CHILD'S MIND is a storehouse of unfinished business.

If only the great, fleeting thoughts it contains, those soaring sparks of imagination, could be caught in mid-air . . . *put down on paper!* But the creeping progress of his pencil lags far behind a youngster's impatient mind. And the thought is often lost in its laborious execution.

That's one reason psychologists and modern educators advise a Portable for your child. Many tests in the nation's schools have shown that "typewriter" children think faster, better, and clearer than those who do their work the old-fashioned way.

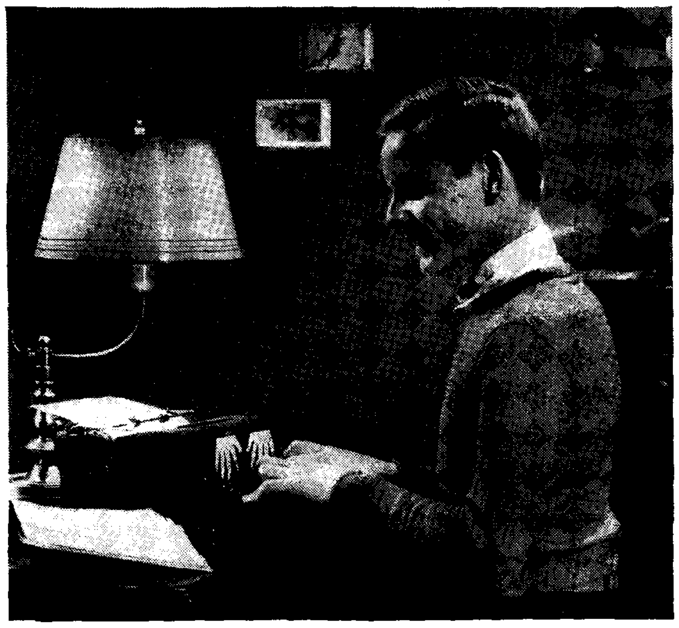
One such test disclosed that they get 10% to 30% higher grades in many subjects. Another, that use of a typewriter decreased English errors by 75%—cut spelling mistakes in half—increased volume of work *by 17%!*

Why? Because the greater speed and ease of typing release your youngster's mind for thinking—enable his fingers to keep pace with his racing thoughts—help him to concentrate—develop accuracy—stimulate his imagination.



*Trademarks Reg. U. S. Pat. Off. Copyright 1941, Royal Typewriter Co., Inc.

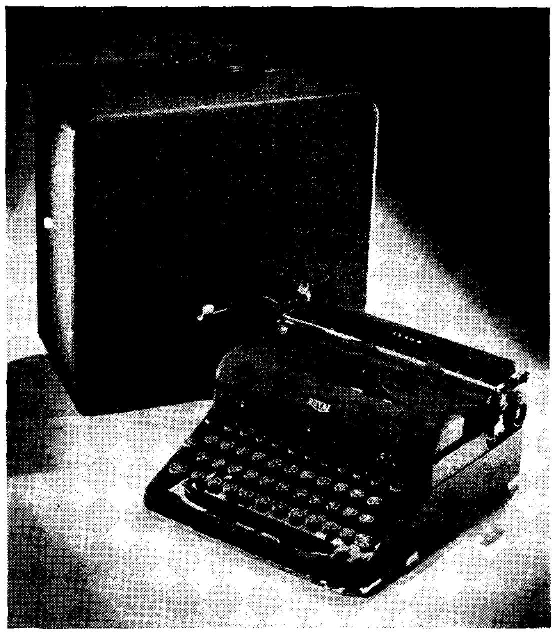
Few things a youngster can learn will pay higher dividends in later life than typing. For typing can be an immense asset in *scores* of professions . . . or a career *in itself.* And it's easy to learn to type from the "Self Teacher," shown below. This patented device comes with every Royal Portable. With it, even a grade-school child can learn the touch system in short order.



Why do teachers recommend the Royal Portable for home use? Because the Royal Portable has a keyboard just like that on a full-sized office machine. In fact, this Royal Portable is almost an exact *replica* of a standard typewriter. It has the same famous features which have helped make the full-sized Royal the World's Number 1 Typewriter.

Such as: *MAGIC* Margin* (just flick the lever, to change and set margins) . . . *Touch Control** (with which the user can adjust key tension to his particular touch) . . . *Bob-less shift* (the carriage doesn't clatter or jump up when the shift key is struck). And these are only *a few!*

Yet the Royal costs no more than other Portables! In fact, you can *own* an easy-writing Royal for about the cost of *renting one.* Your dealer is authorized to sell you a Royal for as little as *$3 down and $3 a month*—including the small carrying charge. See your local dealer or write to Royal, 2 Park Ave., N. Y. C., for *a free trial in your home.*



ROYAL ARROW MODEL—$54.50. OTHER MODELS—$34.50 TO $64.50

Royal Portable

THE STANDARD TYPEWRITER IN PORTABLE SIZE

TEST RESULTS HAVE SHOWN

Listerine's amazing ability to fight colds!

Above are photomicrographs of germs which are among the "secondary invaders" that live in the mouth and way back on the throat and are responsible, many authorities claim, for most of the bothersome aspects of a cold. Listerine Antiseptic destroys large numbers of these potential trouble makers on mouth and throat surfaces.

Year after year, evidence from painstaking research with test groups continues to pile up supporting this impressive fact:

That those test subjects who gargled Listerine Antiseptic had fewer colds, milder colds, and colds of shorter duration than those who did not use it. Moreover, Listerine Antiseptic users experienced fewer cases of sore throat.

Kills Associated Germs

The reason for Listerine Antiseptic's success, we believe, must be this:

That it kills millions of surface germs associated with colds, known as the threatening "secondary invaders," some of which are shown above.

These prevalent types of germs, unless combated, may invade the tissue and accelerate infection. Many an authority gives them credit for causing most of the distress of the common cold.

How thoroughly Listerine Antiseptic attacks them has been recorded by tests that showed that even 15 minutes after the Listerine Antiseptic gargle, germ reductions on mouth and throat surfaces ranged as high as 96.7%—an hour after, as high as 80%. Yet Listerine Antiseptic is so safe, so gentle in its action, that it does not irritate the tissue.

Fight Colds Intelligently

Get the habit of using Listerine Antiseptic night and morning as a precaution against catching cold, and if you feel a cold coming on, increase the frequency of the gargle. This emergency treatment may spare you a nasty siege.

LAMBERT PHARMACAL CO., *St. Louis, Mo.*

Mothers!

GET THIS AMAZING

Listerine Throat Light

Du Pont "Lucite" shoots light around curve

75¢ LISTERINE THROAT LIGHT

75¢ LISTERINE ANTISEPTIC

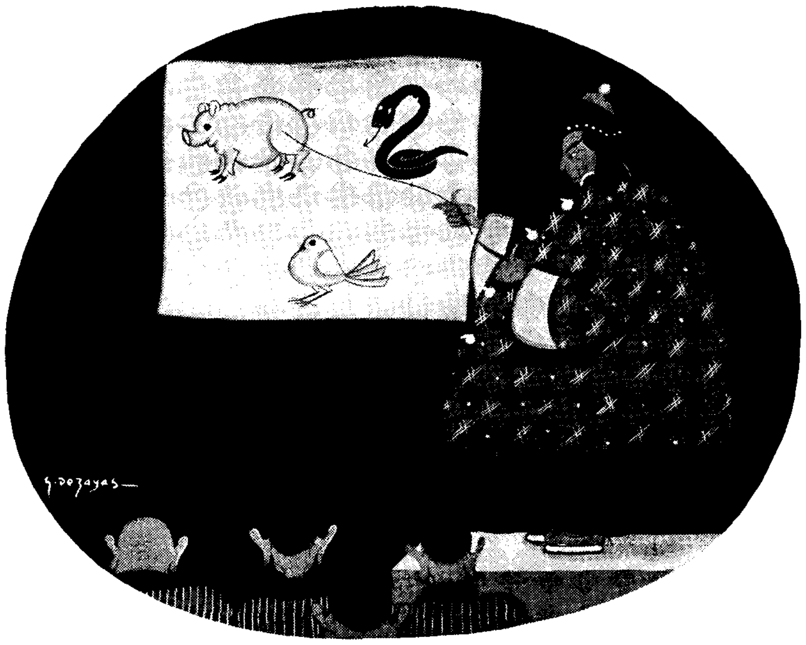
$1.50 Value

BOTH FOR 98¢

DEPRESSES TONGUE—LIGHTS UP THROAT

CHECK CHILDREN'S THROAT DAILY

Offer good only in continental U.S.A.



KEEP UP WITH THE WORLD

By Freling Foster

Buddhism teaches that there are only three cardinal sins—stupidity, ill-will and sensuality—and symbolizes them, in religious drawings, by the hog, the snake and the dove. —*By Alfreda Sill, New York, New York.*

El Salvador in Central America, which surpasses all other countries in the number of volcanoes that have erupted in modern times, is the only country where a person, regardless of his location, can always see one, if not several, volcanic peaks. The chief one is Izalco, whose almost daily activity has earned for it the title of "The Lighthouse of the Pacific."

Many business definitions differ from those in the dictionaries. A piece of furniture is not an antique unless it was made before 1830. A fire is not a conflagration until it "spreads over a wide area and destroys numbers of buildings under a diversity of ownership."

America's foremost "fire fan" is Dr. Harry M. Archer who, during the past forty-four years, has rendered medical aid, without pay, to about 50,000 firemen and civilians injured in fires in New York City. In reward, the fire department has given him his own uniform, three medals, the rank of deputy commissioner and has purchased for his use a $17,000 ambulance equipped with twenty-five portable beds, which he takes to all important fires.

The Cambridge Bibliography of English Literature, recently completed in four large volumes after ten years' work by two hundred literary authorities, lists forty thousand books by sixteen thousand authors, or every work, written over a period of 1,300 years that can be regarded as a contribution to English literature.

There are no Sunday newspapers in Vermont, no surgical schools in New Jersey, no inheritance taxes in Nevada and no parole system in Florida or Virginia.—*By Marguerite Young, Indianapolis, Indiana.*

Recent X-ray photographs of nearly five thousand Americans revealed that sixty-six per cent of them have legs that do not match in length, the left one being the shortest in the majority of both men and women.—*By Joanne Walton, Hopatcong, New Jersey.*

Among the planets, Venus is the only one bright enough to cast a shadow on the earth, Saturn is the only one light enough to float on water, and Neptune and Pluto are the only ones so far away they cannot be seen by the unaided eye.

A dry, warm wind will not only evaporate more moisture from the surface of a lake than the heat of the sun, but it will also melt snow many times faster than the hottest sunshine. In fact, winds alone have been known to evaporate completely many great snowfalls on the Western prairies.—*By James Carney, Brooklyn, New York.*

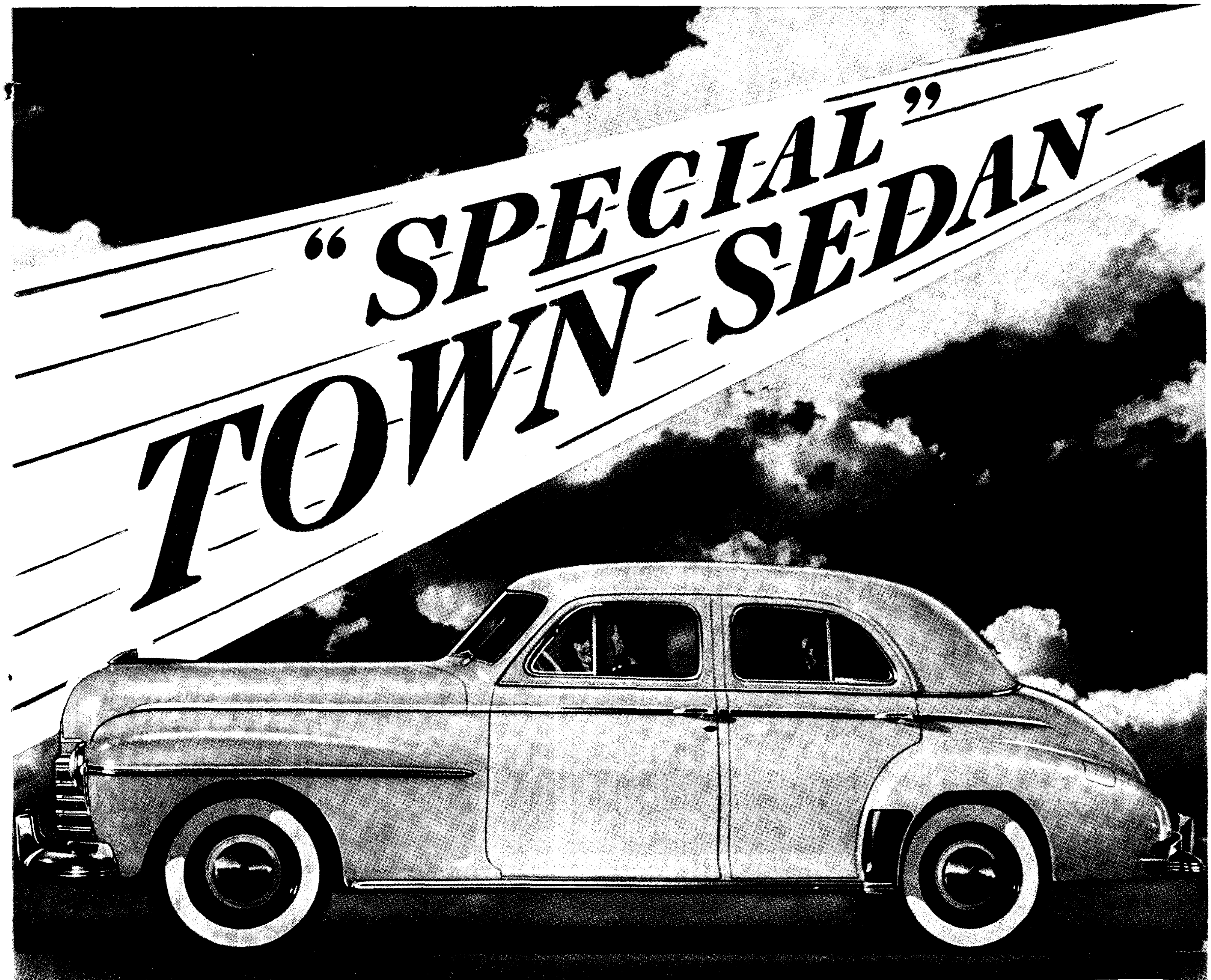
Less than twenty-five years ago, so many interurban electric railways were operated in the northeastern section of this country that a person could travel entirely by connecting trolley cars between such points as Wilmington, Delaware, and Boston and between Chicago and suburban New York.

Although Mount Vesuvius, Europe's only active volcano, constantly emits smoke from its red-hot lava, it is visited annually by thousands of tourists who are even allowed to descend into the crater when they are accompanied by guides or have agreed not to pass beyond the marked-out trails.

The pressure increase from sea level to a depth of only fourteen feet in the sea is as great as the pressure decrease at an altitude of fourteen thousand feet.—*By Erie D. Chapman, East Cleveland, Ohio.*

Five dollars will be paid for each interesting *or unusual fact accepted for this column.* Contributions must be accompanied by satisfactory proof. Address Keep Up with the World, Collier's, 250 Park Avenue, New York City. This column is copyrighted by Collier's, The National Weekly. None of the items may be reproduced without express permission of the publisher

OLDS CRASHES LOW-PRICE FIELD WITH BRAND NEW



NOW, for the first time, Oldsmobile offers a real cruiser-type model to buyers of low-priced cars. It's the big, beautiful six-passenger "Special" Town Sedan, available with 100 H. P. Econo-Master Six or 110 H. P. Straight-Eight engine. Yet with all its extra size, extra comfort, extra performance and extra luxury, this grand new car is *priced just above the lowest!* See your Oldsmobile dealer. Take a ride in this new addition to the year's Styleader line. You'll find that the Olds "Special" Town Sedan is the extra-special "buy" of the low-price field.

PRICED JUST ABOVE THE LOWEST!

Compare *de luxe* models of lowest-priced cars—the kind most people buy—with the big, luxurious Oldsmobile Special. You'll find *little* difference in price, but in *cars* a *tremendous* difference—all in Olds' favor!

★Hydra-Matic Drive Optional at Extra Cost

AVAILABLE WITH

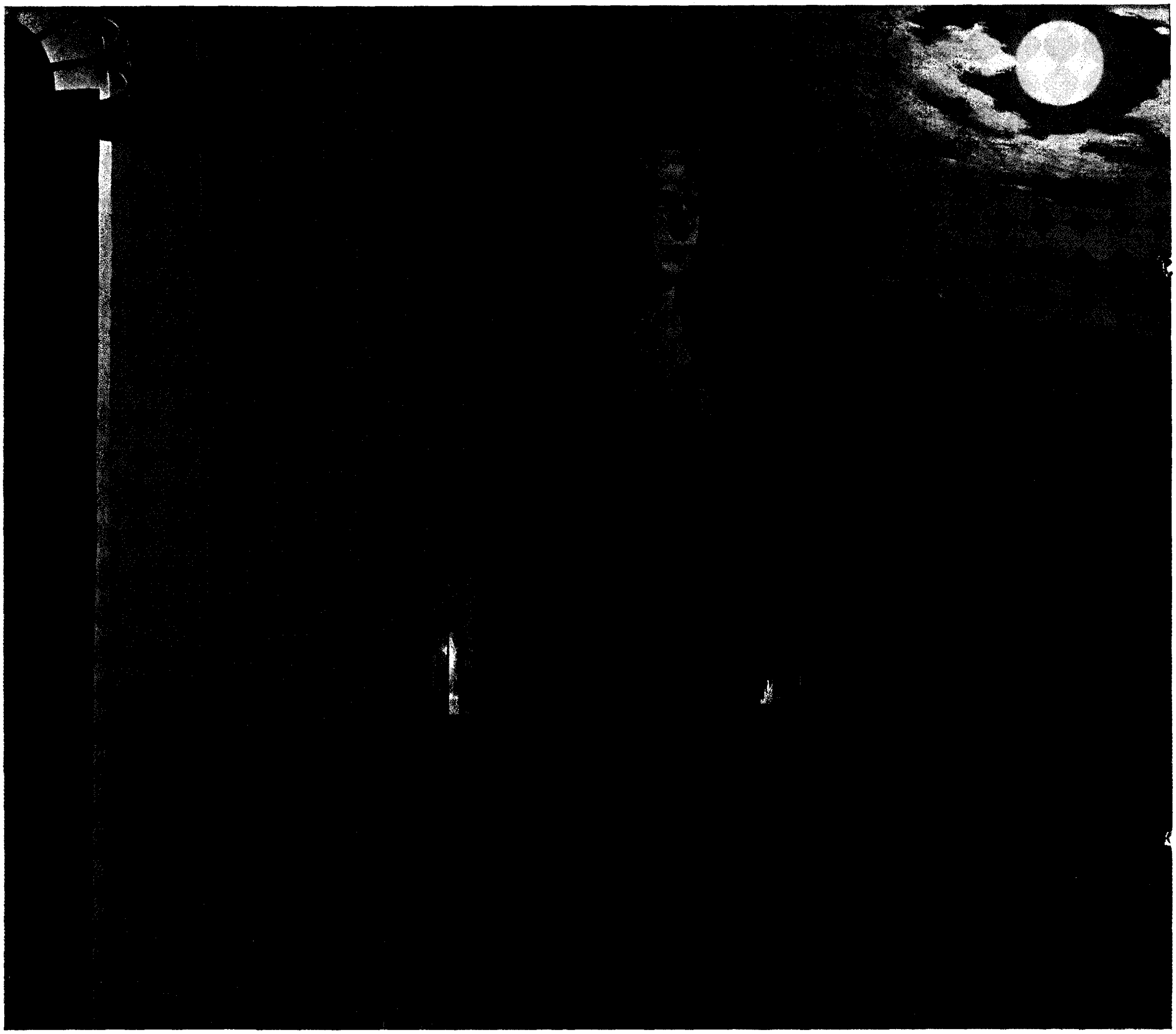
HYDRA-MATIC DRIVE★

NO CLUTCH TO PRESS

For motoring's biggest thrill, try an Oldsmobile with Hydra-Matic Drive. Ends clutch pushing and gear-shifting. Makes driving safer—especially on snow and ice. Saves money on gas.

THE CAR *Ahead!* IT'S **OLDSMOBILE**

STYLED TO LEAD
BUILT TO LAST



WHEN I WAS 28, I thought I'd probably never get married.

I'd always been over-tall, and my hands and feet were always getting in my way, and my clothes never looked nice on me the way clothes looked on other girls.

It seemed pretty certain that no knight would ever come along on his big white charger and carry *me* away.

But a man did come along. Everett wasn't the masterful kind you dream about when you're sixteen, but a shy and awkward sort of fellow who didn't exactly know what to do with *his* hands and *his* feet, either.

He saw something in me that I didn't know I had myself. I actually began to feel like somebody. In fact, both of us did. Pretty soon, we got so used to each other that we felt lost when we weren't together, so we figured it probably was the sort of love you read about in the story books, and we got married.

It was a day in April, and the apple trees were in blossom, and the whole earth smelt sweet. That was nearly 30 years ago and it's been that way almost every day since.

I can't believe so many years have gone by. They just carried Ev and me along so peacefully, like a canoe on a quiet river, that you didn't realize you were moving. We never went to Europe. We never even went to California. I guess we didn't need to, for home was big enough for us.

I wish we'd had children. But we couldn't. I was like Sarah in the Bible, only the Good Lord didn't work a miracle for me. Perhaps He thought that Everett was enough.

Well, Ev died two years ago last April. Quietly and smilingly, just as he had lived. The apple trees were in blossom and the earth again smelt sweet. I felt too numb to cry.

When my brother came in to help me straighten out Ev's affairs, I found he'd been thoughtful, as I suppose men built like him always are. There wasn't a great deal in the bank, but there was an insurance policy that will take care of all my needs as long as I live.

I'm as content as a woman can be when a man she really loved has gone.

Moral: Insure in The Travelers. The Travelers Insurance Company, The Travelers Indemnity Company, The Travelers Fire Insurance Company, Hartford, Connecticut.

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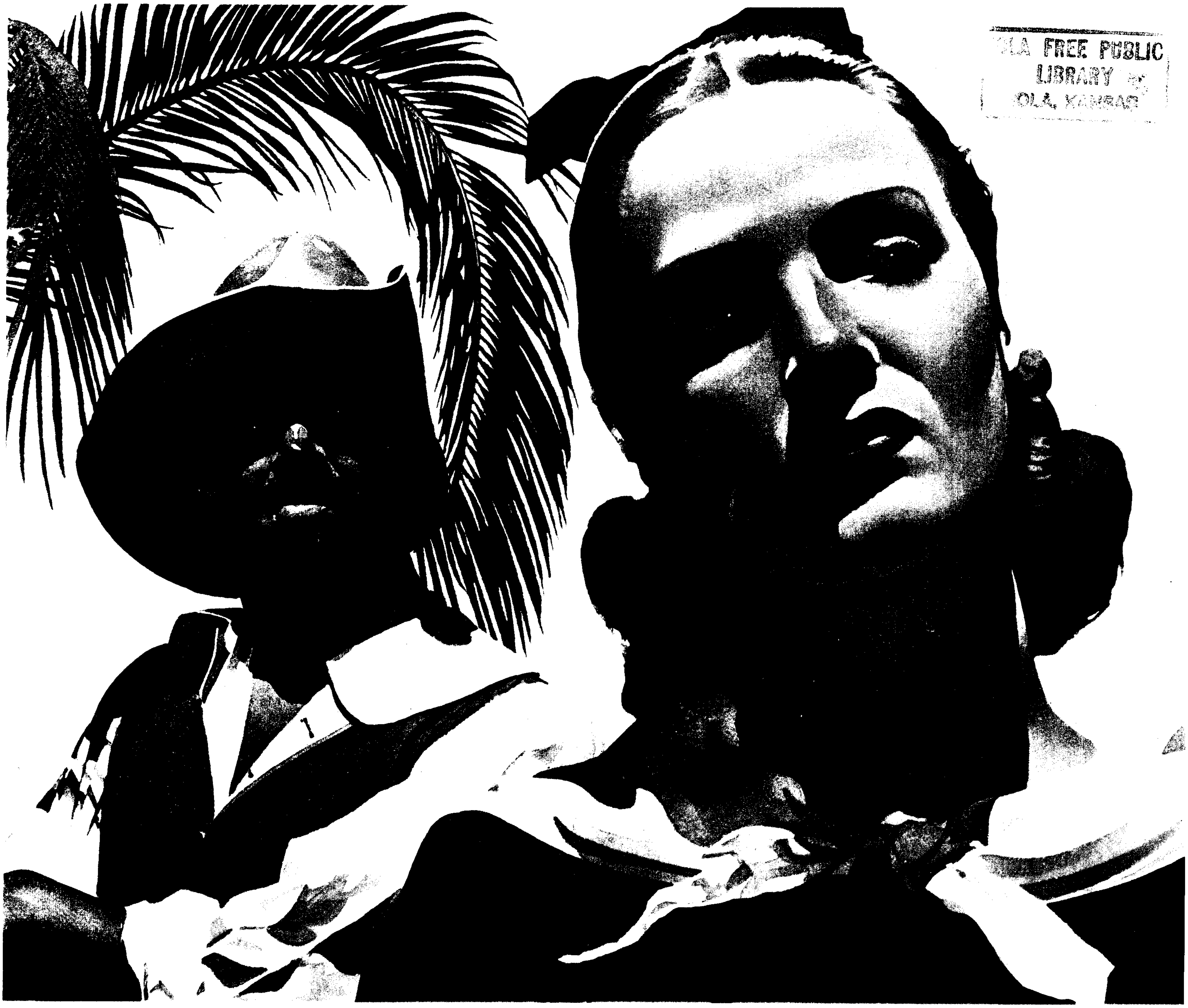


"I'll do as I see fit," Marcel Denis said. "I simply want you to understand my position. I expect nothing from you but your work"

Chains from France

By William A. Krauss

ILLUSTRATED BY RONALD McLEOD

Considering the circumstances of his marriage, it was not surprising that young Marcel Denis should hate his bride

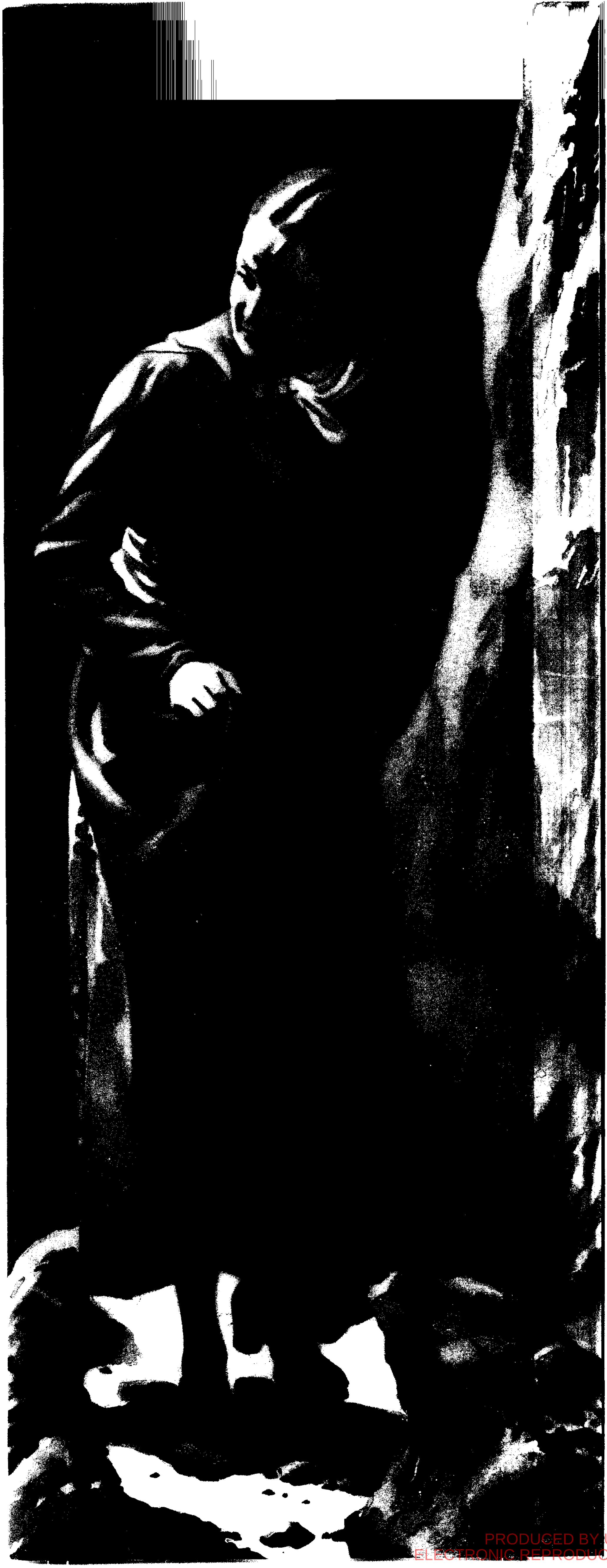
AT SIX o'clock in the morning of a day already brilliant with tropic sun, Marcel Denis, his hair drawn loosely back in the contour of fashion, his pantaloons fresh from the tub, left his house and started afoot for Cayona to find himself a woman and take her for a wife.

His mind was not entirely at ease as he picked his way along the stony path that followed the ridges toward the glorious east. One half of him debated the other half, sometimes warmly; his attention was wholly absorbed. He did not feel the sun. If birds sang, he did not hear them. His eyes were fixed upon the path, straying neither to the ocean that spread like a fine dark blue blanket in the north nor to the narrow and turbulent windward channel separating Tortuga from the main island of Hispaniola. This was assuredly no morning for the idle admiring of West Indian scenery; the immediate problem of acquiring a wife—and the still debatable wisdom of such a step—occupied all his thoughts.

The women would be at Cayona at nine o'clock.

The time and place had been announced a week ago by the governor, a most precise, most punctual man. And now, only a little past six, there was no need to hurry. Yet Marcel Denis walked briskly, as was his custom; and it is worth observing that when his foot caught in a root and he tumbled headlong in the path, the deep preoccupation of his mind was scarcely disturbed. He simply picked himself up and went on walking and went on thinking. Such was his concentration. It was a full hour later, as he stood in the hibiscus grove on the steep green hill above the governor's house, that he reached his clear decision—and sufficiently justified it to himself.

This was necessary and this was good.



This he would do: He would pick a woman that morning, marry her at noonday, and in the afternoon, when the trade-wind clouds tempered the sun's heat, take her up the sharp trail to his two-room log house and say to her, "This is your home. There is work to do." He murmured the phrases half aloud, trying them. They were sound; they explained his position.

For Marcel Denis had no romantic notions chasing about in his brown young head. He told himself—simply, sternly—that he was taking a wife in the same spirit, and for much the same reasons, that he would buy a mule. That is to say, for practical reasons. He needed help to grow his tobacco, he needed a woman to cook his food. Very well, he'd find a woman. And a proper one.

HE SAT on a stone, stretching his legs, and his eyes rested for a minute or two on the stout wooden residence of Governor Ogeron, in whom the authority of the West India Company was established. It was a gaunt, bare house, half fortress—unattractive but strong. Close by were the barracks of the soldiers; the town was still farther down, on the water's edge. Marcel Denis could see, far below, the roofs of the storehouses, the uniformly brown dwellings of the merchants.

To the east, on the curve of the blue bay, lay the ramshackle collection of saloons and dives that catered to the special requirements of the cutthroat filibustering crews. Cayona was a brawling, roistering town in 1668; if Marcel Denis did not entirely approve of it his reasons had nothing to do with moral judgments. He was by instinct and training a countryman; he mistrusted towns; he disliked neighbors peering in his windows and plucking at his sleeves. He had found what he wanted on the high, lonely, wind-swept hillside in the west of Tortuga, where, in ground made wonderfully fertile by sun and rain, he grew tobacco to sell in France.

He drew a deep breath; he arose and started down the trail to Cayona. Now, ahead of him, was the roadstead of the town, with a dozen ships swinging lightly at anchor, poles bare, sails drying on deck; there was a quick flurry of activity in the harbor. Boats were being put over from the French frigate that had carried fifty women of Paris to the unruly small island of Tortuga. They moved skittishly in toward the landing stage. Seen from above, their oars scraped the water like black fingers, a spidery movement. Marcel Denis watched, and was not unaware of a flush of excitement.

THE fifty women of Paris were wholly the idea of Governor Ogeron.

Tortuga was first a colony of pirates—or freebooters, filibusters, buccaneers, as you please—their activity was directed especially, though not exclusively, against the ships of the Spaniards. They cruised the coasts of Cartagena and Caracas, sacked the maritime settlements of Campeche and Maracaibo, impudently attacked Santiago and San Cristobal de la Habana, the queen cities of Cuba. Their fast fly-boats hid behind the headlands of Cape Saint Anthony and Cape de Catoche, or lay in waiting under Cape Corientes, prepared to scurry out and defy ships of thirty guns. Tortuga was fat with plundered riches; but the filibusters poured their money into the grogshops, and the taxes claimed by the king of France were generally evaded.

Governor Ogeron sought to establish order. He was heard to shout, one day, "By the saints, I'll fetch chains from France to fetter these rascals!"

Marcel Denis lifted his head and laughed. Ogeron was no fool. "Chains from France!" A very good one, that!

Soon Marcel Denis passed two houses built shoulder to shoulder on the left of the trail; and then the trail was a road. Cayona opened before him, and closed about him. He was, for a brief moment, conscious of a vague uneasiness in the presence of this unaccustomed civilization. He felt a rather ridiculous urge to turn and run back into the hills. But, by an effort, he calmed himself. He moved on boldly. He nodded to none of the brown and bearded men who passed within an arm's length of him.

He was himself brown and bearded, and not out of place in the town. He was taller than the average, and slender; all his movements were lithe and sure as a cat's. The sun of the tropics had done nothing to line or wrinkle the soft texture of his skin; his cheeks, above his small, trimmed beard, were tanned to a clear, even shade. He was twenty-five years old and looked neither one day more nor less.

In the *place*, where the rude fountain lifted its spouting dolphin, Marcel Denis joined the throng of men.

HE SAW the plumed hat of Governor Ogeron. And there were merchants there, and half a hundred hard-muscled filibusters and a squad of the French troops. Voices were lifted in shouting and violent speech, laughter welled up boisterously. Waiters from the taverns shouldered through the crowd with buckets of warm brandy, selling wooden cupfuls to those who would drink. Someone was bawling, "Say now! Where are the women?"

Marcel Denis touched the arm of a man standing close by him. "Is it too early?" he asked.

"Soon," the man said. "At nine o'clock, you know."

"It must be nine now."

"Almost," the man said, looking up at him curiously.

Marcel Denis stood and stared, part of the throng yet apart from it, somehow withdrawn from it—alone.

His thoughts were interrupted several minutes later by the man he had first addressed—a French merchant of Cayona, a trader in cloth. The merchant said, "Young man—aren't you Marcel Denis?"

The question seemed casual, and Marcel Denis saw no reason not to answer. "Yes," he said.

"Ah. And you're farming, I hear."

"I am."

The merchant grinned. He was an amiable man with a loose face and a shock of dirty white hair. "I thought so," he said. "You know, I've heard about you, the way one does in a colony like this. It isn't every young man who climbs into the hills for the hard work of farming. Your kind is all too rare in this colony; naturally there was some comment about you. I've been intending to ride out one day to visit you."

Again the merchant smiled. Plainly he was trying to be friendly.

"I don't think I know your name," Marcel Denis said.

"Soule—Ajax Soule. I sell cloth. It's not a good business." He pulled a comical, long face, and for a minute was silent.

A burst of shouting arose from the crowd, and Marcel Denis turned his head to see. Governor Ogeron was conferring with his orderlies beside a rough

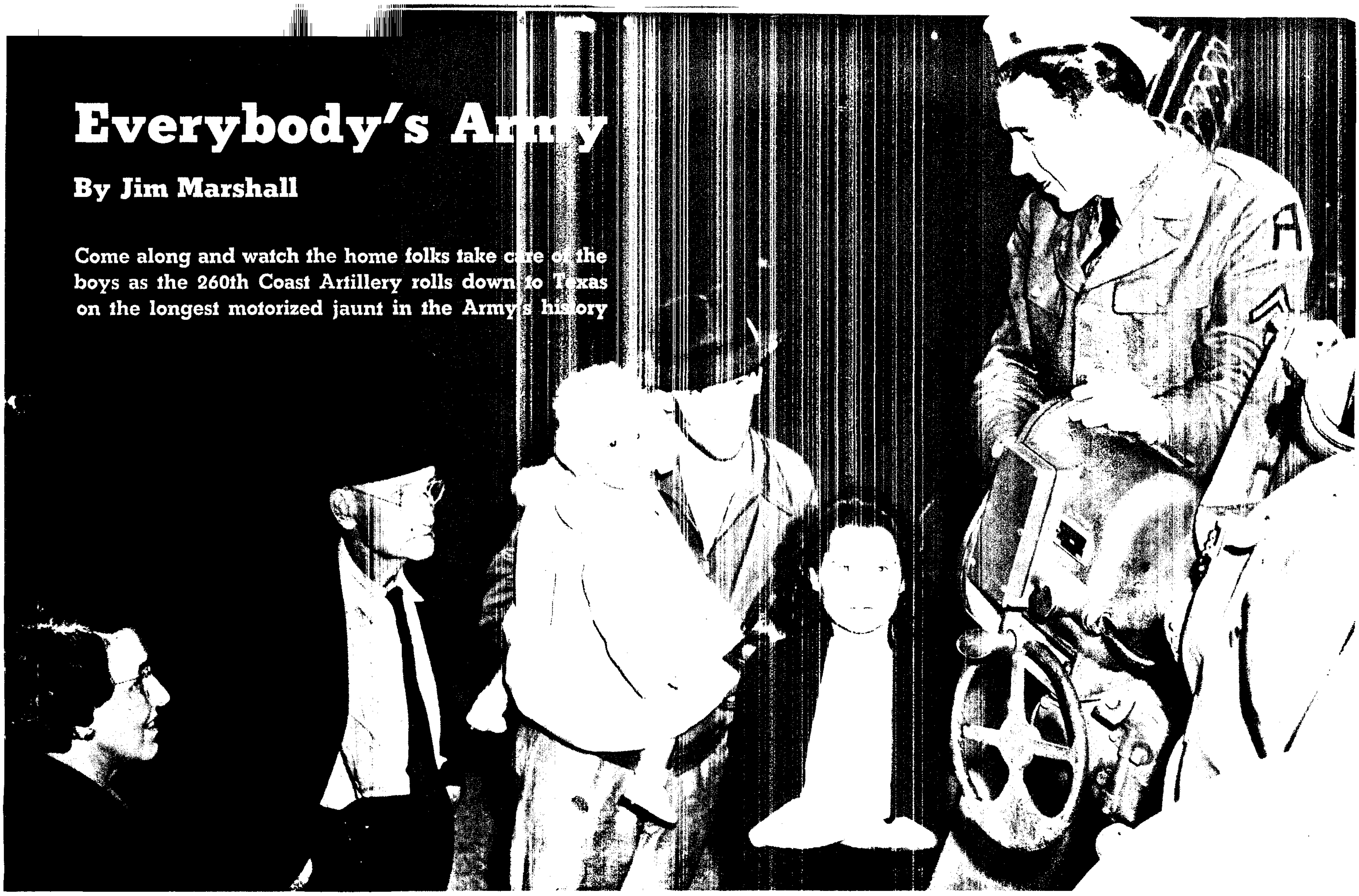
(Continued on page 28)

"Your wife came for me," the doctor said. "She led me back. Those narrow ledges—at night it isn't a very pleasant trip for a woman'

Everybody's Army

By Jim Marshall

Come along and watch the home folks take care of the boys as the 260th Coast Artillery rolls down to Texas on the longest motorized jaunt in the Army's history



PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY HARRY PENNINGTON, JR.

Folks along the roads learn all about antiaircraft guns from Gunner Proudfoot of Battery B, 260th Coast Artillery

THE new white bathtub was full of creamy golden potato salad. Her eyes shining and her cheeks rosy, Mrs. O. H. Eason looked at it pridefully and gave it a last vigorous stir. And high time, too, for down Highway 84 from Valdosta the Damyankees were riding hell for rubber, wheels purring, guns swaying, soldiers singing in the clear Georgia sunlight. The Damyankees, Mrs. Eason had heard old graybeards say, hadn't ridden into Quitman since the Union's cavalry raiders galloped in that day in '64.

Now it was winter of '40-'41 and down the road the 260th Coast Artillery Regiment, an antiaircraft outfit, was rolling on the longest motorized trip in Army history—2,458 miles from its home station in Washington, D. C., to Fort Bliss near El Paso, Texas. As its $3,000,000 worth of guns, trucks, searchlights and equipment trundled south and west through the Carolinas, Georgia and Florida, Alabama and Mississippi, Louisiana and Texas, the little towns turned out to welcome it and speed it along with soft Southern accents—and plenty of side meat and grits—for its 492 officers and men.

This spring and summer you'll meet many such convoys on the highways as your car purrs along—so come along with the 260th and see what it's like from the inside, as a new regiment travels from its home town to a faraway camp for training.

The 260th is a lineal descendant of the old 60th Artillery of the World War. It was, until federalized, a National Guard outfit with headquarters in a tumble-down building in downtown Washington. Most of its officers and men are new at the game, but there are enough old-timers to handle it effectively.

Because the regiment was a Guard unit, the Regular Army paid little attention to it as it rolled along. When it camped for the night at military posts, it got along as best it could. At Fort Bragg, outside Fayetteville, North Carolina, it was sent to unfloored shacks, bitterly cold, without any sanitary facilities. At Camp Jackson, near Columbia, South Carolina, things were a little better.

It was the little towns and the folks along the highways that really welcomed the convoy and did things for it and went out of their way to help. They had known for some time that the regiment was to pass by because its route had been published.

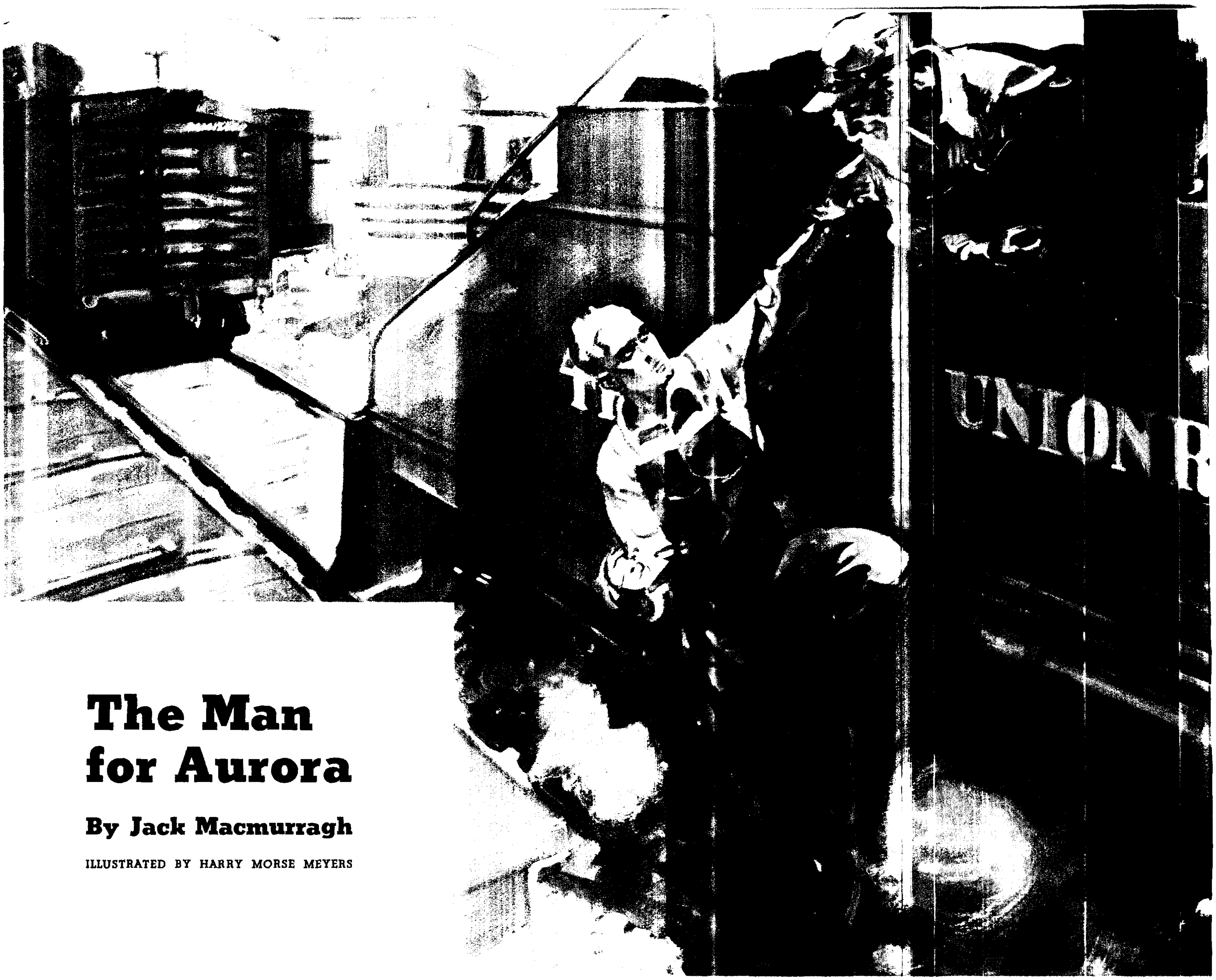
"And," said Colonel Walter W. Burns, the commander, "if we'd accepted all the come-and-set-and-stay-awhile invitations we got by mail, phone and wire, we'd have been eleven weeks on the way. Our schedule is seventeen days."

"And Quitman feels proud to be chosen as host to the soldiers for a night," said Edna Cain Daniel, who owns and edits the Free Press.

What Quitman did is typical of the other small towns: Mrs. Daniel ran off a small extra of her paper, telling the folks of Brooks County to come in and

(Continued on page 60)

Sergeant J. R. Hunt and Corporal Dyer make up for lost sleep as the 260th rolls its batteries along the trail from Washington, D. C., down into Texas



"If you weren't an old man," I said, "I'd haul you out of there and beat a hole in the tender with your head"

The Man for Aurora

By Jack Macmurragh

ILLUSTRATED BY HARRY MORSE MEYERS

A stubborn man's only conqueror is the woman who loves him stubbornly

IF HE were to come to me tomorrow and say, "Silver, I want a leg," I think I'd have to lean up against the switch shanty and start butchering one of mine off.

That first morning when I saw him swinging along beside the yardmaster, I thought: There's the man for Aurora! As plain as though she were really there, I could see Aurora Fynn beside him. That isn't so funny when you stop to think of it.

The yardmaster said, "Silver, this's Larry Sleeman. Break him in gentle." To Sleeman, he said, "Don't let Silver's white hair fool you."

Larry Sleeman was the prettiest man ever in the Michigan iron country. His teeth were flashing white, and the hair under the hat on the back of his head was black and curly. He had big shoulders, and he carried them high, like a man who knows he has good shoulders. Because I'm an ugly man myself, I notice fine-looking people. Shoulders I have, but my face, not exactly pretty to start with, has been kicked around a bit.

Most men—even us boomers—are a little subdued the first morning on a new job. But not Larry Sleeman. He said, "Ever switch anywhere else but here, Silver?"

I laughed. "Name a railroad north, south, east or west, and if I haven't thought of workin' for it, I've been fired from it."

"That's fine," he said. "I was afraid that the Jack O'Brien'd put me with some shuffle-footed local monkey to show him a little fancy switchin'."

The engine came out of the roundhouse. "Get on her back," I said to Sleeman, and waved good morning at Old Dynamite Fynn, the hogger. "I been here three summers, so I'm practically a home guard. Get on her back, and get fancy."

He turned out to be a good enough switchman, and a pretty man to watch. He'd get on or off a car with the flourish of a skater. But a lot of the boys in those days were Fancy Dans. Sleeman was a good man on his feet, though. You could see that even when he walked.

I watched him come across the red iron-ore street from the Bannerman House that night after supper. I was sitting on the ledge in front of Rogan's saloon, and he sat down beside me. We just sat there with the evening sun warm on our faces, resting, waiting for bedtime.

I remember I was watching an ant haul a chunk of bread along the planks of the sidewalk, when I heard Sleeman say, "Oh! . . . Oh! . . . Oh! . . ." with a pause between each word, as though an angel had stuck its head around the corner, looking for him.

Before I looked up, I knew he'd seen her. There was that in his voice.

SHE was across the street. She was walking along with her notebook under her arm, and a pencil stuck in her dark hair. She looked across then, and saw me, and waved. I stood up and tipped my hat, and she went on down the street.

Larry Sleeman just sat there with his hands on his knees and his eyes wide. "Who is she?" he said. "Silver, who is she?"

"That's Miss Aurora Fynn," I said. "The daughter of the engineer we had today. She's the lady reporter on The Diamond Drill."

He just sat there looking after her. I don't think there was ever another girl like Aurora Fynn. She always reminded me of a deer, the easy, proud way she carried herself, and the soft, long-legged sleekness of her—except that she didn't have that ready-to-be-scared look a deer has. She wasn't an ordinary woman; she wasn't meant for ordinary things. You could tell that.

Larry Sleeman stood up, and he pushed his hat over one eye. "Silver," he said. "Silver, that's the girl I'm goin' to marry."

He pulled a ten-dollar bill out of his pocket. "It's all I've got," he said, "and I was savin' it till payday. C'mon, Silver; I'll buy you a liquid that'll turn your hair black as the side of a tender—and curly as mine."

"It would be dark brown," I said. "And my mouth would be full of it tomorrow morning. I'll go to bed."

"I need company to celebrate," he said.

"The saloons'll be full of company," I said. "As long as your ten dollars lasts."

"Well, go to bed, Grandpa," he said. "I'm on my way."

When he'd left, I just sat there. There was a forest fire somewhere, and the air was thick and perfumed with the sweet smell of it. I don't think there's any country prettier than the Michigan iron country. The sun came soft and heavy through the smoke you couldn't see, and

(Continued on page 32)

Big Saturday

By James R. Aswell

ILLUSTRATED BY EARL OLIVER HURST

Ovid Bascom, popular local bachelor, is now deep in courtship. He says the love of Gracie Parmalee is worth a great deal of trouble. He should know

AS I crossed the crowded square in Dukedom that high morning, ugly worries flapped like bats in my mind. Down-headed and frowning, with my old black hat pulled low, I cut through the courthouse yard, aiming to go on over to the Little Gem, the eating place Gracie Parmalee helped her daddy run. Sort of dreaded facing Gracie but thought I'd just better do it now.

On a sudden I had to stop dead. Direct in front of me I did view a hateful sight. It was Earl Luther Siler, slouched against that cement Confederate soldier. So I had to grip myself good.

He hadn't seen me yet. He was too busy noticing the flocks of girls parading around in all that commotion of folks on the square. As usual, he was rigged out to stun the ladies—striped flare-bottomed pants and bright green shirt, sideburns long and curly, a plaided cap tilted over one ear and a tight-roll cigarette bobbling in his lip.

I edged toward him, and he spied me. His jaw locked. He shot his hand in the hip pocket where he always kept two or three throwing rocks handy.

But I said through my teeth, "I'm warning you, Earl Luther! Don't you go running off your mouth to Gracie about Pap's trouble! If need be, I'll tell her my own self. I'll tell her the *true* facts."

I looked for something to start then, but he didn't answer, didn't move. Just leaned against the soldier, as empty-faced as the cement.

While I backed off, I wondered about that—till I saw the red, big, peering face of Warhoss Highfill, high constable of Dukedom, on the courthouse porch.

SO ON I weaved through the swarming crowd. Everybody everywhere was laughing and chattering. I could hear the gay tootling of the flying jinny from the old jockey lot just off the square where the carnival was pitched full blasting. Such cheerful liveliness fretted me mightily today. The jingling of the three dollars and seventeen cents in my pants pocket was another sore, remindful thing. For it was Big Saturday in August, the carefree time when folks gather in town from circles of miles to skylark around before the hard siege of harvest sets in. And there I was, jingling with silver and not able to spend a thin dime because of the pushing need that was on me.

Like everybody else, I'd long looked forward to Big Saturday. I'd planned on as much high times for me and Gracie Parmalee as the three dollars and seventeen cents I'd saved could buy us. But I hadn't counted on what would happen the very Friday morning before that fine day.

It was Siler trouble, of course. Always and ever, since the first set of Bascoms homesteaded our farm at Valley Head, we've been plagued with the Silers. Neighbor trouble over dogs and stray hogs and fence lines, a nagging and a jowering down the generations. Though there's never been any real rifle feuding, the young ones like me and Earl Luther have done a heap of downright scrapping. Earl Luther was a boy who liked to lurk. He was the deadest sort of shot with rocks. When I'd pass along unbeknowing, he'd hop up and let fly a volley, then make off racketysplat. Even after I'd reached my manhood size, I still used a careful eye when I had to pass by thick bushes, gullies, and such.

This latest Friday sample of the old trouble was when Fonzo Siler, Earl Luther's pap, had missed his new-bought rastus plow. He claimed he'd left it setting near our fence line. Happened also that Fonzo'd run out of bust-head whisky and was just wild, crazy sober. So he stormed over to where Pap and me were working in our bottom field. He accused Pap of thieving that plow. It was just too many for Pap. His temper got loose and he gave Fonzo's long, bristly jaw a good polishing and then warned him off our land.

Silerlike, Fonzo had Pap arrested and Squire Porterfield held a justice-of-the-peace session on it that same Friday morning.

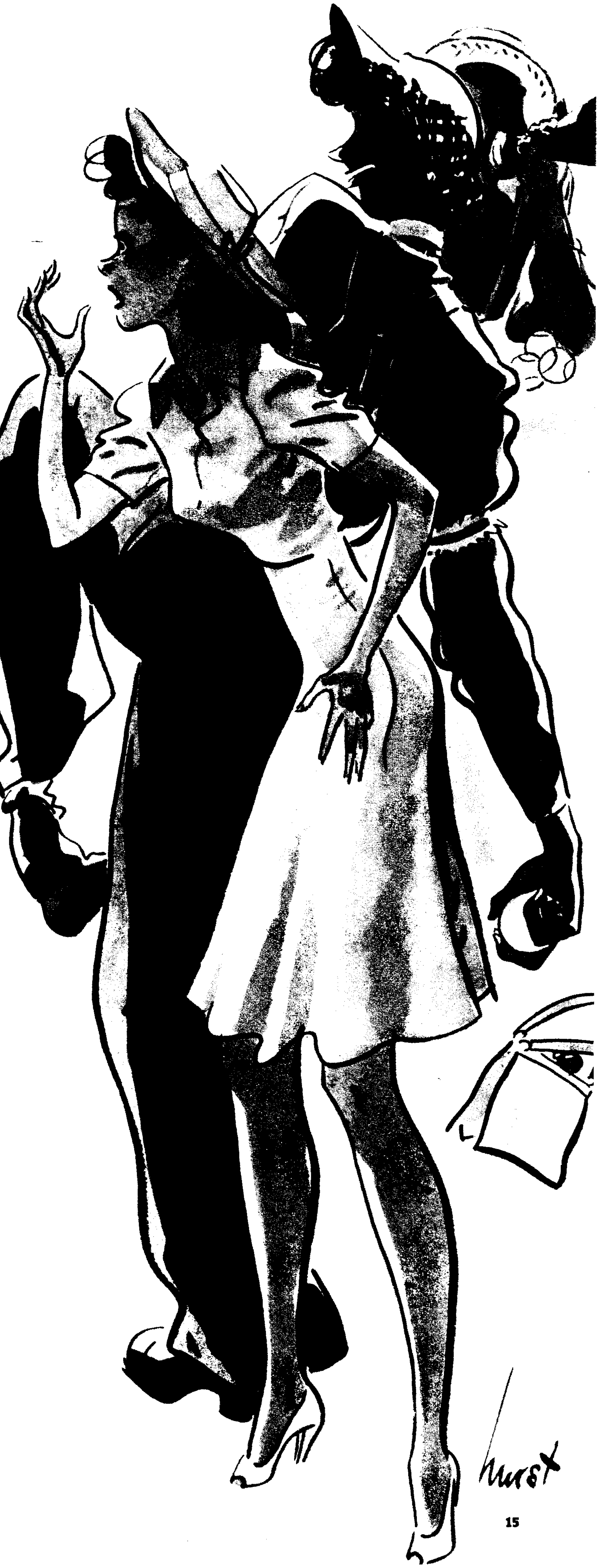
Pap didn't deny he'd whanged on Fonzo, so Squire Porterfield did sentence and condemn him for disturbing of the peace. It was either a fifteen-dollar fine or thirty days on the county's disgraceful road.

Now, our main crop was sorghum. Cutting time and molasses making were closing in. Pap's a master molasses maker, and without him to oversee the stirring and taste every making as it ran through the boiling pans, we'd be sure to scorch or ruin anyhow a third of it. The squire knew as much, and he gave Pap a week's grace to scrape up the fine money. After that was settled, squire warned us, Fonzo Siler aimed to law Pap over the rastus plow.

Just before harvest, money is scarce. My three dollars and seventeen cents I'd saved for Big Saturday was the only cash on the place. We figgered together and Mommy said, "Son Ovid, it's up to you. Seeing as Pap himself can't be spared from the crop, you must get a week's job of town work and make fifteen dollars." I said, "I can live on my three dollars and seventeen cents enduring while I'm earning it."

So in the gray of the morning on Big Saturday I began tramping Dukedom over asking for jobs. Nobody needed me, nobody gave me hope. Now I was wondering if Gracie's daddy could maybe point me to some work.

(Continued on page 43)



Again he dropped his arm way back, got set and started to let fly. I must have forgotten to make my squinchy face, for Gracie was squealing, "It's Ovid!"

Evil Under the Sun

By Agatha Christie

ILLUSTRATED BY MARIO COOPER

The Story Thus Far:

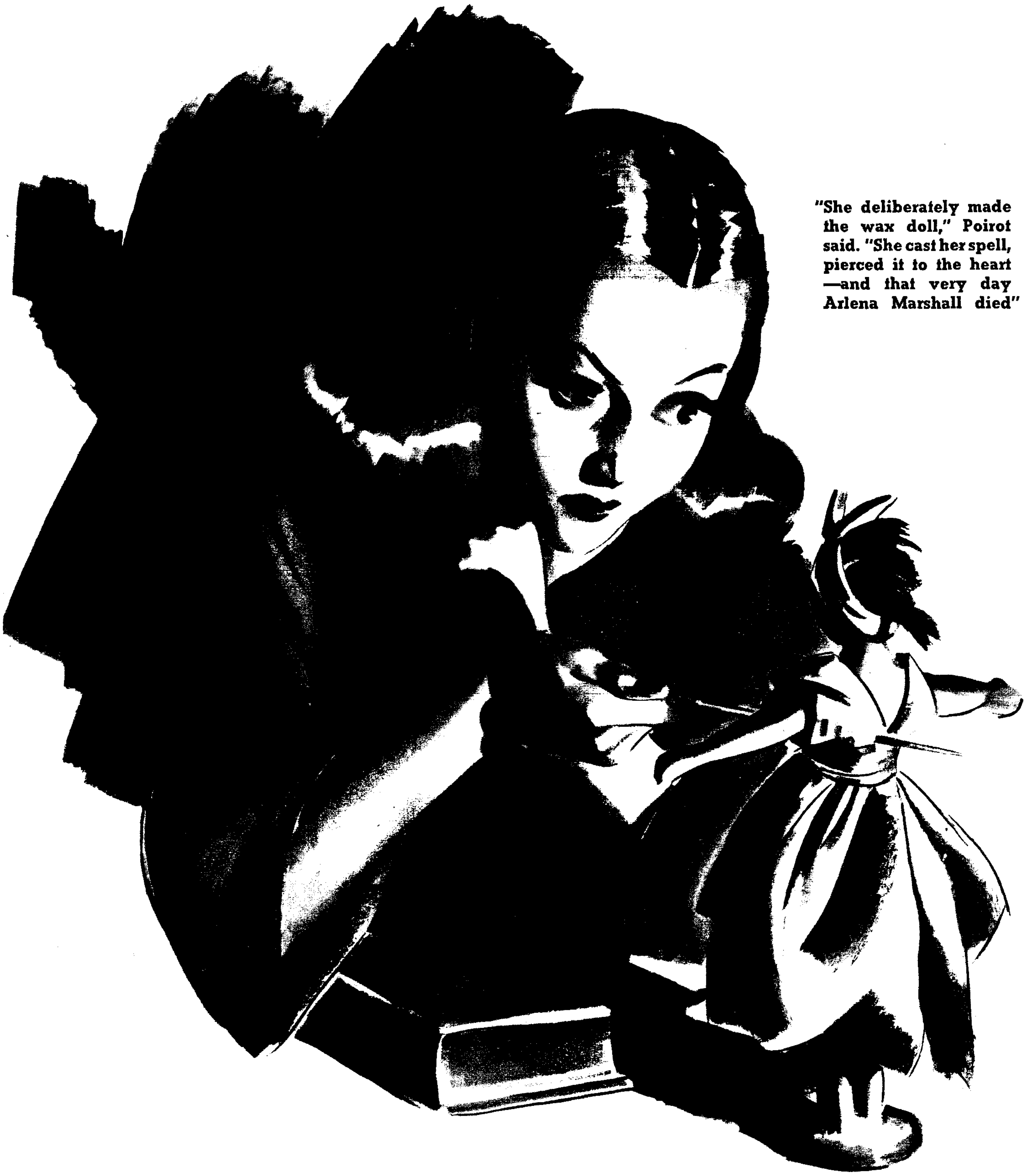
HERCULE POIROT, noted Belgian criminal investigator, goes to the Jolly Roger, an unpretentious old hotel on an English south-coast island. A short time after he arrives, one of the guests—Captain Kenneth Marshall's wife, Arlena, who has been having an "affair" with Christine Redfern's husband, Patrick—is found dead, strangled, on the beach at Pixy Cove, which is not far from the hotel.

Naturally, Marshall is decidedly suspect. But, interrogated by Poirot, Inspector Colgate and Chief Constable Weston, he produces what appears to be a perfect alibi. Among the Jolly Roger's guests are Linda Marshall, Kenneth's daughter by his first wife; Miss Emily Brewster, an old maid—seemingly harmless; the Reverend Stephen Lane, a religious fanatic; an American couple, Mr. and Mrs. Odell Gardener; Major Barry, an old bore who had served in India; Rosamund Darnley, who had once been in love with Marshall—and probably still is; and Horace Blatt, a prosperous "life of the party" fellow.

Everyone is questioned. The one person who is known to have hated Arlena—Linda Marshall—has an alibi that is fully as good as her father's: At the time of the murder, she had been with Christine Redfern at Gull Cove, where Christine had spent most of the time sketching. So Linda is eliminated from the list of possible killers.

Colgate, Weston and Poirot go to a cavern—Pixy's Cave—not far from the scene of the crime. There, in the cave, they find a box. The box contains heroin! . . . Working with the greatest care, Poirot gradually accumulates a collection of clues. Among other interesting data he picks up is this: The Reverend Stephen Lane had once been in a home for mental patients—he had, it appears, felt quite sure that the devil went about in the guise of a "scarlet woman."

Linda Marshall tries to commit suicide—after writing a note in which she confesses that she had killed her stepmother! While she is unconscious, Poirot has a talk with Kenneth Marshall. The Belgian is by no means sure that Linda is guilty. He does not accuse the captain of the crime. But, after reviewing the case, he says: "It is impossible that you should have killed your wife—if you were acting alone. But . . . *supposing someone helped you?*"



"She deliberately made the wax doll," Poirot said. "She cast her spell, pierced it to the heart—and that very day Arlena Marshall died"

Conclusion

MARSHALL stared at Poirot. "What the devil do you mean?" The quiet man was roused at last. He half rose from his chair. His voice was menacing. There was a hard, angry light in his eyes.

Poirot said, "I mean that this is not a crime that was committed single-handed. Two people were in it. It is quite true that you could not have typed that letter and at the same time gone to the cove—but there would have been time for you to have jotted down that letter in shorthand—and for *someone else* to have typed it in your room while you yourself were absent on your murderous errand."

Hercule Poirot looked toward Rosamund Darnley. He said, "Miss Darnley states that she left Sunny Ledge at ten minutes past eleven and saw you typing in your room. But just about that time Mr. Gardener went up to the hotel to fetch a skein of wool for his wife. He did not meet Miss Darnley or see her. That is rather remarkable. It looks as though either Miss Darnley never left Sunny Ledge, or else she had left it much earlier and was in your room typing industriously.

"Another point, you stated that when Miss Darnley looked into your room at a quarter past eleven *you saw her in the mirror*. But on the day of the murder your typewriter and papers were all on the writing desk across the corner of the room, whereas the mirror was between the windows. So that statement was a deliberate lie. Later, you moved your typewriter to the table under the mirror so as to substantiate your story—but it was too late. I was aware that both you and Miss Darnley had lied."

Rosamund Darnley spoke. Her voice was low and clear: "How devilishly ingenious you are!"

Hercule Poirot said, raising his voice, "But not so devilish and so ingenious as the man who killed Arlena Marshall! Think back for a moment. Who did I think—who did everybody think—that Arlena Marshall had gone to meet that morning? We all jumped to the same conclusion: *Patrick Redfern*. It was not to meet a blackmailer that she went. Her face alone would have told me that. Oh, no, it was a lover she was going to meet—or thought she was going to meet.

"Yes, I was quite sure of that. Arlena Marshall was going to meet Patrick Redfern. But a minute later Patrick Redfern appeared on the beach and was obviously looking for her. So what then?"

Patrick Redfern said with subdued anger, "Some devil used my name."

"You were very obviously upset and surprised by her nonappearance," Poirot said. "Almost too obviously, perhaps. It is *my* theory, Mr. Redfern, that she went to Pixy Cove to meet *you* and that she *did* meet you and that *you killed her there as you had planned to do.*"

PATRICK REDFERN stared. He said in his high, good-humored Irish voice, "Is it daft you are? I was with you on the beach until I went around in the boat with Miss Brewster and found her dead."

Hercule Poirot said, "You killed her after Miss Brewster had gone off in the boat to fetch the police. Arlena Marshall was not dead when you got to the beach. She was waiting hidden in the cave until the coast should be clear."

"But the body! Miss Brewster and I both saw the body."

"*A* body—yes. But not a *dead* body. The *live* body of the woman who helped you, her arms and legs stained with tan, her face hidden by a green cardboard hat. Christine, your wife (or possibly not your wife—but still your partner), helped you to commit this crime as she helped you to commit that crime in the past when she 'discovered' the body of Alice Corrigan at least twenty minutes before Alice Corrigan was killed by her husband Edward Corrigan—you!"

Christine spoke. Her voice was sharp, cold.

"Be careful, Patrick," she said, "don't lose your temper."

(Continued on page 47)

Pro and Coin

By Bob Considine

While Pa is out hoeing for groceries with a mashie niblick, Ma sits on the clubhouse porch knitting and worrying. Come along on the winter circuit with golf's top-notch professionals

PHOTOGRAPH FOR COLLIER'S BY JAMES DOOLITTLE

Lawson Little and his wife Dorothy know the uncertainties of the winter circuit as well as do the dubs

SCENE: Eighteenth green, Whispering Palm Country Club. An unruly crowd. It is the finish of one of those winter-circuit golf tournaments.

Chairman of the tournament committee: "Gangway! C'mon, fellows, make way for the champ. Give him air. Hey, you girls, stop pulling on him! Look out for his wife—she's getting pushed in that trap again. Hurry, we've gotta get this presentation over with before it gets too dark for the newsreels."

Fred Corcoran (tournament manager of the Professional Golfers Association—to the new champ): "Now, listen, kid. Take it easy when you start talking into that mike. Don't get flustered. All they want to do is give you the cup and your check and have you say a few words. Don't do like Ben Hogan did last year after he won at Asheville. He said, 'I've never seen such terrible weather in my life!' Or don't get into an argument with the announcer, as Clayton Heafner did at Los Angeles last year when the guy called him Clarence."

Vice-Chairman of Committee: "Say, don't you want the runner-up in the picture? After all, the fellow was nine under par and lost on a fluke. There he goes now, walking to the clubhouse by himself."

Newsreel Man: "Nix. He lost, didn't he? C'mon, let's get started before the light goes."

So Lawson Little, we'll say, wins the tournament. His pretty wife, Dorothy, finally gets through the crowd, redresses herself, restores her make-up and they pose sweetly with the committeemen and Chamber of Commerce badge-wearers. For the final shot they kiss, to satisfy the ironfisted romanticism of the photographers.

But the following week at the next tournament along the circuit, it is Little who makes the melancholy trek back to the locker room, with only his regretful caddie for company. Spectators silently edge away from him as if from a leper, while the mob makes a concerted rush for Sam Snead. "Gangway for the new champ! Hey, somebody pick up Mrs. Snead. Let's get started; the light's failing."

It Looks Easy, But—

Here, in bitter-capsule form, is the heart and soullessness of golf's annual winter circuit. One half a million spectators will see this sort of thing and millions of sports-page readers will read about the palm-strewn grand tour this winter without appreciating the harrowing uncertainty of their heroes' and heroines' positions. Our better-known pros once again are prospecting along the golden highway of winter golf, accompanied by their fraus, but what they are playing has long since ceased to be a game with them. With a soulful anguish they are doing what they can to quell that rambunctious rubber nugget in order to pay the rent, to retain shaky contracts with the big equipment firms, to buy baby's shoes, to continue to live beyond their means, to get that new lynx jacket for Mamma so that she won't feel like a perfect fool around the well-dressed gals who clutter up the clubhouse.

Looks like a soft racket from the gallery . . . Pinehurst . . . Miami . . . Los Angeles . . . Phoenix . . . blue skies . . . pretty clothes . . . $100,000 in purses . . . the lucky stiffs, while we huddle up here in the frozen land.

Playing the winter circuit is about the toughest job inside and outside of

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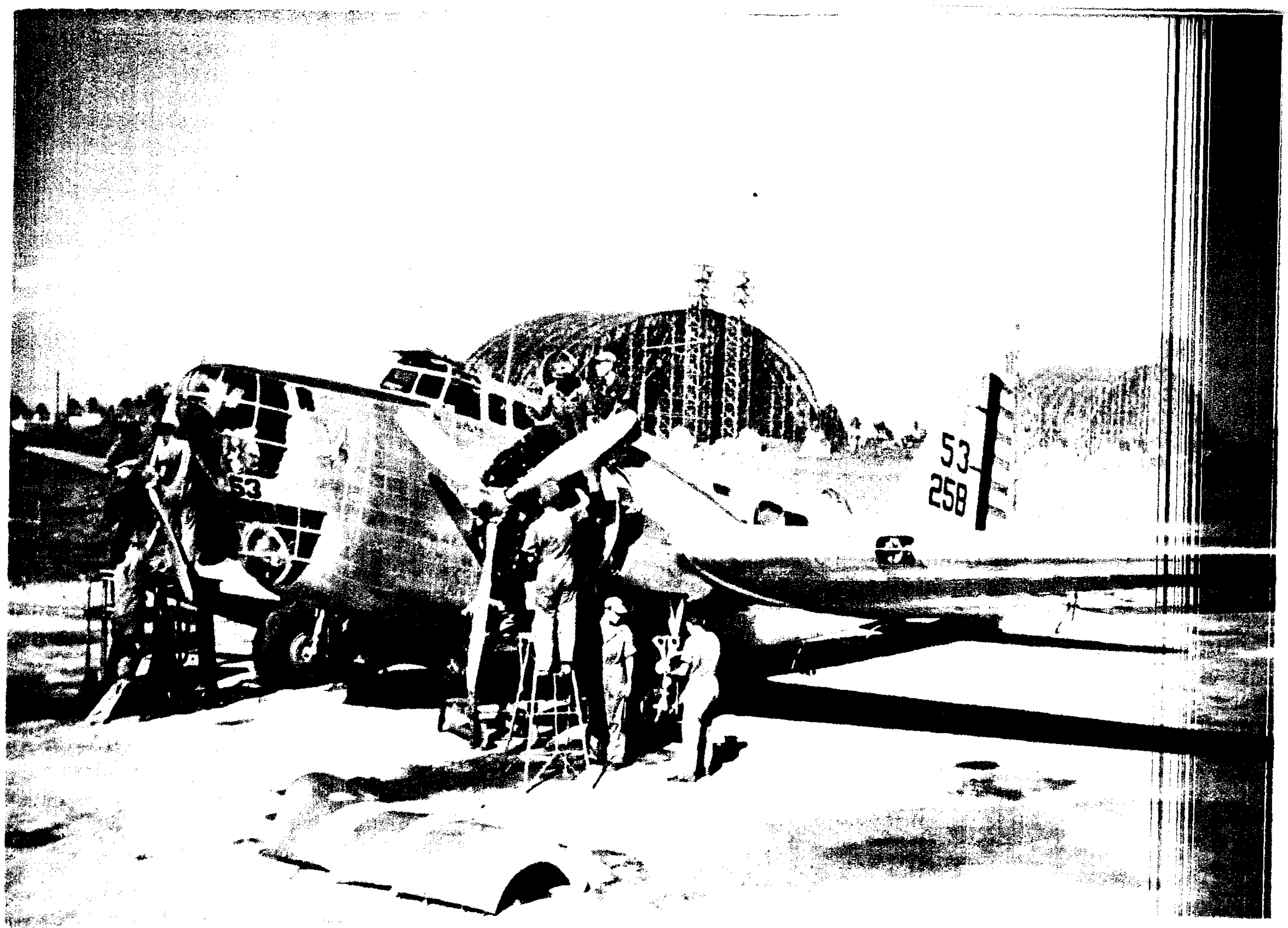
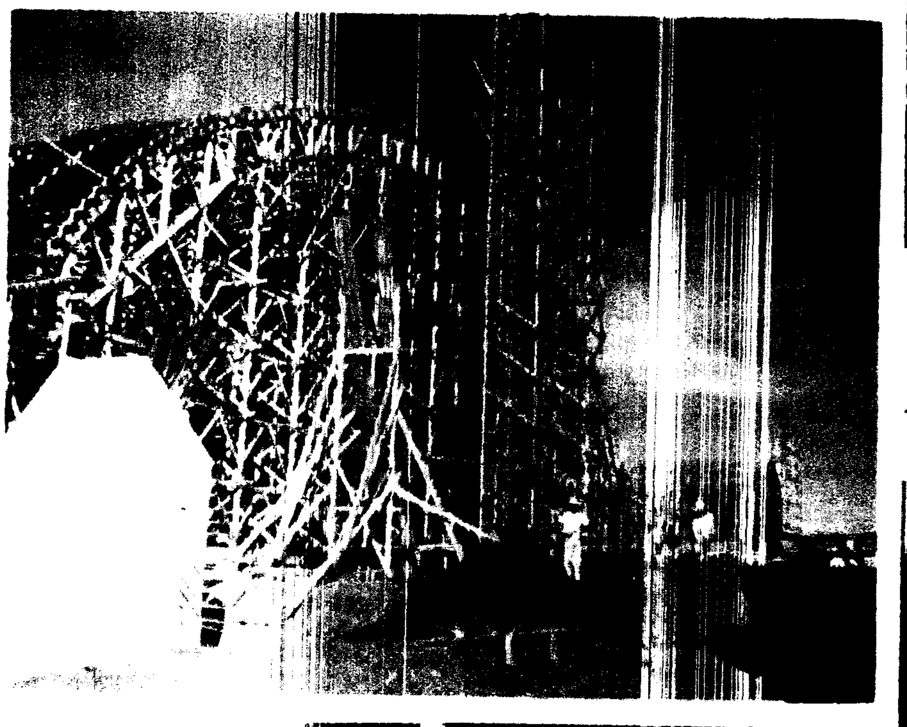
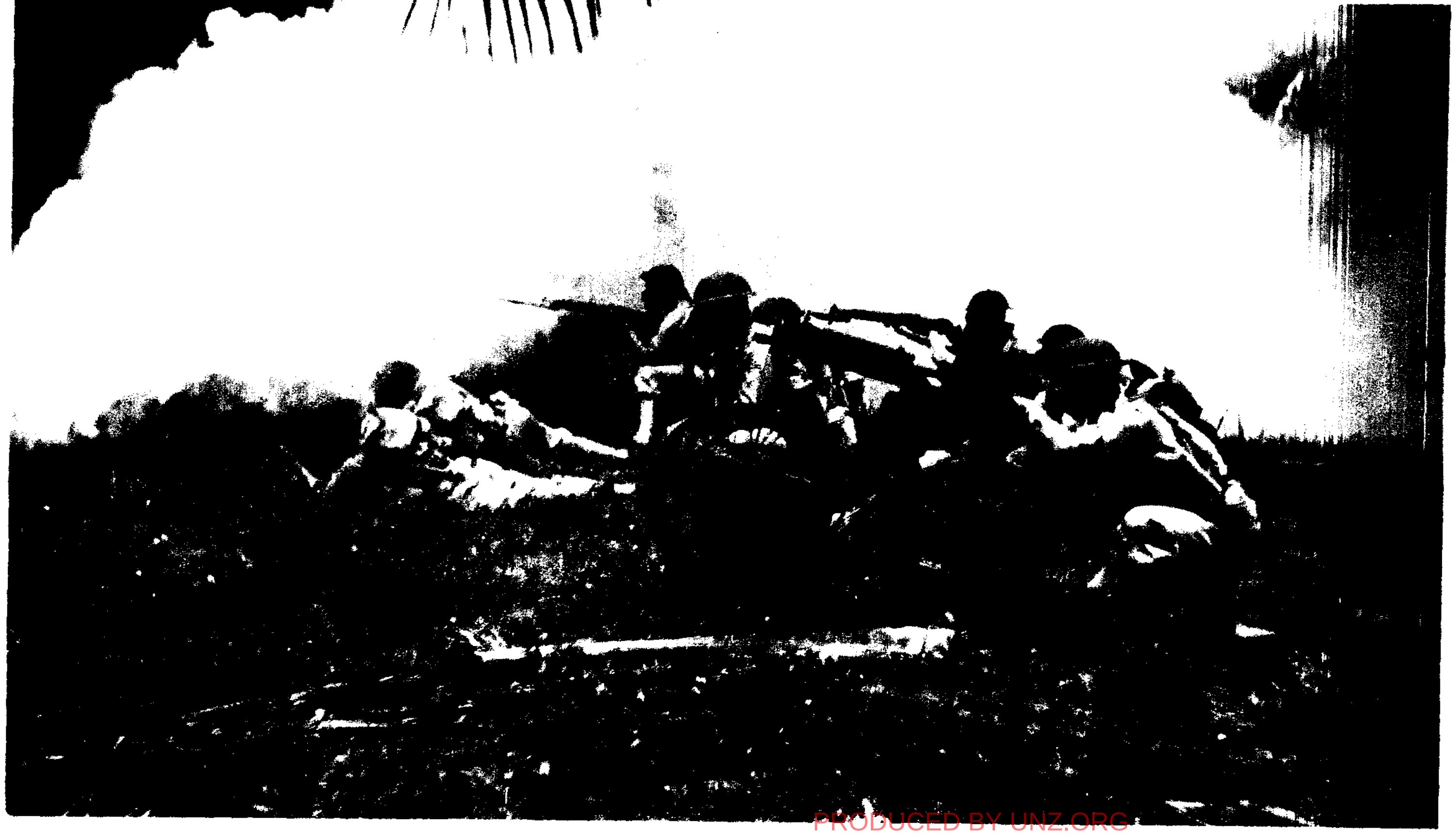


Mechanics overhaul a bomber at the Army's new Punta Borinquen base. The nearly completed hangars (see inset at right) are among the world's largest



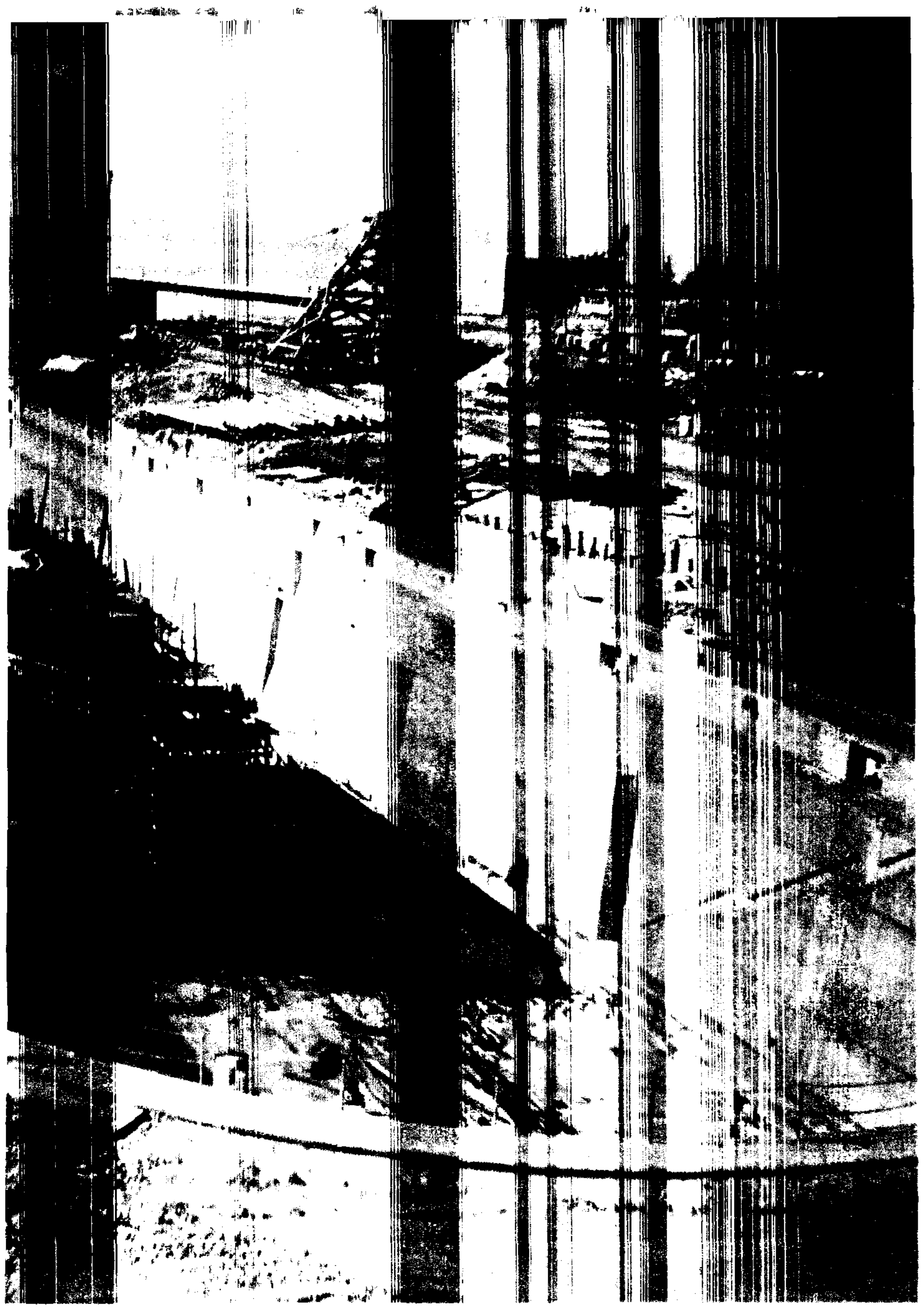
Strictly defensive are the maneuvers of this crack native machine-gun detachment, stationed at San Juan. They are part of the 65th U. S. Infantry



Our Gibraltar on Sand

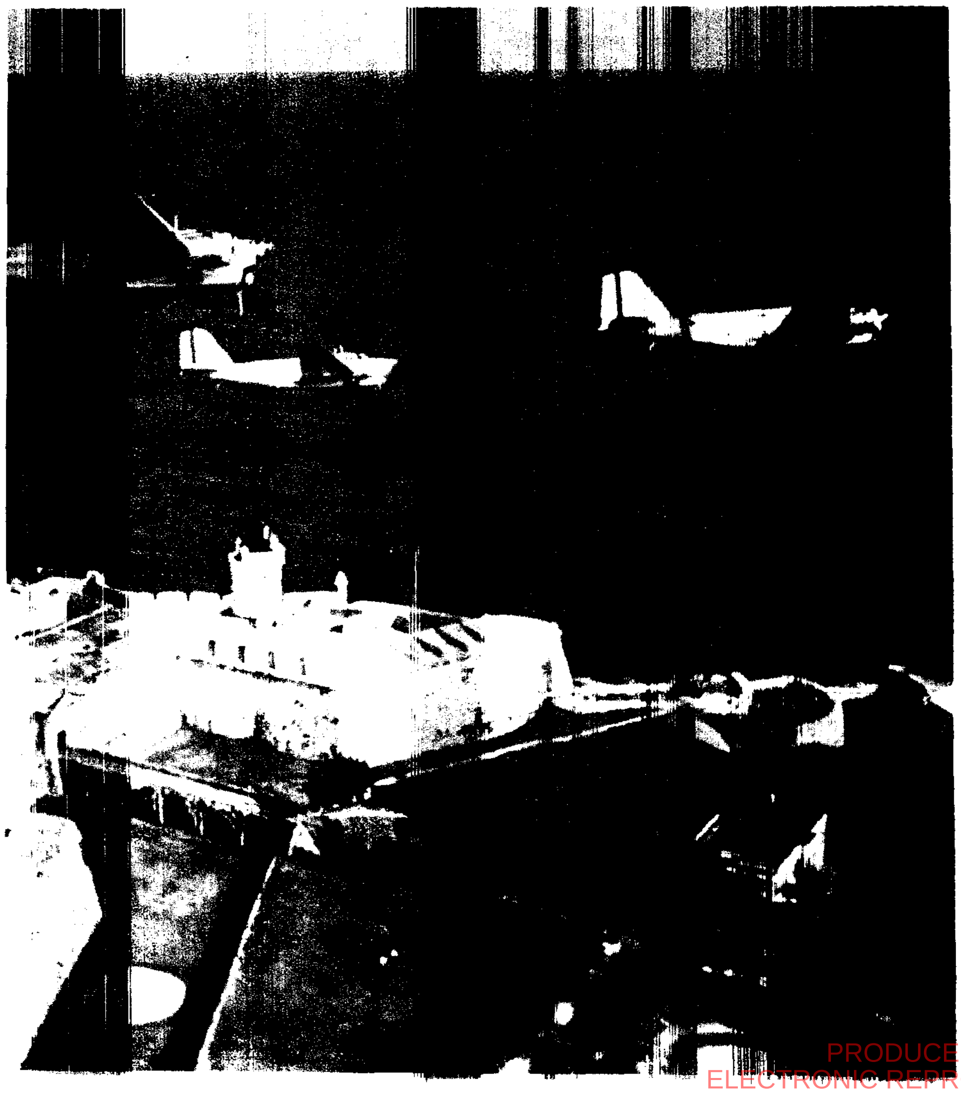
By Frank Gervasi

Down on Puerto Rico we're building the most important base in our Caribbean defense system. So far we've spent fifty million dollars on it. That's nice for the Puerto Ricans, but our island is no Rock—and our fortress will be open to attack from the skies



The Navy's Isla Grande dry dock in San Juan harbor is here rapidly nearing completion. It is 672 feet long and will handle biggest American cruisers

Puerto Rico was strategically important even in Spain's heyday, as its ruined fortifications testify. From here, enemy ships were intercepted



FRAGRANT piles of lumber walled the road along the water front of Puerto Rico's San Juan under the overhanging bows of ships. Blockhouses of bagged cement, mounds of soil pipe, small mountains of oil drums, tar barrels and roofing materials, beer and nail kegs rose on the docks. Through the sun-drenched day and the flare-lighted night there was the grind of winches and the thump and crash of cargo. Laborers swore in Spanish and marines in whatever came handy.

Freight cars waited at sidings to take away the goods. Fleets of trucks butted through stagnant traffic and backed to the docks. But boxcars and trucks seemed as futile as the puny trucks of the stevedores. They could never reduce those heaps of materials, segregate them, route them to a hundred construction camps all over the island. But they did, somehow.

Freighters debouched tanks, cannon, trucks, armored cars, tractors. The half-open doors of guarded warehouses disclosed khaki-uniformed men checking rows of small artillery pieces, antitank guns and cases of ammunition.

The water front vibrated with the visible and invisible effort of men working against a dead line. You couldn't hear it in San Juan, but it was there—a clock tick, the beat of a metronome, or the rhythmic clang of a hidden gong that paced the men at work.

Twenty-seven thousand Puerto Ricans on WPA pay rolls and thousands of others privately employed labored with American engineers, soldiers, sailors and marines to build the key base of the U. S. A. in the Lesser Antilles of the West Indies. Fifty million dollars' worth of airplane hangars, gasoline tanks, airfields, a dry dock, barracks were taking form. And more will be built at this important segment of the arc of American defenses east of Panama.

Puerto Rico Rides the Boom

And all that because of a man named Adolf Hitler. He swung the figurative hammer against that imaginary gong and paced the sweating men who cursed him, war and one another. But they worked and on payday they cursed no one. For the war has brought a boom to Puerto Rico, an island paradox where fields lie fallow and the chimneys of industry are cold but where the artificial stimulus of defense pay rolls has generated a wave of prosperity that's flipped the calendar back to 1929. The deluge will recede by the end of 1942, but Puerto Ricans don't care about that. *Mañana,* to them, is always in the future and 1942 is still a lot of *mañanas* away.

By every law of economics Puerto Rico, its sugar industry depressed and its coffee markets—Italy and Germany—wrecked by the war and its needlework industry wiped out by New Deal legislation which tried to make employers pay wages they couldn't afford, ought to be in the slough of depression. But it isn't. Puerto Rico imported more lavender-colored convertible coupés, more whisky, champagne, perfumes, breakfast cereals in 1940 than it did in 1939, which already was a good year for the merchants who import and sell goods. The reason for this is that every day the defense projects pay $50,000 in pay checks and this money is spent as quickly as it is earned.

The Puerto Rican paradox only begins there. Its flag is American, its folkways and language and to a degree its loyalties are Spanish. The island goes about the job of preparing to defend democracy with a whoop and a holler louder than any other equivalent area anywhere under the American flag, but despite this and despite waste, it gets things done.

Projects somehow take shape—everything is "ahead of schedule"—despite the undisputed indolence of Puerto Ricans and notwithstanding a growing friction between the "continentals" from the United States and the islanders. Every day their drunken brawls land marines, soldiers, sailors and battered Puerto Ricans in the police courts. The Army officially admits the thing has gotten to be a major "problem."

Never Mind the Cost

Nevertheless, there's a vitality about the manner in which Puerto Rico is being converted, from a heap of ruined fortifications the Spaniards built there centuries ago, into an air, sea and land base—a vitality I didn't find in England, France, Holland in the days when they called it a phony war. It's the American way. Hurry and to hell with the cost. That there has been wastefulness and mismanagement in the haste nobody denies down in Puerto Rico.

But what was a coconut palm forest on Punta Borinquen on the northwestern corner of the quadrilateral island in July, 1939, was an airfield three months later with Boeings landing and taking off regularly on patrol duty from a 3,500 foot runway.

A year ago last September there were but 1,000 airmen, marines and infantry stationed in Puerto Rico. Today there are 12,000 men of these services. The U. S. Army alone has 600 officers, 4,500 enlisted men and those who haven't yet barracks—because there is still a time lag between defense requirements and congressional appropriations—live in camps, and you find them bivouacked all over the island.

What Puerto Rico means to U. S. A. Caribbean defense can be measured by the fact that the estimated cost of the island base rose from $16,300,000 before the war in Europe began, to $50,000,000 when Germany invaded the Low Countries. Since the fall of France estimates of what the finished plant will cost start at $100,000,000.

The hub of America's Puerto Rican defense wheel is on the Atlantic side of the island at Isla Grande, a reclaimed mud flat in San Juan harbor. There engineers are building the biggest naval and naval air base in the Caribbean. The Navy's Isla Grande dry dock is 672 feet long, 273 feet wide and will accommodate warships up to and including heavy cruisers.

The Isla Grande airport, being used now by Pan American Airways, will provide hangar space for fifty heavy bombers and at least 100 pursuit ships. At least 100 structures—warehouses,

(Continued on page 65)

WHY MONEY I

This chart will give the net rate of return to you, after deducting yo

COLUMN 1 TAXABLE INCOME AFTER DEDUCTING $2,000 PERSONAL EXEMPTION	COLUMN 2 *TAX TO BE PAID ON INCOME IN COLUMN 1	COLUMN 3 SURTAX BRACKETS FOR ADDITIONAL INCOME	COLUMN 4 RATE OF TAX LIMITED TO ADDED INCOME IN COLUMN 3
$ 4,000	$ 162.80	$ 2,000	8.8 %
6,000	338.80	2,000	11.
8,000	558.80	2,000	13.2
10,000	822.80	2,000	15.4
12,000	1,130.80	2,000	17.6
14,000	1,482.80	2,000	20.9
16,000	1,900.80	2,000	24.2
18,000	2,384.80	2,000	27.5
20,000	2,934.80	2,000	30.8
22,000	3,550.80	4,000	34.1
26,000	4,914.80	6,000	37.4
32,000	7,158.80	6,000	40.7
38,000	9,600.80	6,000	44.
44,000	12,240.80	6,000	48.4
50,000	15,144.80	10,000	52.8
60,000	20,424.80	10,000	56.1
70,000	26,034.80	10,000	59.4
80,000	31,974.80	10,000	62.7
90,000	38,244.80	10,000	66.
100,000	44,844.80	50,000	68.2
150,000	78,944.80	30,228.57	70.4
**180,228.57	100,225.71	19,771.43	67.6
200,000	113,591.20	50,000	69.4
250,000	148,291.20	50,000	71.2
300,000	183,891.20	100,000	73.
400,000	256,891.20	100,000	74.8
500,000	331,691.20	250,000	76.6
750,000	523,191.20	250,000	78.4
1,000,000	719,191.20	1,000,000	79.3
2,000,000	1,512,191.20	3,000,000	80.2
5,000,000	3,918,191.20	Over	81.1

*** Includes Normal Tax, Surtax and Defense Tax. The minimum earned income credit, $300 (10% of $3,000), is used in these calculations.**

**** After net income reaches this point the 10% defense tax is taken on the difference between net income (including personal exemption) and the total income tax and surtaxes, instead of merely on the income tax and surtaxes alone.**

ONE of the mystery stories of the day is the great so-called sit-down strike of the American dollar. There are about 21 billion dollars of good American money in commercial banks alone that are not invested in any kind of business. And the great question is, why not?

The formidable mass of figures published here may look very complicated. But as a matter of fact they are not. Once you have the key they are as simple as ABC. And they tell far more plainly than a volume of words why so many American dollars are lying around idle—why no one wants to invest money.

If people are in want, if business is going to the bowwows, if the farmers are busted, the remedy is to give them money. Who'll give it? Why, Uncle Sam. And where will he get it? Why, from taxes, Stupid. Just soak the rich some more.

But, unfortunately, it is not so simple as that. If you push down on one potato in a barrel of potatoes, you will exert some kind of pressure on all the potatoes in the barrel. When you commit an economic act—that is, when you spend money, or collect money, or save money—you produce consequences that are felt all over the community. When you tax, you do the same thing. This does not mean you should not tax. But it does mean you should be aware of the kind of pressure you will exert on all the other factors in the great economic barrel when you push down on the taxpayer.

Now nothing could tell the story of what our present taxes do to business—and through business to the nation—better than the seemingly complicated tables of figures published here. They seem difficult. But when you know the key to them you will see that they are simple. You will see clearly one of the reasons why the great American dollar is out of a job.

Four Fundamentals of Prosperity

To understand this you must understand first just a few fundamental and simple facts:

Fact Number One is this: Americans save billions every year. Not only big, rich Americans, but little Americans with modest incomes.

Fact Number Two is as follows: These savings are the force that builds the factories, equips the railroads, opens the new stores, expands the utilities of the nation. They put millions to work building these things. They put millions to work operating them thereafter. They are the great dynamic element of the capitalistic system.

Fact Number Three is that at the present time savings are *not* being invested. Hence that vast branch of industry that makes buildings, factories, machinery, utilities, locomotives, etc., is not working.

Fact Number Four: The man with savings—whether they be a hundred dollars or a million—wants a profit on his investment.

Now with these very plain facts in mind we can proceed to what the table of figures has to tell us. Before a man invests his money he wants to know how much profit he can look forward to. There are, generally speaking, two kinds of profits on investments. There is the more or less reliable return upon safe and sound stocks and bonds. It is not high. People are willing to accept a low return for safety. The only kind of business in which that can be found is in companies with long histories of financial success. The investor is very lucky if he can get four per cent on his bonds and five or six per cent on his stocks.

The second kind of investment is called *risk investment*. And in our system this is by far the most important. For it is the *risk money* that goes into new industries. And it is the new industries that are so essential to good times. But risk money is precisely what the word implies. There is a chance of loss—and maybe complete loss. You put your money into a new plant making some new article, or you invest in a new store in some new field or territory. It may be two or three years before you will see any profit at all. Meantime the adventure may blow up. And so no investor can be enticed to put his money into such a business without the prospects of a very much larger return some day—larger than the four or five per cent on Grade A bonds and blue-chip stocks. He will hope for ten or twelve or twenty per cent return. Otherwise he will not take the risk. New business is a gamble, but it is the thing that makes this immense economic machine go.

Now, before you consult the chart, let us take an example. Take a man, Mr. B, with an annual income of $100,000. He has $50,000 lying in the bank—saved from that large income. He would like to invest it. A man who knows how to make money does not like to see it idle. He wants a safe, sound, conservative investment with little risk. Now suppose he buys some corporate bonds or stocks that promise a return of as little as three per cent. Do you imagine he will get that much return on them? At the end of the year he collects his interest—$1,500. He has now added $1,500 to his $100,000-a-year income. But do not forget that he has a partner—an ever-present partner—to collect his share: good old Uncle Sam. As soon as Mr. B's income rises above $100,000 his income tax jumps. And on that $1,500 interest he will have to pay his partner, Uncle Sam, $1,023 or 68.2 per cent. This will leave for Mr. B just $477. Mr. B, who knows how to figure interest, will see that he has gotten a yield on his $50,000 investment of less than one per cent—.954 to be exact. And so, as a practical man, before he makes such an investment he will ask himself why he should do it when he can buy a perfectly good government bond yielding, perhaps, 2½ per cent and tax-free. Mr. B is not crazy and so he does not invest in the corporate bonds. If he were to lend the money on a mortgage at six per cent, the income tax would drive his yield down to 1.908 per cent. There is plenty of risk in a mortgage—too much for 1.908 per cent interest, particularly when the gentleman can buy a government bond tax-free at nearly twice the yield. What is the result of this situation? The inevitable result is that almost all the funds of men who have incomes of $100,000 a year and over are not going to be invested in conservative private investments.

If Mr. B wants to get an investment that will yield him three per cent after taxes he will have to find one that will pay him 10 per cent. If he wants a yield of four per cent, he will have to find one that will yield

UT OF WORK

deral income taxes, on any investment that increases your income

COLUMN 5 OUT OF AN INVESTMENT YIELDING 20% YOU COULD KEEP THIS MUCH	COLUMN 6 OUT OF AN INVESTMENT YIELDING 10% YOU COULD KEEP THIS MUCH	COLUMN 7 OUT OF AN INVESTMENT YIELDING 6% YOU COULD KEEP THIS MUCH	COLUMN 8 OUT OF AN INVESTMENT YIELDING 3% YOU COULD KEEP THIS MUCH	COLUMN 9 THIS IS WHAT YOU HAVE LEFT OF EACH DOLLAR OF ADDED INCOME
18.24%	9.12%	5.472%	2.736%	$ .912
17.8	8.9	5.34	2.67	.89
17.36	8.68	5.208	2.604	.868
16.92	8.46	5.076	2.538	.846
16.48	8.24	4.944	2.472	.824
15.82	7.91	4.746	2.373	.791
15.16	7.58	4.548	2.274	.758
14.5	7.25	4.35	2.175	.725
13.84	6.92	4.152	2.076	.692
13.18	6.59	3.954	1.977	.659
12.52	6.26	3.756	1.878	.626
11.86	5.93	3.558	1.779	.593
11.2	5.6	3.36	1.68	.56
10.32	5.16	3.096	1.548	.516
9.44	4.72	2.832	1.416	.472
8.78	4.39	2.634	1.317	.439
8.12	4.06	2.436	1.218	.406
7.46	3.73	2.238	1.119	.373
6.8	3.4	2.04	1.02	.34
6.36	3.18	1.908	.954	.318
5.92	2.96	1.776	.888	.296
6.48	3.24	1.944	.972	.324
6.12	3.06	1.836	.918	.306
5.76	2.88	1.728	.864	.288
5.4	2.7	1.62	.81	.27
5.04	2.52	1.512	.756	.252
4.68	2.34	1.404	.702	.234
4.32	2.16	1.296	.648	.216
4.14	2.07	1.242	.621	.207
3.96	1.98	1.188	.594	.198
3.78	1.89	1.134	.567	.189

THESE FIGURES WERE PREPARED BY L. ROBERT DRIVER OF WASHINGTON, D. C.

him over 12 per cent, because he will have to split 60-40 with his partner, Uncle Sam.

Maybe it is the right thing to do—to tax Mr. B at this rate. But when you do so you must be consistent and reasonable. You must be prepared to accept one of the inevitable consequences of your action. This will be to drive him out of the market as an investor. And when investment lags and Mr. B's money is lying in the bank idle or is put into government bonds, do not denounce him for making unprofitable investments.

Now suppose we have another man with $100,000 a year income and $50,000 to invest—Mr. X. He is willing to put his money into a new venture—and how badly such money is needed! He is willing to gamble on a new manufacturing business. But he doesn't want three per cent because, as we have seen, he may lose all his investment and he expects a correspondingly large return if he does make a profit. He will not make this investment on a chance of making six or seven per cent. But even if he were willing he would again have to figure on his not-too-silent partner, Uncle Sam. In order to get for himself between six per cent and seven per cent, he would have to make a profit of 20 per cent or $10,000. On this, Uncle Sam would take $6,820, leaving $3,180 for Mr. X. This would be a yield on his $50,000 investment of 6.36 per cent. No man is going to risk the loss of his principal for this. Therefore, all the income in the United States in the hands of men with incomes over $100,000 must be considered as completely out of the market for investment in either new or old industries.

Before the last war the automobile industry was a new one. It was full of peril, but the chance to win large profits drew the money in. The manufacturers and investors who succeeded not only made fortunes for themselves but created an industry which today accounts for added millions of employed. If the present tax laws were then in existence and this chart could have been made then, there would be no automobile industry today to speak of.

There is about a billion dollars a year in incomes above the $100,000 mark and it is all lost to investment—driven out of it by the act of the government that makes private investment unprofitable while at the same time offering a premium on investment in government tax-exempt bonds.

But what is true of the $100,000-a-year man is true, in a different degree, of all sorts of people who have saved money and who would like to invest it. In a greater or lesser degree it applies to incomes of all sorts—particularly of $10,000 and over. The $20,000-a-year man who wants to invest his savings must figure on paying 30.8 per cent tax on the next $2,000. Therefore, to net four per cent on an investment he will have to find one paying six per cent, but the six per cent incomes are very scarce and are not safe and the four per cent man wants safety. Thus at least four billion dollars of income—the kind that is most available for investment—is driven out of the investment market.

Now with this in mind, study the collection of figures printed herewith. It will give you in one column various incomes from $4,000 to $5,000,000. It will show you the tax that must be paid on those incomes. Then it will solve for you the problem of profit or yield that confronts the man with any of these incomes who wants to invest money.

Thirty Per Cent for Uncle Sam

As an example, let us take the man with $20,000 income after his exemptions are deducted, who has some money to invest. He wants to know how much profit he can collect as shown by the chart. Run your finger down to $20,000 in Column 1. In Column 2 will appear the income taxes, including both surtax and defense tax, he must pay on that income. It is $2,934.80. Now if this $20,000 man has money to invest and invests it, his income will be increased by the amount of interest or profit he receives. Column 3 will show the amount of such income that is included in the next tax bracket—$2,000 in this case. And Column 4 will show the rate of tax he will have to pay on this added income up to $2,000. It will be 30.8 per cent. Now suppose the added income is $1,000. The government will take $308 of that, leaving $692 for the taxpayer. He will get $692 actual cash yield on his money. Now the question is—how large a return on his money will he have to get, how much interest or dividend, in order to get the yield he desires? Columns 5 to 8 will answer that question. Column 5 shows that if he gets 20 per cent interest, his own share in that interest after taxes are paid—therefore his own actual yield on the investment—will be 13.84 per cent. Column 6 shows that if he gets a dividend of 10 per cent his own yield after taxes will be 6.92 per cent. And so on—these columns show how much a man with that $20,000 taxable income will get in percentage yield for himself where the profit before taxes is anywhere from 3 to 20 per cent.

Thus you can determine just how much per cent profit you must have on your new investment in order to have for yourself—after sharing with Uncle Sam—the interest or dividend return you seek.

Important as this is as information for the individual taxpayer, it is, of course, far more important for the nation as a whole.

Let us assume the national income will be what it was in 1929—$78,000,000,000. Let us assume that the division of income will be about the same. Then for all people with incomes of $20,000 a year, four per cent on a safe investment is impossible, because to get four per cent they must actually collect from six to 20 per cent. Therefore, all persons looking for this conservative return and whose incomes are $20,000 or over are driven out of the investment market. This means that *ten billion dollars* of income each year—the most-available for investment—is, practically by government fiat, driven away from private investment. It means that practically all income is driven out of the risk investment market.

Knowing this, you can understand some simple figures.

In 1929, investment in new securities for new businesses or expansion of old businesses was $8,000,000,000. Last year it was $382,000,000 or between four and five per cent of the 1929 total. In 1929 bank loans were $41,000,000,000. In 1939 they were only $22,000,000,000.

People who say the American economic system is dying are kidding themselves. It is committing suicide.

And we have just begun to tax.

China Sky

By Pearl S. Buck

ILLUSTRATED BY MARTHA SAWYERS

The Story Thus Far:

HOPING to raise funds for his work in China, Dr. Gray Thomison, head of a hospital in the city of Chen-li, sails for America. He leaves a woman—Sara Durand, an American physician—in charge of the hospital.

The war is raging. Although Japanese bombers attack the hospital at frequent intervals, Sara carries on courageously. Soon the man she loves—*Gray Thomison*—will be back. And then—ah, then she will be happy! . . . Weeks pass. Sara receives a cablegram from Doctor Thomison. It informs her that the doctor will soon be back in Chen-li with "Louise"—his bride!

Wretchedly unhappy, Sara tries to repress her emotions. . . . A badly wounded Japanese officer—"Mr. Yasuda"—is brought to the hospital. He is accompanied by his captor—Chen-ta, a famous guerrilla who is known as "the Eagle." To Sara's amazement, Chen-ta implores Sara to save the prisoner's life, if it is humanly possible to save it. He will not say why he wants the man to live.

Sara operates. Her assistant—Dr. Chung—donates some of his blood; and the Japanese does not die. . . . The Thomisons arrive. Louise, Sara notes, is young and very beautiful. Sara—not so good a judge of human nature as Gray's Chinese cook, Siao Fah—reserves judgment on the girl from America. Siao Fah dislikes her from the moment he sets eyes on her.

And Siao Fah is right—Louise Thomison is a spoiled, too-rich weakling. She does not like China, or the Chinese. And the bombings terrorize her. After every attack (and they are terrific) she implores her husband to drop his work and take her home. But Gray is adamant—he will not take her back to America. . . .

Yasuda, a convalescent, has a long, confidential talk with Dr. Chung. Appealing to the Chinese's love of money, he offers the fellow a large sum (to be paid in monthly installments) if he will find someone—someone whose mail will not be opened and inspected—who will send out messages, in the Japanese code, for him.

Chung knows of only one person who may be inveigled into undertaking the hazardous task. That person is—*Mrs. Gray Thomison!* Going to her home, he has a long talk with her. He tells her that, if she will write and sign certain letters in which she says that Mr. Yasuda is convalescing at the hospital, the hospital will not be bombed! As they talk, Siao Fah (his ear close to a keyhole) is listening.

Unable to understand what is said (Mrs. Thomison and the Chinese speak in English), Siao Fah "gets" what is going on. He resolves to say nothing to "the Thomison doctor" until the opportune moment.

IV

THE raid was over again.

Gray looked at Sara haggardly over the dead body of Lao Wang on the operating table. The old man had delayed too long in his garden. Sara looked back at Gray sadly. He turned away abruptly and stripping off his rubber gloves he began to wash his hands. Sara covered the still form on the table with the sheet and then stood looking at Gray's broad shoulders and at his dark, bent head. A new passion of love for him swept over her. He stayed as sensitive as a boy, as capable of pity as the day he first took up his surgeon's scalpel, as merciless toward himself when he failed, even though success was as hopeless as it had been now. She longed to comfort him.

"After all, Lao Wang's chrysanthemums were what he loved best in the world," she said.

Gray answered her gruffly without turning around: "He ought to have had years more of living to love them, then."

They did not speak for a moment, each seeing the bent figure of the little old Chinese, squatting on his heels from spring, when he began to pot chrysanthemum cuttings, through summers of careful shading of the pots under awnings of matting and of careful watering and delicate manurings until autumn when, all weak buds carefully plucked off, his plants put forth their glorious flowers. Then proudly he would present to everyone whom he liked the flowers he thought appropriate. It was only yesterday morning that Sara had heard a cough at her door and opening it had found Lao Wang there, a pot in each arm and his brown, wrinkled face smiling at her from between bouquets of enormous red and gold chrysanthemums. They would live in her window for many days, but he was dead.

Tears brimmed in her eyes and rolled quietly down her cheeks. Gray, turning suddenly, saw them.

"Sara!" He took two strides and flung his arm over her shoulder. "Dear Sara!"

"Life is so—so quickly gone," she whispered. "You love something terribly—like—like chrysanthemums—and suddenly you can't love it any more because you're gone."

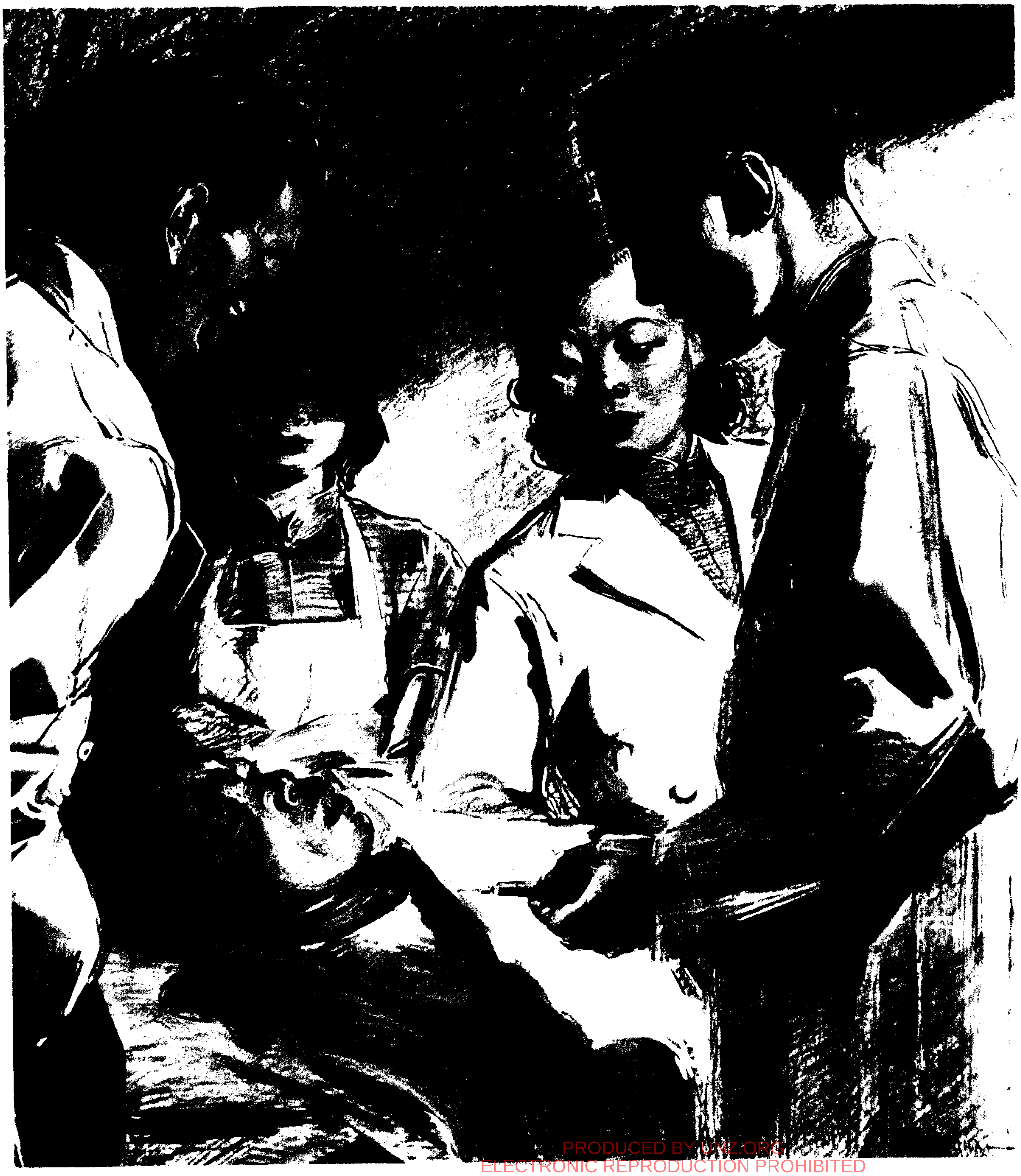
HE WAS holding her harder than he knew. "It's this sort of death that is so beastly," he said passionately. "It's decent to die—properly—when you're old and things don't mean what they did, anyway. But to die because of something flung at you out of the sky—" He bit his lip, and she could feel him trembling against her. She wiped her eyes quickly.

"We're both tired," she said. She freed herself gently from his arm. If she had not she would have turned and put her head upon his breast, and that she must not. She had no right. All that could be hers was the comradeship of work with him. And how much that was! In the hours of day it was, she thought, enough. His work was his deepest life and that she shared—and only she. Louise could never know what it meant to work with Gray, to stand beside him at the operating table, sharing in what his hands did with such speed and skill, sharing in the long talk of consultation and treatment. This was his real life and hers. But in the night when she put out her lonely lamp, it was more than she could do to look over to that southern corner of the compound and see the windows of Gray's house, still warmly bright. Where did a man live? Could any woman know?

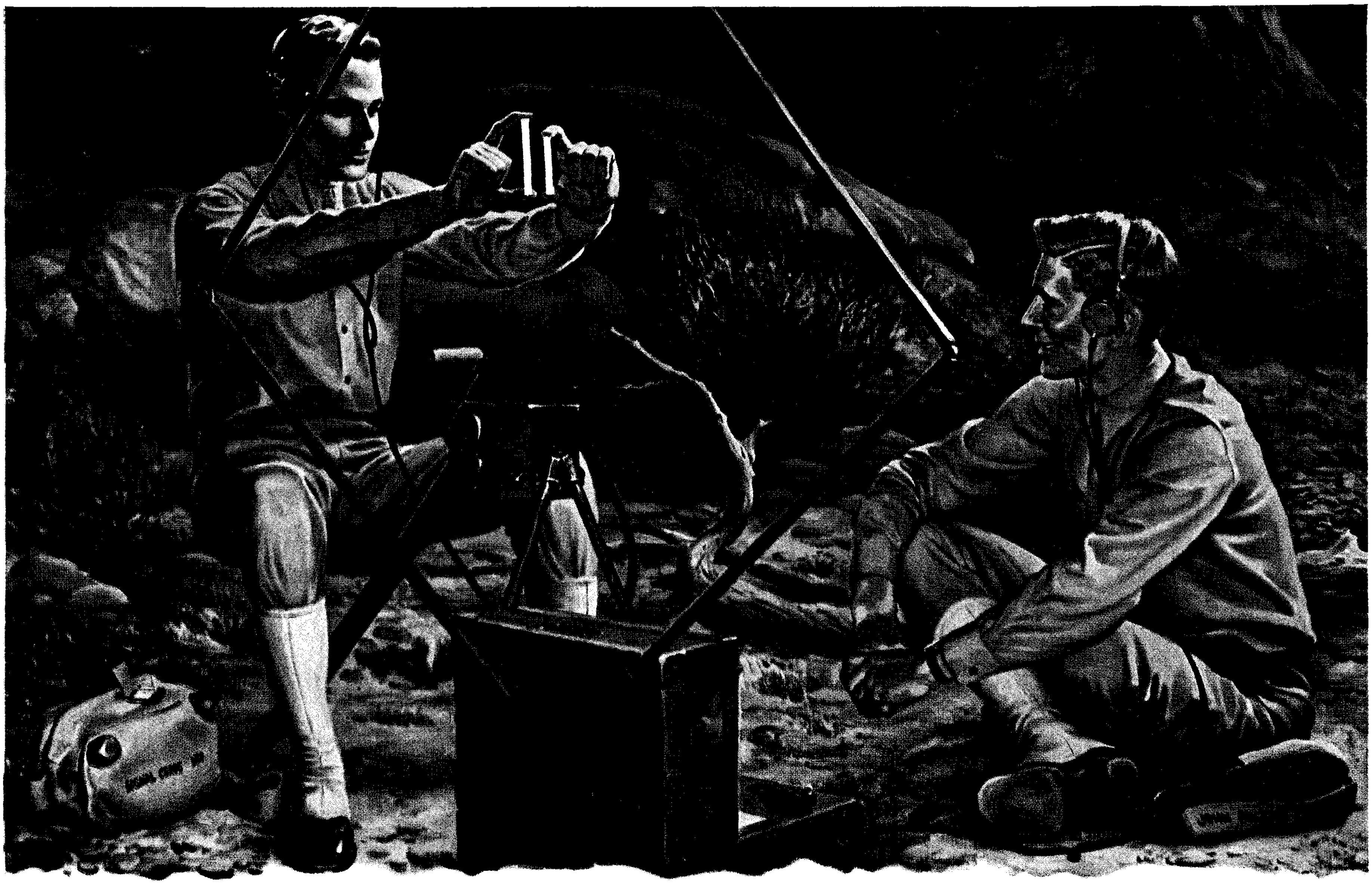
Gray, watching her, thought, "Why did I do that? Why did I touch her? Something made me—it must not happen again."

He was troubled for a moment. Ought he to tell Louise? But there was nothing to tell her, simply that in a moment of impulse because he had seen Sara's blue eyes dark under tears, he had

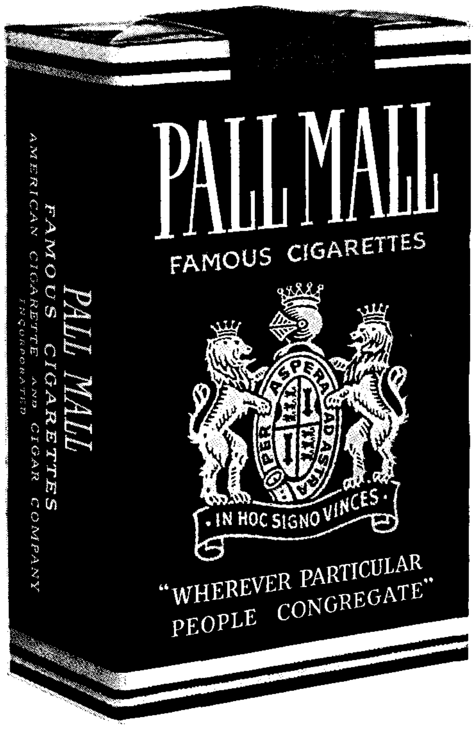
(Continued on page 38)



They stood and watched the ashen face. At last the lips quivered and Yasuda whispered hoarsely, "Water"



"Here's a basic improvement in cigarette design!"


PALL MALL
FAMOUS CIGARETTES
PER ASPERA AD ASTRA
IN HOC SIGNO VINCES
"WHEREVER PARTICULAR PEOPLE CONGREGATE"
PALL MALL
FAMOUS CIGARETTES
AMERICAN CIGARETTE AND CIGAR COMPANY
INCORPORATED

● Look around—America. Look in the Service. Look wherever you see young people. A basic improvement in cigarettes is here.

It's Pall Mall—a cigarette deliberately designed for better smoking! Pall Mall is over 20 per cent longer than the ordinary cigarette. And this additional length is important.

It travels the smoke further—so the smoke reaches you cooler. It filters the smoke through more tobacco—so the smoke is definitely milder.

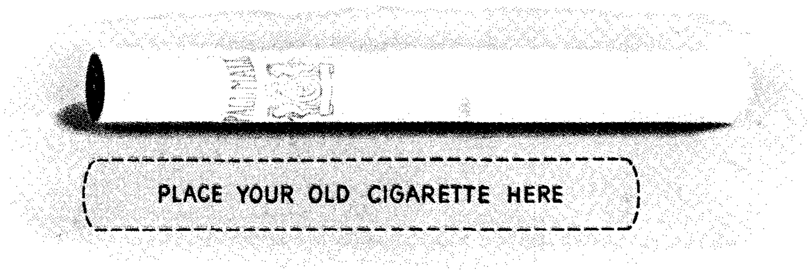
Important, too, is BULKING.

For this careful, time-taking process mellows tobaccos as nothing else can.

In BULKING, the traditionally fine Pall Mall tobaccos acquire a new character. The delicate flavors blend together. All harshness is gradually softened. Pall Mall becomes a noticeably smoother cigarette.

The smoke of these fine tobaccos—enriched by BULKING, traveled and filtered through Pall Mall's greater length—gives you a combination of advantages no other cigarette can offer.

Prove it! Yourself, try Pall Mall critically.


PLACE YOUR OLD CIGARETTE HERE

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"WHEREVER PARTICULAR PEOPLE CONGREGATE"

This is not "A Man's World" by a long shot!

IT MAY BE ENGINEERS with their blue-prints who make the plans to which we build our cars. But more and more it is the women of this country who determine what needs the engineers must meet.

Their influence, of course, is not new to us. It merely grows more and more pronounced.

Women took a hand in car design early in this century, when we shifted the steering wheel from right side to left where it is now. Women hurried the change along, because until we changed, they sat at the left and had to get out into the street instead of on the curb.

Today more than ten million women in this country have licenses to drive. And it seems fair to state that most of what you see as you walk toward a new car—and much of what you feel as you ride in it or drive—was put there for women, or put there sooner than it would have been without their influence.

It is certain that the changes and improvements made for this year in our Ford cars show the influence of women very clearly.

Check them off and see.—A much bigger car. A much softer ride. A much quieter car. Bigger windows. Easier driving. Increased style. Finer appointments.

No, this is not a man's world, by a long shot. And nothing makes that more clear than the Ford cars at your dealer's right this minute!

Some Ford Advantages for 1941:

NEW ROOMINESS. Bodies are longer and wider this year, adding as much as seven inches to seating width.

SOFT, QUIET RIDE. A new Ford ride, with new frame and stabilizer, softer springs, improved shock absorbers.

GREAT POWER WITH ECONOMY. Ford cars are the most powerful in their price field, and hold records for economy as well as for performance.

BIG WINDOWS. Windshield and windows increased all around to give nearly four square feet of added vision area in each '41 Ford Sedan.

LARGEST HYDRAULIC BRAKES in the Ford price field, give added safety, longer brake-lining wear.

GET THE FACTS AND
YOU'LL GET A FORD!

Ford

OUR NEW ARMY

Army Camp reports from Collier's own correspondents:

PACIFIC NORTHWEST: After graduating with a degree of medicine from the University of California ten years ago, Pvt. William N. O'Neil of Portland, Oregon, studied at the University of Chicago for three more years. Then, just to be versatile, he became a Certified Public Accountant. But now, at Fort Lewis, Washington, he staggers around the mess hall with armloads of dishes, waiting on table. Sore? Why, no. "During my first 42 days in the Army," he says happily, "I lost seventeen pounds. All lard."

Pvts. John Fairchild of Boise, Idaho, and Ray Raty (pronounced Ray-tee, please) of Los Angeles, found they have more in common than a uniform and a dislike for drilling in Fort Lewis mud. They met at a piano in the new wooden recreation hall during "fatigue" a few weeks ago and began to compare notes, which turned out to be musical. Raty used to sing in a Los Angeles dance band; Fairchild directed college plays at the University of Colorado for two years and knows the technique of tooting a Sousaphone and an E-flat alto horn. En route to camp, Raty had thought up some lyrics for a love ditty he called "How Do I Know?" and he needed a melody. "Mind if I take a crack at it?" Fairchild asked. "Go ahead," said Raty. So Fairchild poked at the piano and the words became a song. The boys aren't betting dough on "How Do I Know?" but they think maybe . . .

●

NORTHWEST: The Army has found its No. 1 foot headache. He arrived as a selectee at the Reception Center at Fort Snelling, Minnesota, five feet, four inches tall, weighing exactly 120 pounds, the absolute minimum man specifications. He doesn't want his name known, but the foot trouble is that he wears a size 3EE shoe, and the smallest the Army makes is size 5A. Lieut. S. C. Chacy, the Center's quartermaster, had a hasty conference with Post Quartermaster Lieut. Col. John R. Holt.

"Make up a special order for him," Col. Holt directed. "Half a dozen pairs."

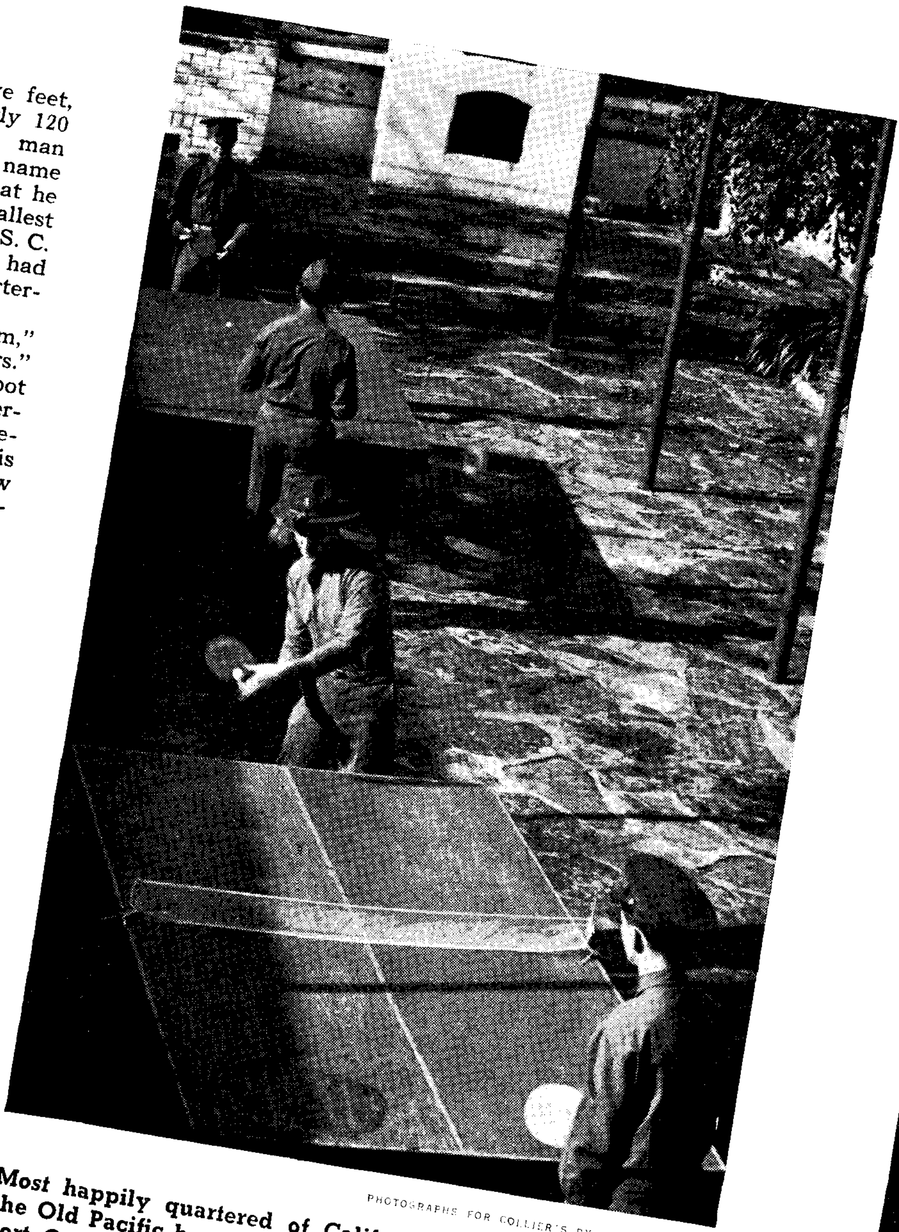
When the shoes arrive, No. 1's foot troubles will be over, but the quartermaster will still have the headache, because no matter where No. 1 goes, his stock of 3EE shoes will have to follow him wherever he goes. Across the country and back, if necessary.

●

EAST: The New Army hasn't done much to improve the old one's slang, and ex-Sgt. Irving Berlin's "O, How I Hate to Get Up in the Morning!" is as popular at Yaphank these frigid a.m.'s as it was in the same Camp Upton in '17-'18, but one inductee has at least coined a new slogan. The inductee is Pvt. Herman Glaser, a Bay Ridge Brooklynite, who thought some of his original equipment was pretty shopworn. His slogan: "From ragged to rugged—in a year."

This, however, isn't the sort of mild complaint of which Regular Army Corp. John Berg, Headquarters Company, approves. "No army is any good," he states, "until it has learned to beef. I beg leave to report that these poor draftees ain't even learned the first principles yet. They only do it part time, and only from maybe gettin' a misfit coat the first day, or leavin' their

(Continued on page 52)



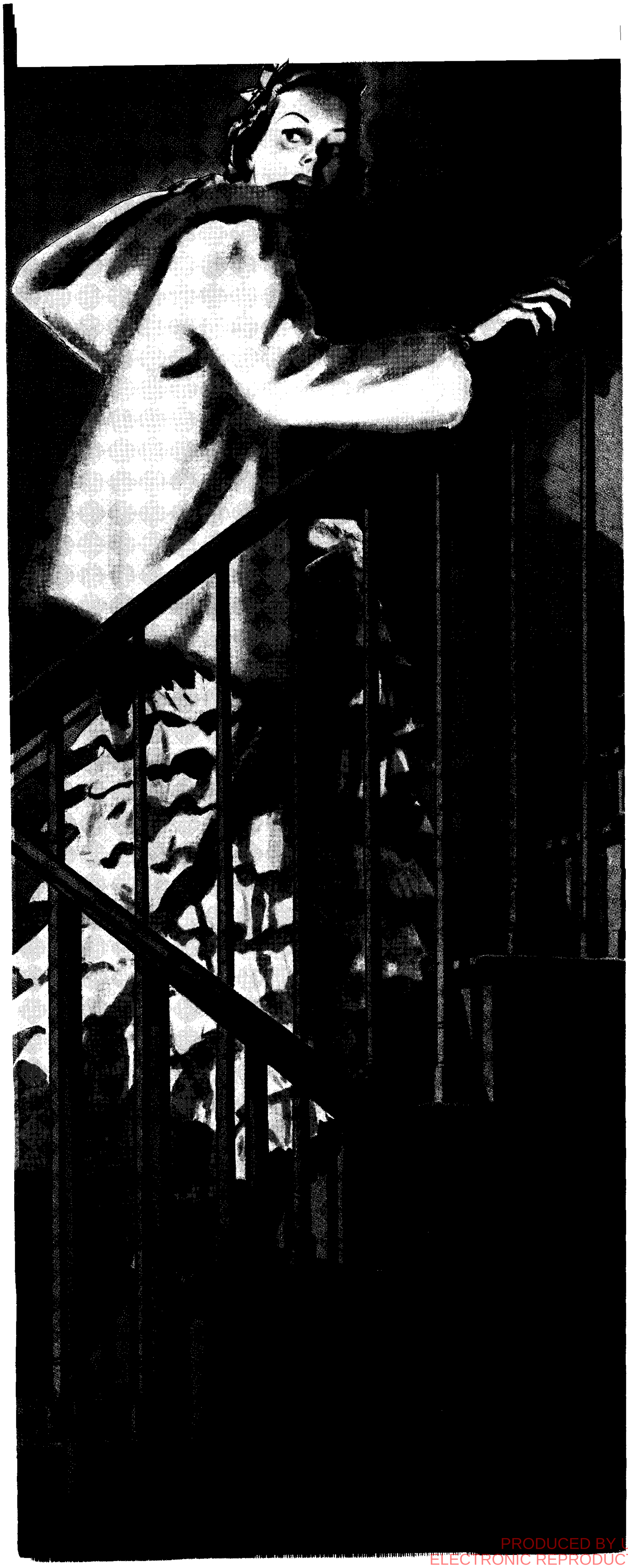
PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY CHARLES KERLEE

Most happily quartered of California's rookies are those at the Old Pacific house, once a Spanish hotel. Here boys from Fort Ord and the Presidio play table tennis, use the barbecue pit in the rear and, below, line up at the soft-drink bar

It's Your Life

By Curt Riess

A SHORT SHORT STORY COMPLETE ON THIS PAGE



She moved so swiftly that she seemed to Mary like a shadow gliding by. "I'll wait a while," Mary thought. "I don't want her to think I'm spying"

GILBERT DARLING

PERHAPS it was only minutes, perhaps it was much longer since she had awakened. Next to her she heard Joe's regular breathing.

Finally Mary Stokes opened her eyes. The little watch on the night table, with its illuminated dial, said two o'clock. She got up, shivering, for the winter air filled the room. She took her heavy, dark blue robe, and left the room as quietly as possible. Almost automatically, she went to Anne's room. And she knew, before switching on the light, that her daughter was not there.

Slowly she walked into the room. Every time she looked at the white-enameled furniture, it made her feel as though Anne were still a little girl. A little impatiently, she picked up a blouse here, straightened a blanket there, opened the closet to put in the shoes that had been lying in the middle of the floor. Anne simply would never learn.

Five minutes past two. Why, the dance at the club must have been over hours ago! If Anne's father found out, he would be furious.

Mary smiled. After all, he didn't have to find out. The best thing was to wait for Anne downstairs. Mary's hand brushed lightly across the little table in front of the mirror. Dust. She made a mental note to tell Lucy tomorrow.

She went downstairs. It wasn't necessary to switch on the light; the living room was well lighted by the full moon. She found her favorite easy chair in the corner and lit a cigarette. She stretched a little, closed her eyes, smoked and thought of nothing. It was good sometimes not to think of anything. It happened too rarely; there were so many things to think about. It was also good to be alone once in a while.

Suddenly, she sat up. There was something strange about this night—something she couldn't explain. She felt as though she had lived through all this once before. A queer feeling—one she had every now and then. She thought back, through all those twenty-odd years, to her own youth, to the time when she was Anne's age and lived with her parents in Illinois.

IT HAD been a very small town. Fleetingly she wondered if anything had changed in the last ten years, since mother's death. Mother . . . Of course, now she knew. That was what had been in her mind all this time. Every Saturday night when she had been invited to a dance her mother sat in the living room downstairs until she came back. Just the way she was sitting now and waiting. Of course, she never had been allowed to stay out until two o'clock. Nobody in Danforth ever stayed up that late. And mother had been particularly strict. She used to say that she knew much better what was good for her daughter than Mary herself.

She got up and went to the window. The small, suburban street was covered with snow. It was very quiet. And then the car came. It arrived with almost no noise at all, so that she saw it only at the last minute. The car stopped before the house, but no one got out.

Mary went back to her chair. No, she didn't like it. And she would tell Anne. Not that she wasn't perfectly sure of her daughter—still . . .

And then, after a few minutes more, Anne appeared in the doorway and noiselessly went upstairs. She moved so swiftly that she seemed to Mary like a shadow gliding by. "I'll wait a while," Mary thought, "so she can undress and go to bed. I don't want her to think I'm spying on her."

She waited. She waited much longer than she had intended. After at least twenty minutes, from upstairs she heard Anne's footsteps. She did a great deal of walking about, Mary thought.

Then, suddenly, Mary knew why she had not moved. The car. The car was still standing before the house. That was strange.

And the faint steps on the upper floor continued. What could that mean? Again she had the feeling that this also was familiar, that she had gone through all this once before. Again she saw her mother waiting for her, and saw herself pleading with her mother. She had cried, "But I love him, mother. He is the only man I'll ever love." "Nonsense," her mother had replied; "you don't even know what love is. You're still a child. What do you know about this young man? How can he support you?"

THEY had sent her away the next morning to an aunt in Boston, and some time later she had met Joe. And, of course, that was quite all right with mother. Everybody knew that Joe could support a wife. Well, there had always been money, the house, a good, secure business. . . . With Robert it would have been different. Not so smooth. No, it wouldn't have been smooth at all—but exciting. Lots of ups and downs. She closed her eyes. Even now it could make her breathe faster.

And then Anne came downstairs. The girl was fully dressed; she was wearing her heavy camel's-hair coat and she carried a small suitcase.

"Now I must do it," Mary said to herself. "Now I must get up and ask, what does all this mean? Don't you have any confidence in your parents?" She had to do something, and do it quickly. What if she called Joe now? He would stop Anne. He would send her away, tomorrow or the day after. He wouldn't even listen to her. And what then? . . . Anne went over to the table and stood there for a moment, silent. Then she caught her breath in a little sob. Just once.

And Mary said nothing.

One minute later she heard the car start. And then it was very quiet again.

She waited a little longer, as if she hoped the car would return. Then she got up and switched on the light. Her movements were slow, as though she were very tired. Then she saw the envelope on the table. She didn't open it. She propped it against a vase so that it couldn't be overlooked.

Joe would find it the first thing in the morning. He would shout. He would blame her. . . . She wiped away the tears that filled her eyes without her noticing it. She went into her bedroom. She heard Joe's regular breathing. She must not forget to tell Lucy to be more careful about dust.

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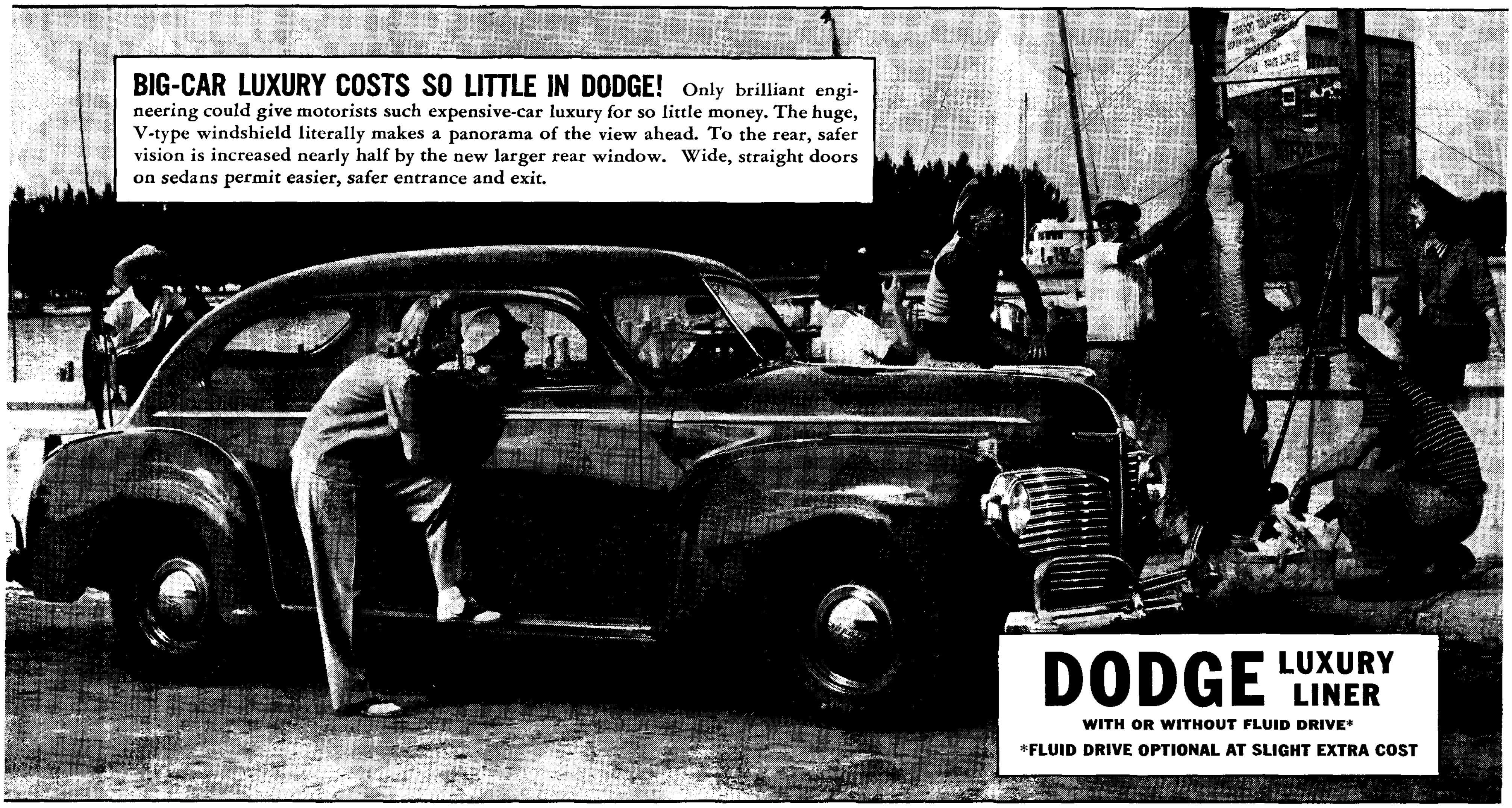

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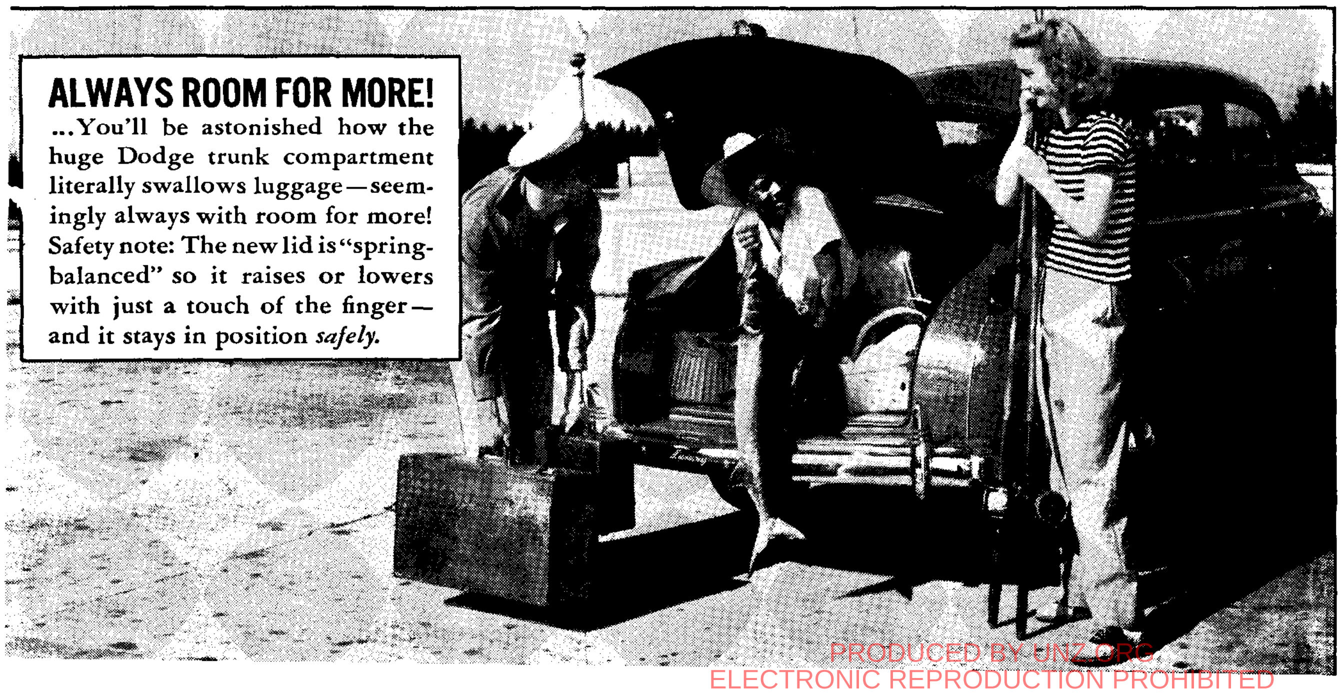

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Tune in Major Bowes, CBS, Thursdays, 9 to 10 P. M., E. S. T.

Chains from France

Continued from page 12

plank platform, long and deep, that had been carried by many hands into the square.

"Great excitement," the merchant said, recapturing Marcel Denis' straying attention.

"Yes."

The merchant's tone was cold and severe. "More wickedness for what is already the wickedest town on earth."

Marcel Denis regarded him in astonishment. "I beg your pardon?"

"Wickedness," the merchant said. He pursed his mouth and spat copiously on the arid ground. "Stupid and sinful—you've heard?"

"Heard what?"

"About the women."

"Of course I've heard. You mean the governor's plan to give wives to the settlers, to attach them more permanently to this land—"

"Nonsense!" the merchant Ajax Soule exploded. "I was at the wharf. I've seen the women and I've heard the crew of the frigate. Wives! Base wenches from the Salpétrière, picked out of the mud, brazen hussies from all the foul quarters of Paris, with language and manners so dissolute—"

"But surely not! Why should Governor Ogeron—"

"He had no choice. He asked in France for wives for his colonists—and this is what they sent him." He shook his head bitterly. He touched Marcel Denis' sleeve. "It's what both parties deserve. But it's uncommonly hard on you and me—"

"You intended to take a woman?" Marcel Denis asked.

"Naturally. Didn't you?"

MARCEL DENIS nodded. "I need a wife," he said seriously. His heavy eyebrows drew together. "Perhaps not all the women fit your unflattering description. There should be a few virtuous—"

"Have you heard the marriage vow that's been composed to grace this morning's situation?" the merchant asked.

"I've talked to no one but yourself."

"Listen to me: This is the marriage vow approved by the governor—" The older man narrowed his eyes and recited in a low voice, emotionally: " 'I take you without knowing or caring who you are. If anybody from whence you come would have had you, you would not have come in quest of me. But no matter; I do not desire you to give me an account of your past conduct, because I have no right to be offended at it at the time when you were at liberty to behave either ill or well according to your own pleasure, and because I shall have no reason to be ashamed of anything you were guilty of when you did not belong to me—' "

"Heavens!" exclaimed Marcel Denis. "Now really—"

The older man droned on: " 'Give me only your word for the future; I acquit you of the past.' " He made a motion of lifting a gun to the level of his chest and striking his hand upon the barrel. " 'This,' " he cried, " 'will avenge me of any breach of faith; if you should prove false, this will surely be true to my aim.' "

There was perspiration on his forehead; the sun was increasingly hot in the square. He gazed quizzically at Marcel Denis. "A nice marriage vow, eh? One of the filibuster chiefs is said to have drawn it up; and the governor has approved it. And you still hope to find a good woman—"

"I hope nothing," Marcel Denis said, almost curtly. "But I shall stay and see what there is to see."

The merchant shrugged. "They'll be leading the cattle out soon."

"I've not heard how the selection is to be made."

"By lot. The women will be assigned numbers. If you draw a certain number—do you see?—you get the woman whose number that is."

"With privilege to reject."

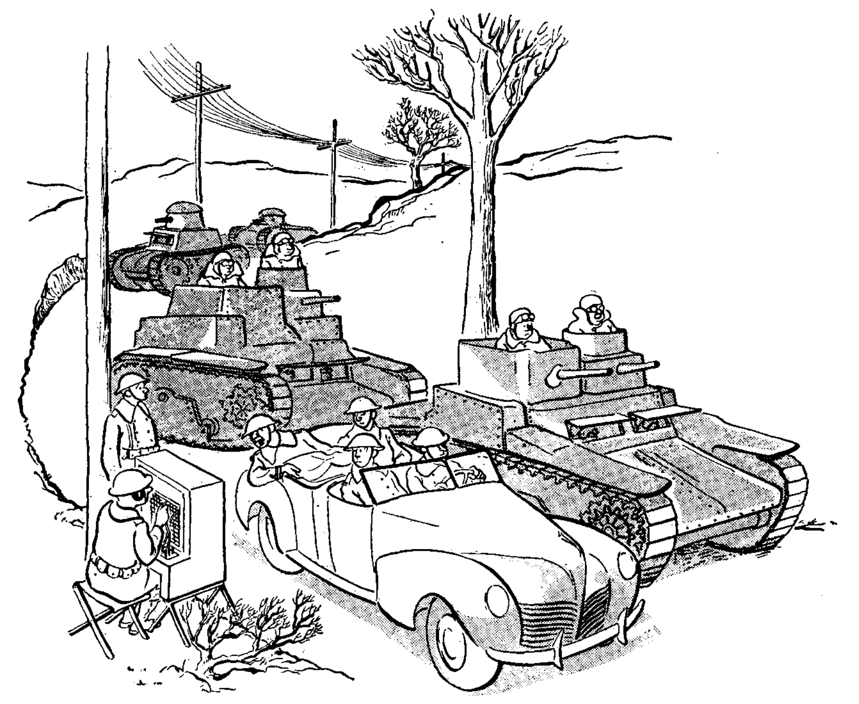
"No. Not at all. There is no privilege to reject; that has been stressed. You take what you get."

"It would seem," Marcel Denis said dourly, "a considerable risk."

"Too considerable!" said the merchant. "For my part, I'm out of it." He spat again. "No pig in a poke for me."

"Look," said Marcel Denis. "Here they come."

THEY came, walking in single file; and they mounted the platform next the fountain in the center of the sun-scarred *place*. Soldiers walked with them, directing their passage through the throng of simpering, coarse-mouthed filibusters.



"Say, will you call back and ask for our objective? I was half dopey when I answered the phone this morning"

CARL ROSE

Marcel Denis' eyes traveled down the line of women as they arranged themselves on the platform. Some stared boldly into the crowd before them, some laughed, showing their teeth, answering coarse quips with coarser sallies in the Paris argot. They were—save for a very few—completely unabashed. Marcel Denis was suddenly aware that he was blushing; a warmth of blood flooded his face.

"Isn't it awful?" cried Ajax Soule, and did not wait for an answer. "It's exactly as I told you, you'll agree. Look, friend; why not come to my house for a small drink, a toast to Brittany—"

"Thanks. I'm staying here."

The merchant looked at Marcel Denis in surprise. "You don't mean that you're going through with this? You're not going to enter the drawing of lots?"

"That's what I came for." He lifted a hand wearily. "Since you press the point, I would have preferred a peasant girl from Brittany for a wife; but there is no schoolboy sentimentalism lodged in my head. I want a woman to work with me and keep my house and I'll take what I can get."

"Then God help you," said the merchant, grinning crookedly.

Marcel Denis nodded absently; the merchant had already been shut out of his mind. Governor Ogeron, splendid in lace, had mounted the platform. A hush fell over the crowd and the voice of the governor rang out: "The numbers are prepared for the drawing." He indicated with a nod of his head a basket that had been carried to the edge of the platform. "In the basket are many blank slips, and fifty bearing numbers. The men who draw the numbered slips will"—he permitted himself an austere smile—"win themselves brides. Any disputing," he added grimly, "will be settled by me according to my judgment."

He stepped back; two soldiers moved up to hold the basket. Several of the women applauded noisily; and the crowd pressed forward.

Marcel Denis mingled with the crowd—pressed steadily forward. His mind was again a wild tumult of conflicting emotions, but his jaw was rigidly set and his dark-rimmed eyes were hard. He intended that no one should understand what he was thinking; and no one did.

His turn came. He reached into the basket. His fingers closed upon a slip of white paper, and he opened it impassively and read aloud a number.

"WHAT is your name?" Marcel Denis asked.

"Yolande Nazon."

"Where do you come from?"

"I am from Paris."

"Yes," said Marcel Denis coldly. "From what part?"

"I am not obliged to discuss myself," the girl said. "I am here. I did not ask to come, but I am here. You have picked me in a lottery and I am told that that is final, the end of the road. Very well; it's final. I think there is nothing to talk about."

She was a tall girl, almost as tall as Marcel Denis. Her brown eyes were widely spaced, and her shoulders were good. She was not handsome, but neither was she plain; and the slackness and looseness of mouth that characterized most of the others was absent from her. Her mouth was sullen, yes; but there was strength in it. She showed spirit. And she was obviously not happy.

"We must come to an understanding," Marcel Denis said. They stood at the edge of the square, half in the shade of a sour orange tree, well apart from the others. Marcel Denis gazed steadily at the girl. "It is fair that each of us should know where he stands. I want a woman to help me with my work. I am a farmer. I raise tobacco. It provides a meager living. This is not Paris—there are no perfumes for sale here, and if there were I could not buy them. I ask you to regard this as a business partnership. You will have your share of the profit."

The girl listened. "You are telling me that this is an attachment without vulgar sentiment. The honeymoon will be spent hoeing in the tobacco fields."

"When you become used to the sun, you'll work in the tobacco fields. And you will cook for both of us."

"You own no slave?"

"Slaves are an expensive luxury. I own no slave."

"Except me."

"You'll have your share of the profit. That is not slavery."

"Why should you give me a share of your profit? There's nothing in the contract forcing you to pay me—"

He saw that she was very bitter, and the smile that came to her lips was hopeless, yet challenging.

"I'll do as I see fit," Marcel Denis said curtly. "I simply want you to understand my position. I expect nothing from you but your work. I shall insist that you regard me as an employer. I prefer to be left strictly alone save in matters of our mutual labor on my farm—"

"Yes," she interrupted. "Have no fear. I understand."

THERE was an awkward pause; after a moment Marcel Denis turned his head and looked across the *place*. This was to be a mass marriage. The men of Tortuga and the women of Paris were being herded into the space of hard-packed earth before the church steps. Abruptly the bell in the unpainted church tower set up its insistent clamor, canceling out the babel of voices.

"Our wedding bells," said Yolande Nazon, and the words, above the bell sounds, were charged with a stinging despair. "My wedding day!" She tilted her head and stared through the polished green leaves of the sour orange tree, into a sky so freshly blue that it seemed newly washed; and then, unreasonably, she laughed. It was as if she had lost all control of herself. Her body shook and she hugged herself with her arms and bent her shoulders forward.

"Be quiet, please!" said Marcel Denis, sharply. "Come. It's time."

Once, on the way up the trail, Yolande Nazon—now Yolande Denis—complained that her feet were not accustomed to such brutal and unchristian walking. She said this in a low voice, as if to herself, and Marcel Denis did not offer a reply. He was, at the moment, occupied with recalling the phrases he had recently uttered; and he recalled them with a feeling of extreme distaste: "I take you without knowing or caring to know who you are. If anybody from whence you come would have had you, you would not have come in quest of me." He shud-

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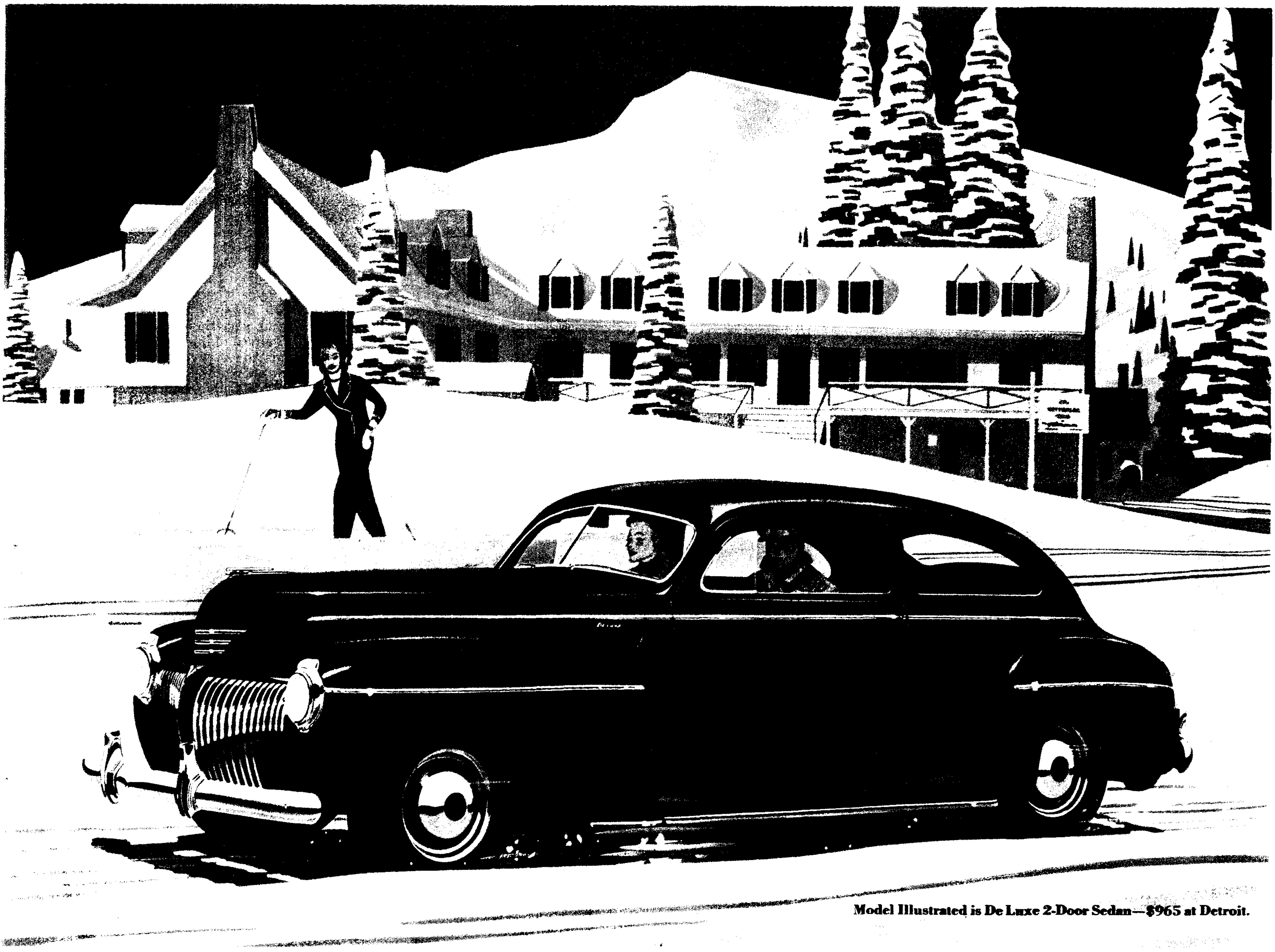

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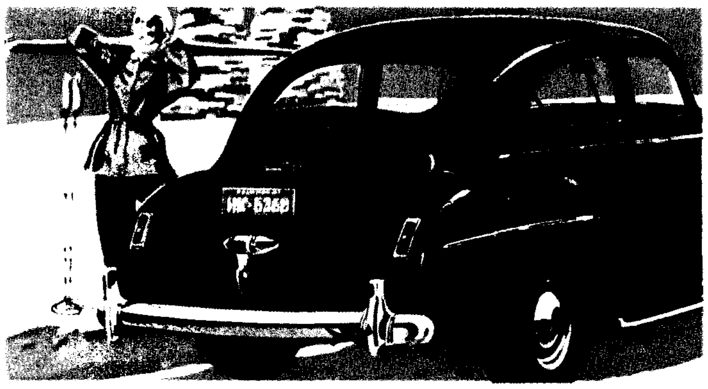

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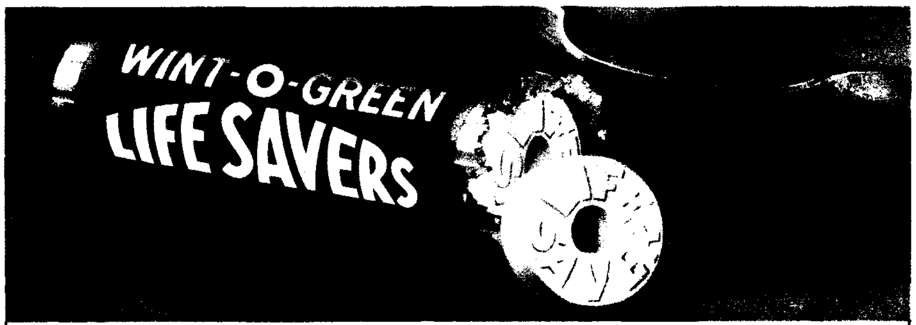

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dered slightly, and glanced at the girl out of the corner of his eye. She was plodding upward with uneven steps, her shoulders hunched grimly. Her face lacked any expression. Her mood transferred itself—a dull weight—to Marcel Denis; and at that moment he knew that he hated the girl he had married. It was a mistake—a heedless, stupid blunder. He clenched his hands and walked silently on. The heat of the sun was a hard, pointed thing. In the distant west, where Cuba lay, the storm clouds were piled in shapeless mounds of dirty white, motionless.

HE BUILT a bed for Yolande Denis in the small west room and moved everything that was his into the east room. He showed her the corn bin and the pots and ladles, the store of charcoal, in the manner he would have used in informing a servant of her duties. She listened without comment, following him with her eyes.

"This is your home. There is work to do," he said, and found no satisfaction in the words.

It was late afternoon then, and while there was still light he went into the field and turned a patch of ground. But his mind was torn and the awkwardness of his hands reflected the distress he felt. He worked badly, and realized it.

The sun dropped rapidly in the west, like a hot copper coin behind the gauze of motionless clouds; and Marcel Denis threw down his hoe and walked slowly home. He arrived in darkness. At the doorsill he paused uncertainly; he listened for a minute to the sea that pounded, far below, on the black north shore. His indecision drained away from him. He pushed the door before him.

Two tapers were lit on the rough plank table. Two places were set. The woman Yolande—his wife, her hair bound with a brown ribbon—knelt before the charcoal brazier. There were rice cakes on the table, and a pot of mint tea. She looked up at him as if a little startled.

"Your supper's ready," she said.

Marcel Denis nodded briefly. He glanced at the two plates on the table. "I prefer to eat alone," he said in a flat voice. "You have your things, I have mine. You may eat before I do or afterward, as you please."

The girl made no sound. The quick flush of passion in her face changed to a sort of impersonal hardness; and she rose to her feet and moved to the table, taking away the second plate. She put it on the shelf in the corner next the fireplace. Then she went to her room and closed the door softly behind her.

Marcel Denis rinsed out his mouth and washed his hands and sat down alone to his rice cakes, his pot of mint tea, keeping his eyes steadily away from the door of the west room.

Afterward he filled his pipe and walked to the knoll above the cabin; he listened to the crying sea below and observed how clouds encroached upon the stars. There was a little wind moving over the dark land. Then he returned to the cabin, extinguished the tapers and lay down on his bed. He slept heavily.

His breakfast—three eggs and bread made of ground corn—was ready for him when he awoke, though he had not heard the girl moving in the room; his luncheon was ready for him when he came in from the burning fields. For dinner he had half a chicken and a goblet of wine. The girl left the room as soon as his food was on the table; she had not spoken to him through the day, and he had found nothing that demanded comment. He ate silently; he went to his bed early. If the girl was awake in the darkness of her room, he was not aware of it. The cabin was still: but it seemed to Marcel Denis that there was an air of cold expectancy in the silence, and he was conscious of an aching uneasiness.

Two days later the girl said to him, "We need more oil for cooking. And you have no more wine." He answered, "The Cayona trader who sells these things comes into the hills each second Saturday. Today is Friday. He'll be here tomorrow morning."

"I have no money to pay him when he comes."

"If I'm not at the house he looks in the fields for me."

A week later the girl said, "I'm ready now to work a while in the fields. I've been walking for an hour or more each morning. The sun has burned me."

It had. Marcel Denis, turning his eyes to her, saw that her face was tanning and that her hair had a surprising glint of gold in it where the sun had touched it. The northern pallor was gone from her cheeks. He checked an impulse to remark upon the change; and his voice, when he finally spoke, was distant and implacable: "All right. You'll come out with me tomorrow after luncheon."

She worked in the fresh furrows attentively and kept her eyes on the ground; and when her hands blistered she said nothing to Marcel Denis about it, and it was he who noticed the blood on her wrist as he paused near her.

"Your hand is bleeding," he said, and she looked away and went on with what she was doing.

"You've done enough," he said. "I think you'd better stop now."

She dropped the hoe. "You're becoming very thoughtful of me."

"I am thinking that if you cut up your hands too badly, you'll not be able to work tomorrow—or for days after. That would be stupid, and an inconvenience."

"An inconvenience, of course," she said, and walked away from the field. His eyes followed her and the expression in them was disturbed. He felt, like a dead weight on his shoulders, the full dreary burden of the mistake he had made in marrying; this would not and could not resolve itself into anything satisfactory. It was blind error. He sat on the edge of the furrow and brushed his hand across his wet forehead. And he realized that his loathing of the girl he had married was growing more strongly upon him; it gnawed at him and would give him no peace. "I acquit you of the past," he murmured in a voice that made a mockery of the words; and he knew that he could not acquit this woman of her past, for he had no understanding of what her past had been and his mind shied away from any thinking of it.

"Damn!" he said miserably. He struck his knee sharply with the flat of his hand, and stood up in the blinding sun and went on with the work he had to do.

HIS dinner was on the table that evening when he reached the house. The girl must have watched for him through a chink in the door. The food was hot and on his plate; but Yolande Denis had gone into her room and closed the door. He did not see her. Nor did he hear a sound. He ate impatiently and pushed the plate away from him fretfully. His head pained dully from the sun and a vague nausea possessed him. In a rush it came to him that his life had been ripped loose from its anchor; he was without fixity of purpose and the future was formless, a thing of fog. His lips formed a word: "Caught."

He swung away from the table, savagely. For a while he sat in his chair near the fireplace, staring intently at the charcoal embers glowing in the brazier. After a half-hour during which he showed not a sign of outward movement or expression, the strain broke and he felt himself go limp inside. He stood up, then, and took from the mantel a half-filled brandy bottle. He started across the room to the low closet where the glasses were kept.

Somehow, at that moment, the bottle slipped from his hand and he bent swiftly, dextrously and caught it just below the neck at the instant it struck the stone flagging before the fireplace. The bottle shattered and Marcel Denis lifted his hand quickly and looked in bewilderment at the warm brandy and blood that flowed upon his arm, his wrist.

A sharp cry escaped him.

The door of the west room opened and Yolande Denis stood in the doorway. Her eyes were wide. "Something broke. I heard you cry out," she said.

Then she came with long steps across the room and took Marcel Denis' right hand in both of hers, gripping him with fingers astonishingly strong. The sight of the long, clean, open gash sickened her and struck at her stomach. The intense red flow was frightening to look at; and she raised her eyes and cried, "*A strap of leather; you have a strap* of leather!" She saw his belt on a wall peg near the door and caught it with a quick movement. She slipped the free end through the buckle and bound the belt as tightly as she could pull it around his arm an inch or two above the cut.

"That's not much good," she said through her teeth. "Lie on your bed; keep your arm lifted. I'll wet a cloth with cold water—you must press it against the cut. You need a doctor. Where is one?"

MARCEL DENIS closed his eyes to shut out the strange whirling dizziness. "There's no doctor closer than Cayona," he said weakly. "I don't need a doctor—"

"I know what I'm saying!" the girl cried. "You must lie there, you must not move. I'll fetch the doctor from Cayona—"

For a moment Marcel Denis opened his eyes. "It's night," he said. "The trail is black. There are ledges—you've seen them in the light. If you slip over— You can't go. You'd never get there."

The girl brought a basin and poured cold water from the clay jar. She wet a cloth and held it tightly to the wound. "Put your hand there," she directed. "Hold the cloth. I must go."

"I forbid you to go," Marcel Denis said. "I have told you—"

"Stay awake—force yourself; keep your arm raised, hold the cloth—"

The girl was gone through the doorway and Marcel Denis dropped his head and knew that he did not care whether she went or stayed. The room whirled giddily; he closed his eyes. The cut no longer pained; he thought this very odd and found that he was laughing nervously. He pressed the wet cloth tightly.

WHEN Marcel Denis opened his eyes again the doctor said, "Be still; be very still. Hold your arm firmly." This was Roumain, the swart old man who lived in the rue Livarde in Cayona. His fingers gripped a threaded surgeon's needle and he was busy with it.

"What time is it?" Marcel Denis murmured. There was much he did not understand. He knew that his arm throbbed and he remembered the falling bottle, the shattering— "How did you come here?"

"It's one o'clock or thereabout," the doctor said, keeping his eyes on what he was doing with the needle. "Your wife came for me. She led me back. Those narrow ledges—at night it isn't a pleasant trip for a woman."

"Yes," Marcel Denis said, low. He made an effort to hold his arm still; but now he could not feel his arm, he was no longer aware of it, and he turned his head and saw the girl slumped in the chair. She was watching him closely, and it seemed to him—a singularly clear impression—that her eyes were dark with pain. Details forced themselves upon him: her dress was torn, a long scratch ran in a livid curve on the brown flesh of her ankle.

He smiled at her.

"Thanks," he said, hardly above a whisper. "It was kind of you—but rather foolish—"

"Please be quiet," the doctor said.

In time the doctor was through. "What have you to say about me?" Marcel Denis asked. The doctor said, "You'll be weak for a while, Marcel Denis. But the bleeding is over. You'll live to work again." He expelled a deep breath. "I give you my word, it was a narrow thing."

"Spare me the details," Marcel Denis said, his lips moving slowly. "You're tired. You need sleep. Tell me in the morning." He paused, and for an instant was very still; then he inclined his head toward the door of the west room. "There's a bed there for you," he said. "My wife's bed—I think you'll find it a comfortable one—"

The doctor raised his hand. "I'll not agree to inconveniencing your wife. I can stretch out in a chair—"

"You'll inconvenience no one," Marcel Denis said. "My wife will sleep here with me—beside me. I've room enough."

He looked toward the girl in the chair. "Won't you?" he said.

Her hands had gone to her face and she was sobbing.

"You see, doctor—she's upset; I'm afraid she's very tired. The accident was a frightful shock to her." Marcel Denis smiled faintly at the doctor. "She'll be fit in the morning. Good night."

"Good night," the doctor said.

After he'd gone and the door was closed, Marcel Denis lay for a minute staring at the beams of the ceiling. Then he spoke softly:

"I think you'd better blow out the tapers—Yolande. Come—there's room enough here."

She stood up and blew out the candles one by one, until the room was dark. Marcel Denis could hear the quickness of her breathing, and he knew then, from the sound, without seeing, that the black, brooding sorrow was gone from her face; and his mind was instantly at peace and in a moment he was sleeping.

"The Tougher They Come . . ."

J. RICHARD ROCKJAW is a man of determined purpose. "When you get into a difficulty, take the short way out," says he. And he praises to his weaker half the merits of "a good strong purge."

BUT THE WEAKER HALF *has ideas* too. "You and your caveman cures! 'Give old constipation a right to the jaw,' says you. Did it ever occur to you to get at the *cause* and *correct* it?"

"FOR INSTANCE, my dear?"

"For instance, this crisp, toasty, delicious cereal, KELLOGG'S ALL-BRAN. It has just what it takes to get at the cause of constipation due to lack of proper 'bulk' in the diet."

Kellogg's
ALL-BRAN
A NATURAL LAXATIVE CEREAL

"SAY! WHAT DO YOU KNOW? Darn it, it *does* taste good! If ALL-BRAN can make you 'Join the Regulars,' make way for a place in the front rank!"

"Not so fast, my bold one," says she. "It takes a little time. You must eat ALL-BRAN every morning, and drink plenty of water."

Join the "Regulars"
with Kellogg's ALL-BRAN

MADE BY KELLOGG'S IN BATTLE CREEK

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The Man for Aurora

Continued from page 14

the iron-ore road was deep red all the way down the hill to the river, and the hill on the other side was green. It made you forget that the buildings on the street were mostly saloons with false fronts and that they were so new the lumber, some of it, still oozed pitch.

I remember the first evening I saw it, the raw, tough town, where you could sit on the street, a stranger, and the passers-by spoke to you in friendliness. And the way the sun set through the smoke, the soft color of it all over everything—the street, and the buildings, and the hill across the river, and on people's faces. And in the dark, over on the hill across the river, you could see lights bobbing along. They were the lights in the miners' hats, as the miners walked from the dry house to the shaft house to go to work. But they looked like a religious procession. Or a string of jewels someone was pulling through the dark up there.

I remember it was like that the evening I first saw Aurora Fynn.

Old Dynamite Fynn was running the engine the day I hired out here, and he almost got me. He knocked me down with the hind drawbar.

I had given him a go-ahead signal when we'd finished taking water at the tank, and then walked around behind the engine—like a fool. He picked that moment to clear his stack. He whuffed the crut out of the stack, and reefed the engine over backward to keep the crut from falling on the boiler. And when he did, he caught me.

I CRAWLED out from under the tender, lucky to be alive, and while Old Dynamite sat up in the cab with his big red face all wrinkled up with sorrow, I called him everything I could lay tongue to. "If you weren't an old man," I said, "I'd haul you out of there and beat a hole in the tender with your head. Are all your children idiots, too?"

"That's enough," he said, and his face got redder. "That's enough, by the Glorified Creator! I'll show you something tonight, you battered-mugged young ape!"

And so that night I sat on the ledge in front of Rogan's saloon, and Old Dynamite came along and hauled me over to the graduation exercises at the Opery House, and I saw her.

She was the whole show. She had a piece to speak, and she spoke it well. She wore a white dress, all frilly and flouncy, that hung to the floor, and in her hair a blue ribbon that just matched her eyes. I just sat there in that front seat, and watched her face. Her piece was The Modern Woman: Does She Deserve A Career? Aurora said she did.

When it was all over, and we came out, Old Dynamite said, "Well?"

I looked in my mind for words, but I couldn't find them. I just said, "God's good to some men. You must have led a good life to deserve a daughter like that."

We were under the white, shadow-flecked light of the swinging arc lamps, and I could see Old Dynamite's face soft in the middle and stiff around the edges, as though he was going to cry with the pride that was in him. "It's been good," he said. "It's been good. . . . And now it's almost over. She's grown up, I guess."

She went away to school a couple of years, and then she was the lady reporter on The Diamond Drill.

In the wintertime, I'd go booming, as I had before—railroading, south or west, wherever they needed railroad men. But in the spring, when the iron mines began shipping again, I'd come back. I used to see her summer evenings when I'd drop in on Dynamite after work.

WHEN Larry Sleeman left me, I sat there until dark, and then I went over to the Bannerman House and went to bed.

I don't know how late it was when a hullabaloo woke me up. Rooming on Main Street, you got so you could sleep through any kind of a fight; but groaning was another matter. When I recognized Larry Sleeman's voice, I got up and went downstairs.

He was sitting on the plank walk, all doubled up. Two men were with him. All three were drunk. "What's the matter?" I said.

Sleeman said, "I been knifed. One of them dirty Finlanders knifed me."

I said, "Did he get your face?" I reached over and turned his head up. His face hadn't been touched.

One of the men said, "Just a little scratch on the ribs. He can finish the fight."

I recognized them, then. The Milwaukee and St. Paul was running their line into town that summer; those two were on the construction gang.

"Oh, I'm a goner," Sleeman said. "My shoes are full of blood. I can feel it squashing between my toes."

A knife cut will make a man pretty sick. I said, "Then you need a doctor or a priest."

"A doctor won't do me no good," he said. "I'm too far gone. And there ain't a sin on my soul."

No dying man is going to say a thing like that. Anyway, the Finns didn't very often kill anybody with those knives. In their own way, they were very considerate men. They'd grab the knife so that only a half inch of the blade stuck out beyond their forefinger, and do a little slashing.

"On your feet," I said, "and we'll get you sewed up. I've got to get back to bed."

"Gotta finish the fight," Sleeman said. "Got to help my friends here finish the fight."

I said, "You're goin' up to the doctor's."

ONE of the construction men swelled his chest out at me. "Like hell," he said. "We're gonna finish this if he wants to!"

I said, "Are you?" and stepped over toward him.

The other fellow said to his partner, "Hey, you rum-dum! That's Silver Shaunnessy!"

"Oh!" he said. "Well, us two'll finish it, then."

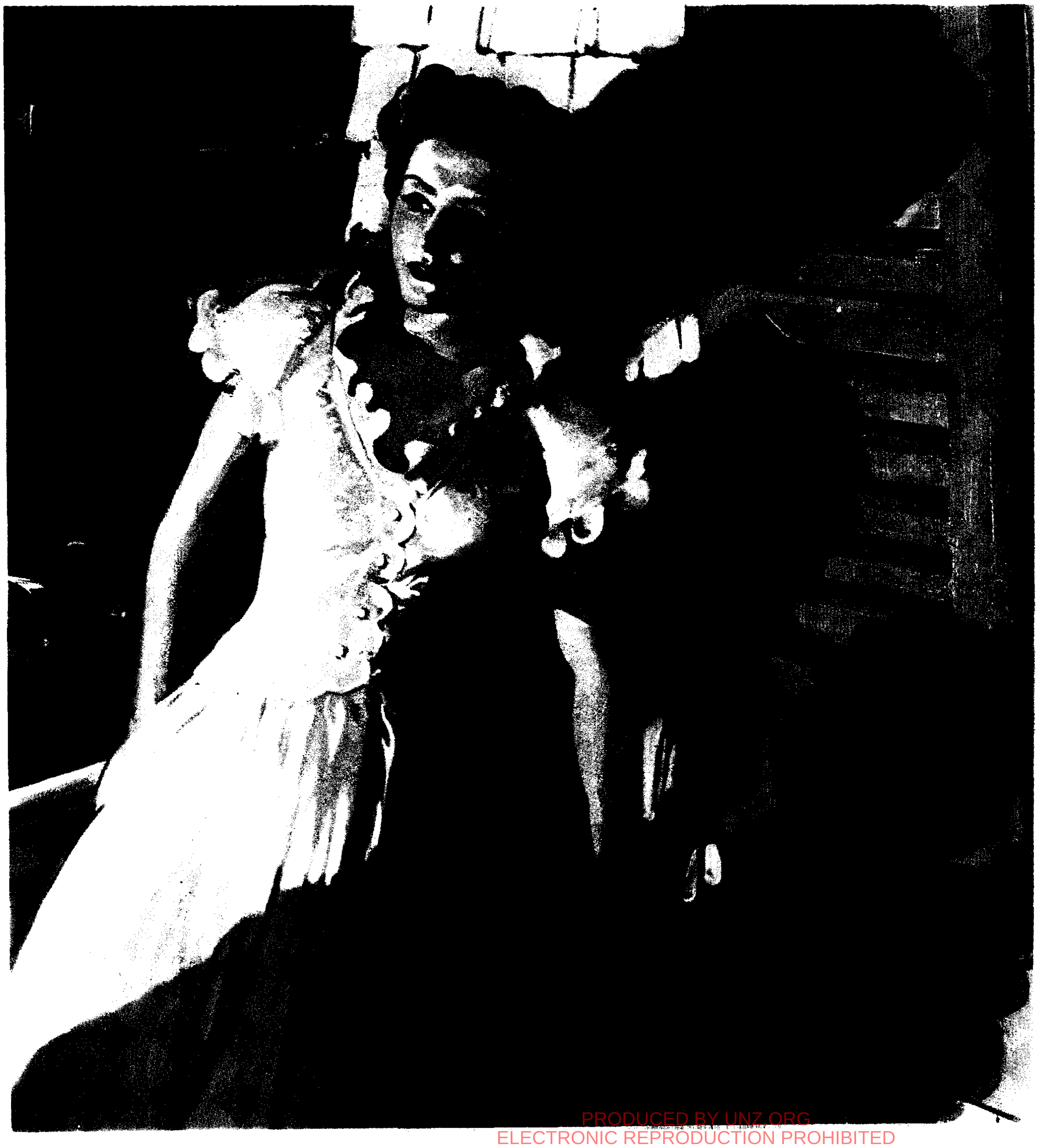
"That'll be safer," I said.

They went off down the street together.

I walked Sleeman up the hill to the doctor's house. There was a redheaded doctor here then. Had little red chin whiskers. Rough devil, too.

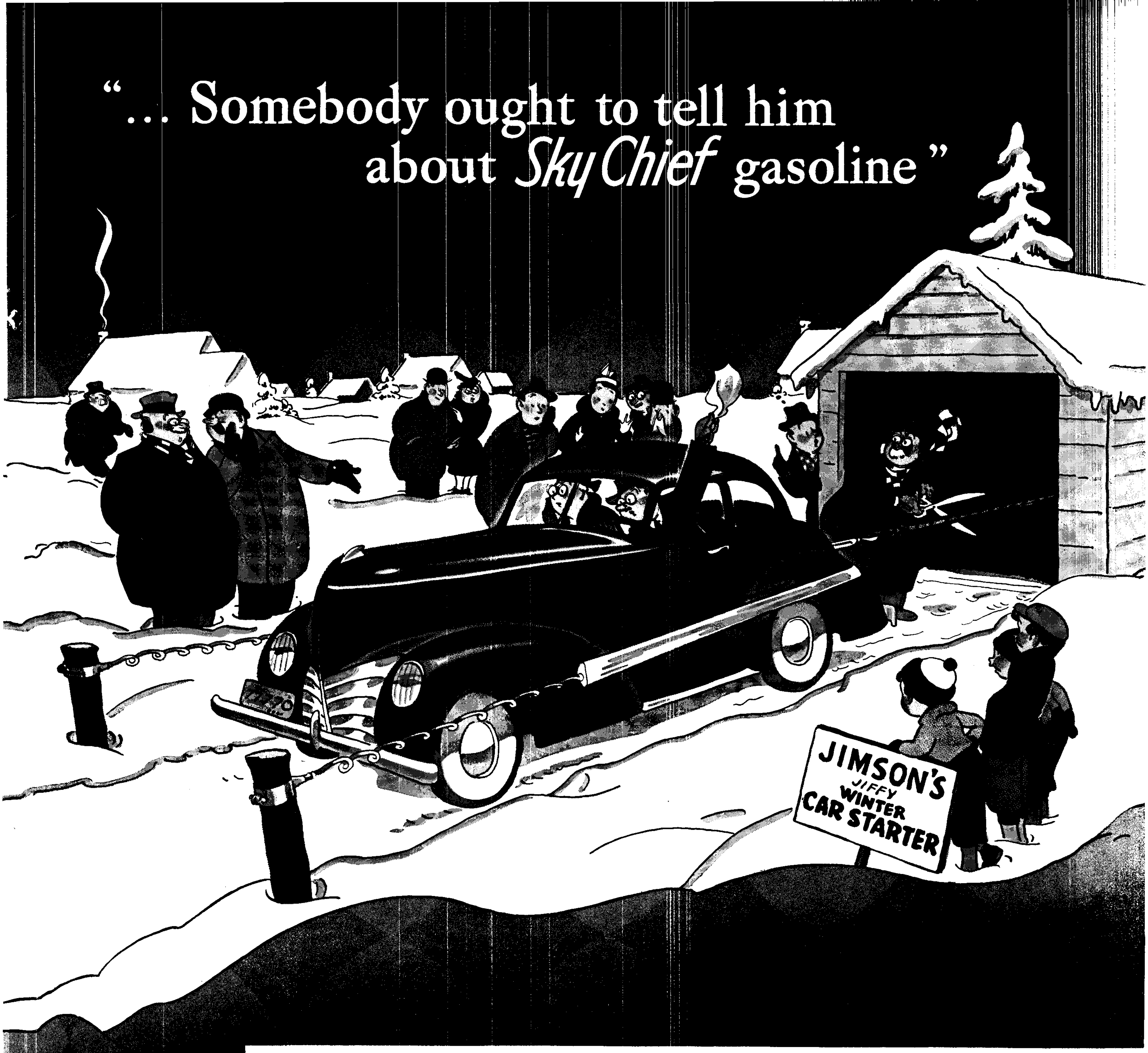
Sleeman had two slashes on him, not deep; they'd have made a perfect cross on his chest except that the skin hung down and kind of spoiled the pattern under his ribs.

The doc was mad about getting called out of bed. He pushed the skin up with one hand and made a swipe with the



Her eyes were wide, and I knew she'd seen what I had never wanted her to see, what I'd tried to hide from her

"... Somebody ought to tell him about *Sky Chief* gasoline"



Yes, Sky Chief will snap your car into action on the coldest mornings

Here's a gasoline noted for quick winter starting.

Even in the iciest weather *SKY CHIEF* gets a quick answer from a stone cold engine . . . warms it up rapidly . . . makes it forget to stutter and buck.

You'll notice these things at once. You'll also enjoy its smooth stride as it *floats* your car up the hills.

In *SKY CHIEF,* instant volatility and high anti-knock work together to give you both surging power and the smoothness of flying.

And here's a "pay-off" you'll appreciate! By *saving* the miles that slow-starting gasolines sputter away and waste, *SKY CHIEF* returns you a generous *mileage-bonus*. Yet *SKY CHIEF* costs no more than other premium gasolines. Enjoy luxury driving . . . try *SKY CHIEF* today.

TEXACO DEALERS

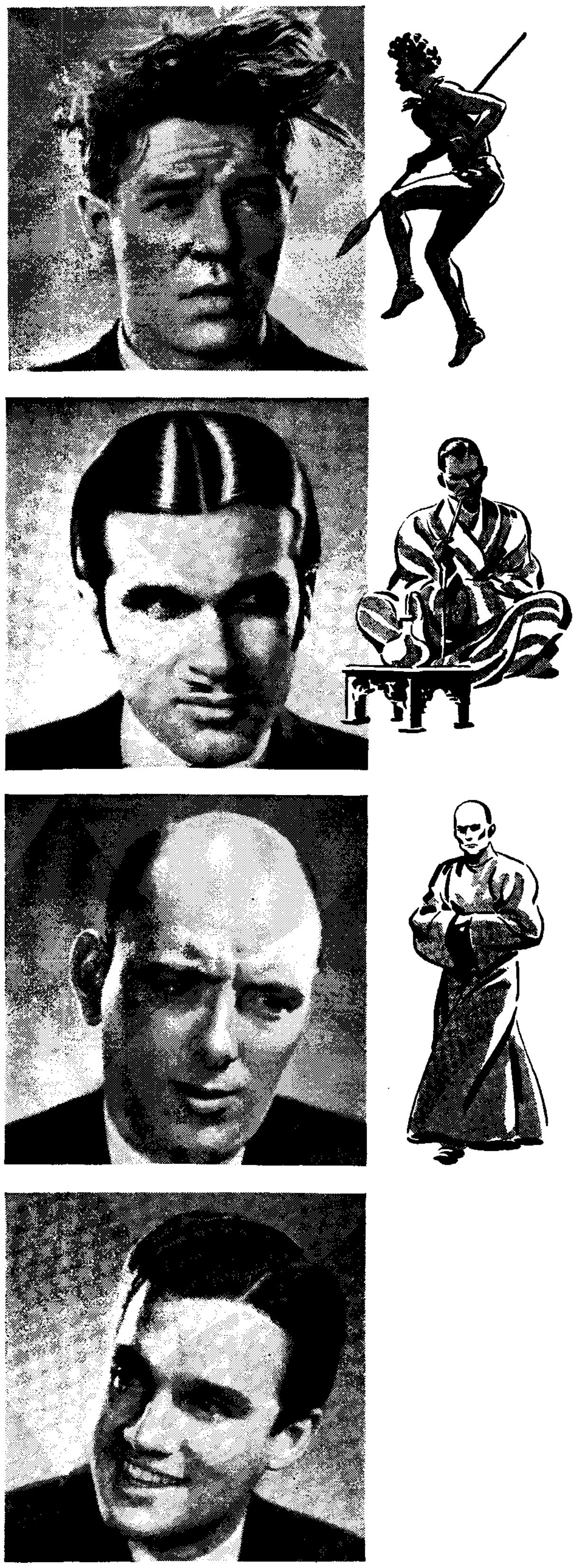
SKY CHIEF sells for about half the price you paid in 1920 for the then regular gasoline, illustrating the continued success of the petroleum industry in providing the public with better products at lower prices. ++ *Sky Chief* is available in all 48 States and in every Province in the Dominion of Canada.

FOR YOUR ENJOYMENT

2 GREAT RADIO PROGRAMS

FRED ALLEN and a great cast in the lively full-hour Texaco Star Theatre Program every Wednesday Night—CBS—9:00 E.S.T., 8:00 C.S.T., 10:00 M.S.T., 9:00 P.S.T

METROPOLITAN OPERA. Complete broadcasts of great operas with famous stars every Saturday afternoon. Consult newspapers for time and stations.



NATIVE AMERICAN TRIBES

THE HOTTENTOT. Doesn't know that soaking his hair to comb it is taboo. Water dries out natural oils—makes hair wild, woolly. Kreml civilizes Hottentot hair and helps correct dryness.

THE BEDOUIN SHEIK. But that sticky mat of plastered hair gets no place with girls. Non-greasy Kreml not only brings out the natural good looks of hair—it also removes ugly dandruff scales.

THE TIBETAN. Hides his hairlessness in a lamaserai. But even prayer can't bring hair back, once it's gone. Kreml and proper care might have helped him keep his hair. Too bad it's too late!

"NATURALIZED" CITIZEN. His hair looks *naturally* well-groomed and lustrous with Kreml—the trusted tonic-dressing. Beneficial oils in Kreml keep your hair "just right" in softness, appearance, and feel.

USE Kreml every day as so many men do. Your hair will be *greaselessly* well-groomed.

You'll be helping your hair with Kreml, too. For Kreml actually checks excessive falling hair. It also removes dandruff scales, relieves itching scalp.

Women say Kreml works wonders for coiffures. It conditions hair *before* a permanent—keeps it lovely and lustrous *after* a permanent.

Ask for Kreml at your drugstore and barber shop.

And Kreml Hair Tonic has a co-worker to keep your hair handsome. Try Kreml Shampoo. Its 80% olive oil base leaves your hair more thoroughly cleansed, more easily manageable.

KREML

REMOVES DANDRUFF SCALES — CHECKS EXCESSIVE FALLING HAIR

NOT GREASY—MAKES THE HAIR BEHAVE

needle in the other. The thread must have been bigger than the needle, because he had to jerk on it.

I'd have sunk my teeth in his ear, but Sleeman just sat there and got mad. He'd forgot all about dying. That's the trouble with those doctors: a man's sick or in trouble and those damn' doctors walk all over him.

The doctor's wife stuck her head in the door. She was a prominent member of all the antiwhisky leagues in existence, and she looked it. She had a face like a moldy pickle, and her hair was all up in curlers. She squirted the sour juice of disapproval all over us with her eyes, and then made a show of looking at a card in her hand. "There's an A. Fynn out here that wants to see these . . . these . . ."

Sleeman let out a bellow. "A Finlander? I'll kill the dirty, dirty, dirty . . ." And he made a dive at the door, grabbing the doctor's walking stick from the hatrack as he passed.

The doctor's wife let out an awwk! and hiked for the back of the house.

But not Old Dynamite's daughter. You'd have thought that at least once a day a man waving a club charged at her, blood all over him, thread and needle dancing on his chest. She said, "Put that club down, you drunken hooligan, or I'll have you run out of town."

SLEEMAN stopped with his mouth open and the stick over his head. "Holy smoke," he said. "Holy smoke, I didn't know it was you. Silver, introduce us."

That got under my skin, and him without an undershirt on! I gave him a shove back in the office, and hustled Aurora out of there toward home. "What's your father thinking of," I said, "to let you out this time of night?"

"He wasn't home," she said, "and I'm a journalist. I heard there was a knifing on Main Street."

"That's no excuse," I said. "They're common enough."

"Were you hurt, Silver?"

"Me? I wasn't in it."

"Oh," she said. "I heard you were. What started it?"

"Lord, Aurora, I don't know. What's the difference? But isn't that Sleeman a handsome devil?"

"A perfect gentleman, too," she said.

"I've no doubt he could be trained," I said. "A girl would have a handsome piece of goods to start with."

And then she said the first unladylike thing she ever said to me. She said, "Oh, shut up!" and walked into the house.

Sleeman was laid up for a couple of days; in a week or so he was good as new again. As I said, the Finns didn't cut very deep.

While he was laid up, I used to go into his room at the Bannerman after work; but he acted funny. Usually, when two men get mixed up together in anything like a fight, it seems to make them better friends. But not with Larry. I figured he was ashamed of letting Aurora see him like that; and I liked him better for it.

And something was bothering Aurora. When I'd go over to see Dynamite, some evenings after work, she'd hardly speak to me. Chances were she'd get up and move away.

At noon one day I said to Dynamite, "What's the matter with that girl of yours?"

"Maybe she thinks you're down on her for goin' down to the doctor's that night."

"I'm down on you for that," I said. "I know how kids are about their first jobs. Why, Dynamite, I'm as crazy about that child as if she were—well, not exactly my own daughter, but . . ."

"That's about what I tell her," he said, and stood looking at me. "I'll tell her again. But I hope it don't sound as crazy as the way you put it."

That evening after supper, Larry Sleeman was sitting on the ledge in front of Rogan's saloon, and I walked over and sat down with him. He didn't say anything; so I didn't either.

In a little while, Aurora Fynn came walking down the other side of the street, and when she saw us, she gave me a come-here signal.

I went across and walked down the street with her. You didn't stop to talk to a lady on the street in those days. I said, "That's a pretty dress you have on, Aurora." I don't remember now what it was; I just remember it was pretty.

She said, "Thank you, Silver. Dad's been asking where you've been keeping yourself lately."

"That foolish old walloper!" I said. "I knew he never recognized a signal, but I thought that some time during the day he'd recognize the man givin' them. I worked with him today."

"He didn't mean that," she said. "He meant you didn't drop by in the evenings. You should get out more, Silver. Are you going to the Maccabbee Dance?"

I knew Old Dynamite had said something to her, and she was trying to be nice to me. "No," I said. Lord, I'd never learned to dance. I was always too busy moving around.

She said, "Neither am I, I guess."

Just then I saw Larry Sleeman coming toward us. He must have run down one side of the street, and crossed over, and come up to meet us. I said, "C'mere, Larry. Miss Aurora Fynn, this is Mr. Larry Sleeman. I'll bet he'd be more than glad to take you to that dance."

They both stood there for a minute, and then Aurora said, "How do you do?" And Larry said politely, "Very glad to meet you, I'm sure. I'd be very much delighted to escort you to that dance." And he smiled hard.

They just stood there, and I began to get itchy. A man that's had advantages, he can introduce two people, and everything is smooth and easy. But I can't do it. And then we just stood there on the street, almost in front of Johnny Daudet's saloon. Which was bad.

"Well," I said, "I'll leave you kids here now. I've got to see a man." And I ducked into Johnny Daudet's.

I WAS standing at the bar only a minute or two when Larry came in. I just looked at him. "Didn't you see her home?"

"Does it look like it?" he said.

"You chucklehead," I said. "Whyn't you ask?"

"Maybe you think I didn't."

"Well, I'll be damned," I said. "Well, at least I fixed it up for you to take her to that dance."

"Sure," he said. "Sure. You fixed it up, all right." And he turned and walked away from me.

Larry changed after that. He wasn't easy and cocky any more. He looked and acted as though he felt mean.

One morning we went in on the Old Crook Spur for a string of empty cars to take up to the India Mine. I dropped off and lined up the switches and then walked down to the spur switch.

Larry was following the engine—herding the goat, we call it. All he had to do was couple onto the cars, kick off a few brakes and come right out. But he was gone an ungodly time.

So I walked down after him. He was up on top of the cars, heaving on a brake wheel. He must have gone from one end of the string to the other, too stubborn to climb down for a club. As I went by the engine, Old Dynamite looked down at me, and shrugged his shoulders. I took a brake club and climbed the first car, grinning, because it's always funny to us to see a man wrestle a brake he can't kick off.

You've seen those wheels sticking up over boxcars? It's the same brake. The wheel sits atop a vertical staff, and when the staff is turned, it wraps the brake chain around itself. A dog-and-ratchet arrangement holds it set. There's quite a knack to setting a brake up. You've got to know how to snap it for that last important notch. I've seen some awful fights over who could set the best brake.

I climbed up and clubbed off the brakes on the head end: ran the club between the wheel spokes, and gave a heave on the club and a kick at the dog at my feet—both at the same time.

Then I walked over the sideboards of the cars to where Larry was heaving at that brake, sweat running down his face. "Here," I said, and handed him the club. "Stop jerking your eyes out."

He grabbed the club without a word, and without looking at me. I waited until he'd let the last brake off, and then I waved a go-ahead at Dynamite.

I GOT off at the switch, and when the hind end came close, Larry dropped off beside me. "Whoever clubbed them brakes up is a damn' fool," he said. He spanked his hands once over his head to let Dynamite know he had one car length to go. "I'd like to poke him one, whoever he is."

"They weren't clubbed," I said. "Remember, we set those cars out day before yesterday? I set those brakes by hand."

"You're a liar," he said. And he said it too quick. "There ain't a man living can set up a brake I can't kick off."

That was fighting talk. I looked at him, and I saw he meant it.

"You're a liar," he said again.

The cars stopped over the switch points, and I threw the switch. I said, "I set those brakes up when we were movin' in." And I stepped up on the head end.

Thereafter, I kept as far away from him as I could.

One day we were in on the house track, waiting for a train of empties. I was standing in the shade of some loads on the passing track. Sleeman passed, and I said, "We'll take these empties up to the India, and pull the loads. We'll let the loads run by us on the Old Crook Spur. You cut the engine off, and . . ."

"Just give me a signal," he said. "You don't have to draw a map." He walked away.

Old Dynamite got down off the engine, and came over to me "Silver, when you goin' to hand that lad a slap in the mouth?"

"Oh," I said, "he's just a kid. I can't figure what's wrong with him."

"You can't, eh? You're the only man in the yards that can't, then."

"Meaning what?"

"Meaning nothin' if you can't understand. What did you do to Aurora?"

"Do to Aurora?" I said. "What would I do to her?"

"She's sayin' the damnedest things about you. I had to threaten to slap her last night."

"Slap her?" I said. I stood there looking at him, and I began to shake. He was my friend. He was her father. But I began to shake. "Dynamite," I said. "Dynamite, you hurt her, and I'll kill you."

"Hurt her?" he said, and looked at me hard. "Hurt her? I ought to break her neck! Or yours. Is there a brain in that thick head of yours at all?" He climbed back on the engine.

At night, the foreman and the engineer must check the quitting time. I stood by the cab and said, "Five fifty-five."

"Check," Dynamite said. "I didn't mean to hurt your feelings, you dog-faced dodo."

"It's all right," I said. "But that's not a way for a man to talk about his daughter."

"No?" he said. "No? How d'you expect a man to talk when his daughter's goin' to a dance with a drunk?"

"She's goin' with Larry," I said.

"She is. She told him yesterday she'd go with him—to get even with someone else. And he's drunk right now."

"Drunk?"

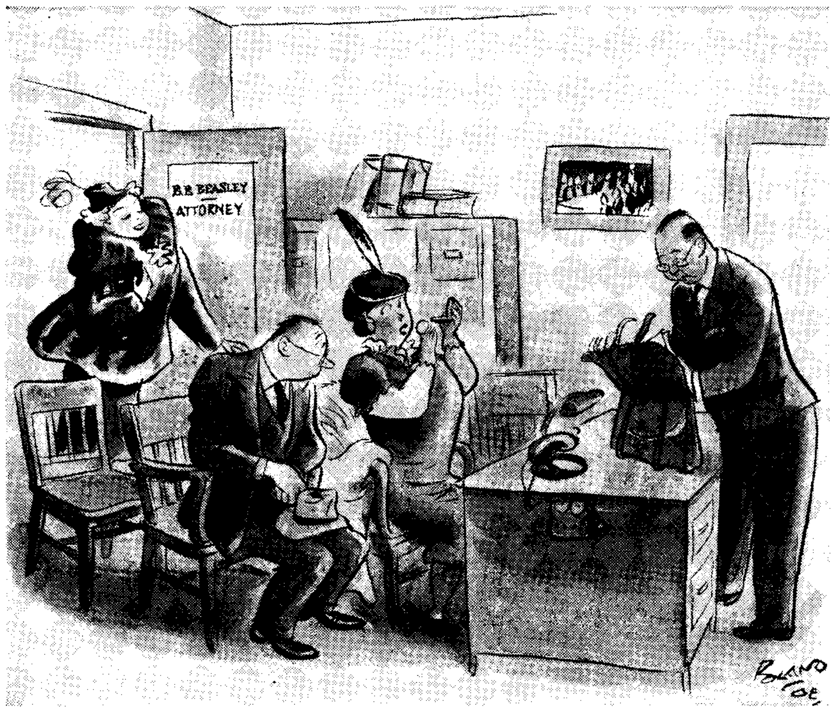
"Drunk! If you had an eye in your head at all, there'd be a lot of things you could see. He's had a bottle with him all day."

"Say, Dynamite," I said. "You can't let her go to that dance with a man that's drinking."

That's something that just wasn't done in our town. A man that would do that showed he didn't have any respect for the girl. It was just calling her the cheapest thing he could think of.

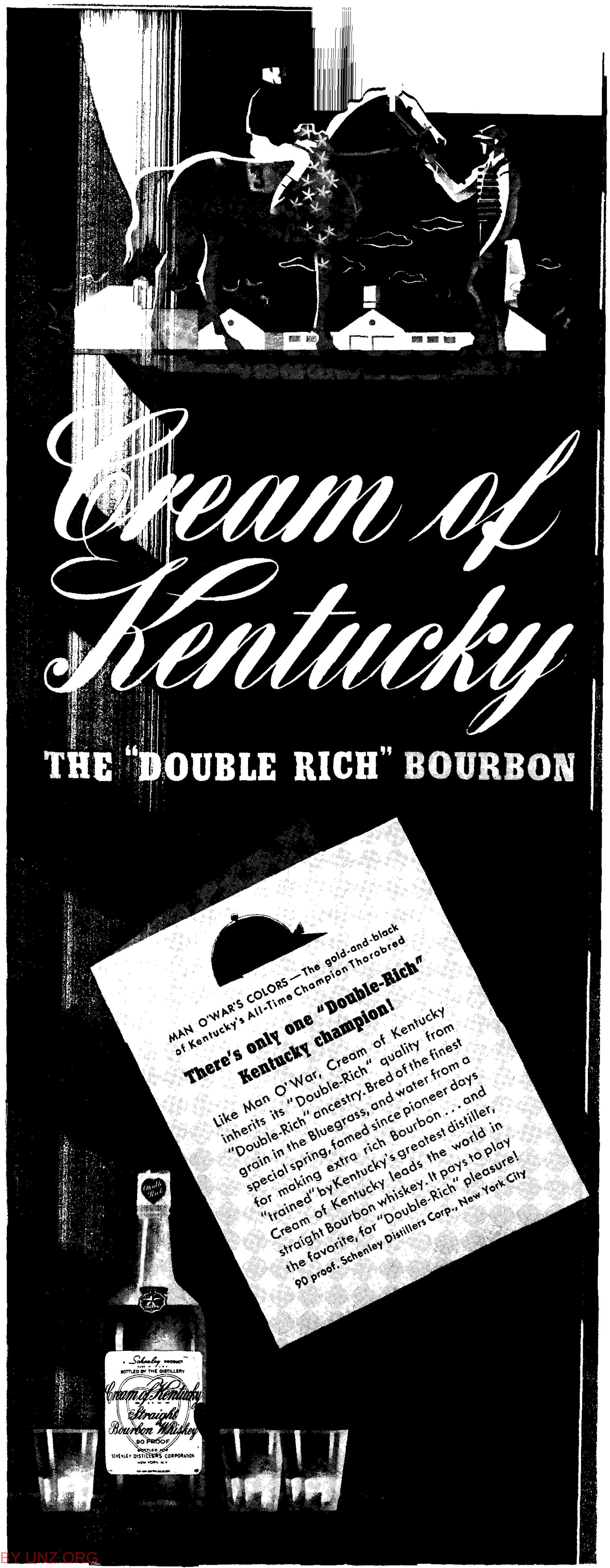
"What can I do?" he said, and the engine moved away. "I'm only her father."

Larry had dropped off at the crossing to go to the hotel and get ready for the dance that night. I hurried with my time slip, and headed for town on the run. But I couldn't find Larry. He



"Don't look now, but something tells me we're going to have to contest Uncle Jim's will"

ROLAND COE


Cream of Kentucky

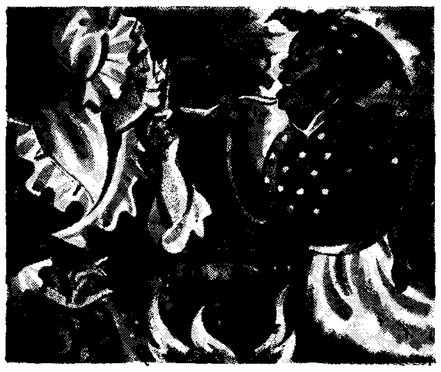
THE "DOUBLE RICH" BOURBON

MAN O'WAR'S COLORS—The gold-and-black of Kentucky's All-Time Champion Thorobred

There's only one "Double-Rich" Kentucky champion!

Like Man O'War, Cream of Kentucky inherits its "Double-Rich" quality from "Double-Rich" ancestry. Bred of the finest grain in the Bluegrass, and water from a special spring, famed since pioneer days for making extra rich Bourbon . . . and "trained" by Kentucky's greatest distiller, Cream of Kentucky leads the world in straight Bourbon whiskey. It pays to play the favorite, for "Double-Rich" pleasure! 90 proof. Schenley Distillers Corp., New York City

Here's a soup recipe that made a president smile!



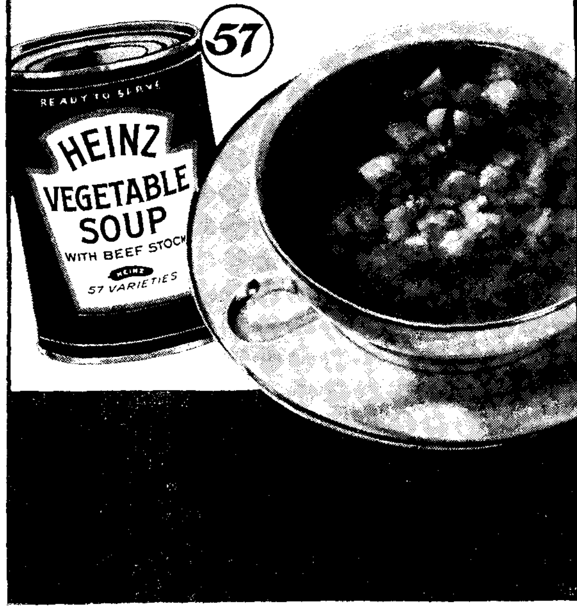
Quaint Notes From Thomas Jefferson's Old Rule For Making Fine Vegetable Soup.

TAKE A SHIN OF BEEF. Cut fine, fry to a light brown in 2 tablespoons of butter, stir frequently to prevent burning. Cover entirely with water and let it come to a boil. Skim the foam that rises and boil slowly until meat is tender and falls apart. Take as many vegetables as you have and cut in small even pieces. Melt 3 tablespoonfuls of butter in a pan, add the vegetables and turn them over and over in the butter till well coated. Cover with the remaining broth. Season with salt and very little pepper and cook slowly until thoroughly done.

Today—Heinz gives you this old-fashioned soup with hearty beef stock and choice vegetables—minus the toil and trouble

1. JEFFERSON kept a Garden Book—noted the time of ripening and the "pedigree" of vegetables grown on his estate. Often he got seeds from neighboring plantations or from abroad . . . Heinz also exercises painstaking care. Blue Ribbon vegetables are specially grown, tended and harvested under Heinz supervision.

2. RIGHT OFF the grocer's shelves (in a hurry) comes Heinz Vegetable Soup—all ready for you to serve. Try the same wholesome kind of soup that once graced the hospitable table at Monticello. It's one of America's favorite quick, economical dishes. You don't add a thing to Heinz Home-style Soups. Just heat and eat!



3. THERE'S practically a whole meal in a bowl of Heinz lusty, robust Vegetable Soup! And it's made in that careful old-style way which, as Jefferson once wrote, "draws all the virtue out of the herbs and vegetables and gives the soup a different flavor!" A finer, richer, better flavor! You'll truly enjoy Heinz Home-style Soup.

wasn't at the hotel. He wasn't at any of the saloons. I visited every place in town at least twice.

Aurora answered the door when I knocked. "Silver!" she said. She was dressed all in white, like she was that first time I saw her. Her eyes were so big.

"Is Larry here?" I said.

"Not yet," she said.

"You can't go to the dance with him, Aurora. I'm sorry, but you've got to stay home."

"Stay home?" she said.

"I'm sorry," I said. "But you've got to. When Larry comes, you tell him you're sick or something."

"Yes, I will!" she said, and banged the door on me.

I sat on the porch swing and waited. When Larry came up the walk, he was moving steady, but I could smell it on him. He looked elegant: he had on a fancy necktie, and a high collar, and his hat was tilted just right.

I said, "Go home, Larry. She ain't goin' with you."

He said, "Who the hell are you?"

I got up and walked over to him. "You can't take her any place when you're drinkin'."

"You're so damn' smart," he said. "You're so damn' smart."

He hit me then—hard.

Funny, it didn't make me mad. I said, "That ain't goin' to do you any good, Larry."

Aurora came out the door then. I heard her say, "Silver! Oh, Silver!"

Larry grabbed her. He said, "Stay outa this!" and pushed her. I heard her bump against the house.

I felt it coming then.

I felt it coming through my hands and my arms into my chest. It ran through my muscles like fire, and it made me sick. Like prickly fire it came crawling through my blood, and I was sick until it got to my heart and my brain. And then I didn't care.

I hit him twice in the head and then banged him in the middle. When he doubled, I threw a headlock on him, pulled him over my hip, and got my wrist on his jawbone. I was going to dislocate his jawbone before I threw him, and when I threw him, my knees would be on his chest. When I got up from him, he wouldn't have a whole rib left. I knew how to do it.

And then I saw her standing there against the wall. Her hands were down beside her, pressed against the building, and the white light from the street lamp on the corner near by was moving over her face, and her eyes held steady on me.

Her eyes were wide, watching me. And I knew she'd seen what I had never wanted her to see, what I had tried to hide from her. She knew then that I wasn't the man I had tried to pretend. She had seen the kind of a man I really was, the kind of a man I'd been before I saw her that night on the stage in her white dress.

I just stood there holding him across my hip, jammed against the porch railing, with his breath sliding hoarsely off the top of his open mouth, and the power was frozen in my arms and my thighs.

Her eyes were still wide, and the light was moving back and forth across her face. "Is it me?" she said. "Is it because of me you look like that, Silver Shaunnessy?"

"Forgive me," I said. "Please forgive me, Aurora."

"It's beautiful," she said. "You're beautiful, Silver."

"*Me?*" I said. "Look at my face. Look at my hair. It's snow-white."

"How long has it been snow-white, Silver?"

"Ten years," I said.

She said, as though she were daring me to something, "And how old were you when it turned snow-white?"

"Twenty-two," I said. "But I've lived a rough life."

"I'll take care of that from now on," she said.

SHE stood there against the wall with the light moving on her face. Her eyes were still wide, and there was a light in them. I had never thought to see Aurora Fynn look at me like that. I leaned hard on the man I held over my hip, as power drained out of me.

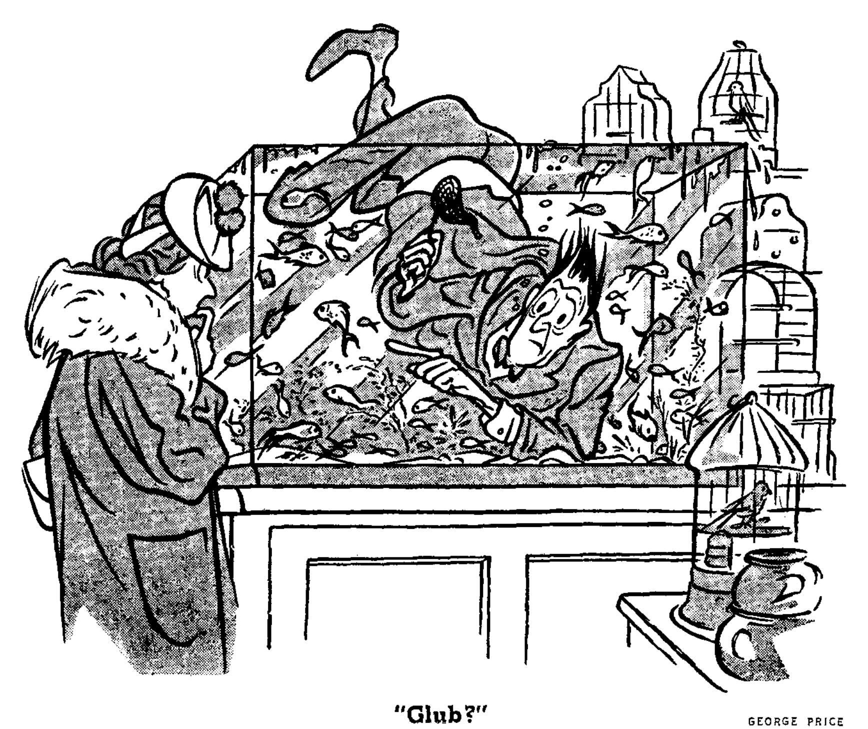
"I never thought that," I said. "I'd never dare have thought that. All I thought was that maybe if I'd been different I could have had a daughter like you."

"That can be arranged, too," she said. "But it's not decent to talk about it, at least until you've kissed me."

"Kiss you?" I said. "Kiss you?"

"Unless you'd rather hug Larry Sleeman all night."

The fire and the power came flooding back through as if a match had been touched to brandy. I heaved him into the middle of that lilac bush in the front yard. And—though I owe Larry everything, in a way—I never even noticed until Old Dynamite came home and caught me kissing his daughter and gave me hell for wrecking his lilac bush.



"Glub?"

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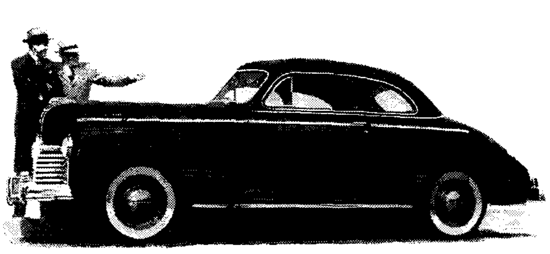
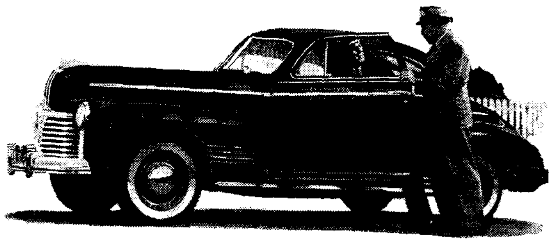
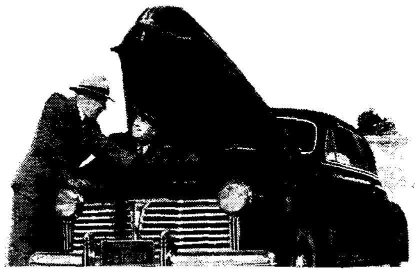


"THEN I TOLD HIM about the size of the Pontiac and the roominess inside the big Fisher Body. We're both big men and we like space enough to be comfortable. I pointed out the solid construction of the body, the firm feel of the doors and the over-all appearance of a well-finished job. And I showed him the smart upholstery, and heavy hardware, the good looking instrument panel and the many extra conveniences which Pontiac provides—all things that men and women both like.



"ABOUT THAT TIME I put him behind the wheel . . . and you should have seen the smile come over his face. The ease and sureness of Pontiac's Tru-Arc steering made a hit right away. But after a few minutes of driving he started to get money-conscious. That's when I told him that my Pontiac costs very little more to operate than the lowest-priced cars. And I told him, too, that I expect to get back every extra penny I'd invested in lower upkeep and greater trade-in value.



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Continued from page 22

put his arm about her shoulder. It was the sort of thing that men did to women anywhere, often, these days. He had seen it so in New York over and over again, always recoiling from it nevertheless, or himself stiffening under a woman's lingering touch upon him. He had lived so long here where men and women never touched each other.

"If there is no more to be done, I'll go home," he said brusquely. "Louise will be back from the shelter now. It's pretty hard on her, all this."

"It must be," Sara agreed listlessly.

He caught the tone of her voice. "Better go to bed early."

"I will—if nothing turns up," she said.

"If it does, send for me." But he regretted the words instantly. Louise did not like him to be sent for in the evening.

"Can't Sara take the evenings?" she had once inquired sharply. "What else has she to do?"

"I suppose she'd like a little rest," he had said.

"She looks as strong as a horse," Louise had said contemptuously.

"She isn't," he said, knowing while he did that Louise would go into silence for the rest of the evening if he took Sara's part. But truth was instinct in him, and so he spoke it.

. . . "I won't need to call you," Sara said.

THEY went out and he closed the door, and side by side they walked down the corridor of the hospital, quiet for the night. He thought of her lonely rooms and longed to say, "Come home with me —Louise will be glad to see you." But he did not. Louise would not be glad to see her. He knew that because he had tried it. He had taken Sara home with him and sat through an evening whose strangeness he could not to this day comprehend. Louise had been polite to Sara and more than usually demonstrative to him. She had looked very pretty that night. More than once he had caught Sara looking at Louise with bewildered eyes, half admiring, half hurt. But he himself was too bemused with Louise then. She was, that night, more like the girl he had fallen in love with in New York than he had seen her in months. And Sara had grown more and more silent and at last she had got to her feet to say in her simple, frank way:

"I must go home. I must leave you to yourselves. After all, you see so little of each other."

"Don't go, Sara," he had said, but there was the warmth of Louise's hand in his, of her blond head leaning against his shoulder, of her amber eyes. And then after Sara had gone Louise had turned into her ordinary self instantly.

"Three's a stupid number," she had said. "You can't play bridge or do anything."

From the open window he had caught a glimpse of Sara walking solitary through the moonlight.

. . . "Well, good night, Sara," he said now. They had reached the stairs.

"Good night, Gray."

"Got anything to read?"

She shook her head. "Nothing new. But I shan't read much."

He nodded, and, opening the door of his house, went in.

GRAY thought, "I have never seen Louise so lovely."

He had dreaded coming home. He was late and, after the operation which had not saved Lao Wang, exhausted. And Louise, after an air raid was sometimes hysterical and always ready for tears and comforting. He wanted comforting himself tonight.

But he saw immediately that something had happened to her. She was in the living room, reading, the couch drawn up to the small iron grate where a mass of Chinese coals burned with a fringe of blue flames. She had on a dress of soft yellow silk with long, clinging sleeves and a low bosom and her bright hair shone. Behind her the open doors into the dining room showed a table set with a white cloth and red chrysanthemums and red Chinese candles. She had not taken as much trouble as that for a long time. Left to himself, Siao Fah never put flowers on the table. Why, he reasoned, when they were not to be eaten? And why candles, when there was the lamp? Siao Fah, watching Louise arrange the table, had perfectly understood all she did, as well as the yellow dress. "She is guilty," he thought with pleasure.

She looked anything but guilty as Gray bent over her to kiss her. A warm, sweet perfume was in her hair.

"Darling, you grow prettier in spite of all the hardship," he said. "I never saw you prettier even at a New York dinner party. Sure you don't mind there's only me to see you?"

"If I minded, I wouldn't be here," she said, smiling. She loved him and knew it. She would not have stayed a day had she not loved him. But she wanted to live with him in her own world, where there was ease and security and gaiety and people to admire her and her successful marriage to Gray Thomison, the only son of the Thomisons of New York and half a dozen other places. She could see the sort of home she wanted in New York, the house that she and Gray were used to and could afford. To live in this little Chinese house in the corner of a hospital compound would have been absurd in the best of times. Under the daily rain of bombs it was madness. Her task was to persuade him that he must leave this miserable country. He could be a great doctor in New York, she thought—a doctor, young, handsome, able. He was handsome, she thought, her blood prickling a little as she looked up at him. He was easily the handsomest man she had ever seen.

"Lift me up," she said, holding up her arms.

HE LIFTED her up and she clung limp against him. The kitchen door opened and Siao Fah put in his head, saw, snarled soundlessly and shut the door.

"Oh, my wife," Gray whispered. All over his body nerves taut and braced, relaxed and let down. If Louise could always be like this! He smoothed her hair with trembling tenderness. "Was the raid too bad today, sweet? I was operating and didn't know." He decided not to tell her that Lao Wang had died.

"It was pretty bad, but maybe I am getting used to it. Dr. Chung was nice about helping me."

"That's good, sweet. I'm glad, as long as I can't be there."

He wished that he had not said that, because she never understood why he felt he must stay with the sure-to-dies. He and Sara always stayed. But she did not protest. She clung to him a moment. Then she kissed him.

"Change for dinner, will you, Gray?"

"Sure I will—what's this, an anniversary?"

She shook her head brightly. "No, I just feel like it."

"All the more reason." He pulled her along with him. "The moment this wretched bombing is over, sweet, we must have a little fun—get some of the men up from the port for dinner. Maybe one of them will fall for Sara, eh? Not a bad idea?"

"Not at all," she agreed. She had met the men from the port. They had come to call one rainy day when it seemed sure no planes could fly. But they had not stayed for dinner. They were responsible for their concerns.

"There's always some fool who delays to pick up one more precious belonging," one of the men had said. She had liked him the best of all—Harry Delafield. "I nearly lost our best comprador last week because of his canary. He'd forgotten it and toddled back under fire to fetch it out of his office."

No, dinners were not possible in air raids. She thought exultingly, "What if there really aren't any more air raids?"

. . . For that afternoon after two hours of it she had turned to Dr. Chung. He had stood beside her the whole time. Once she had seized his arm when a bomb burst just outside the shelter. The concussion sucked the air out of her lungs and her head whirled.

"I can't bear this," she had thought, "I simply can't bear it."

The Chinese seemed to understand. In the first silence he had turned to her, though at the sight of his dark, opaque eyes her hand dropped from his arm. He did not notice. He said in his kindest voice, "You cannot bear this."

"No," she agreed. Her lashes fluttered, "So, Dr. Chung, you know—what we were talking about—I will do it."

HE BOWED gravely and with dignity. And half an hour ago he had brought her a letter written on plain white paper. She read it quickly. It was nothing—a simple, informal note.

"Dear Harry:

"We are all well and happy. I hope you reached home safely. Your visit did us good. Sorry that you will not be coming again soon.

"As ever,"

She took up her pen and signed her name, "Louise Thomison."

Dr. Chung took the paper from her hands. "This means safety for you and for the hospital," he said gently, and bowed himself away.

. . . Of course she would tell Gray sometime, she thought, some day when it was all over. Maybe she could even tell him that it was she who had saved the hospital—saved them all. She felt gay for the first time since she had come to Chen-li.

. . . As for Dr. Chung, he was at this moment watching for the hospital gate to open. It was a new gate, and the pillars were repaired and the sign put up again, *The House of Mercy.* Siu-mei was late, but he was too triumphant to be tired. He had the letter in his pocket and he would, as soon as he had seen Siu-mei, take it to Yasuda to prove that he had done what he said he would.

A little before midnight the gate opened and Siu-mei's ricksha came in. In the light of the lanterns by the gate he saw her step down and pay the man, and then come into the hospital. He went down the steps, timing himself so that she might see him gracefully descending them. She saw him and stood at their foot, waiting for him. There was no one near to be seen, but he chose to speak in English, lest there be a waiting ear. Siu-mei knew English and spoke it with a pretty, faltering accent.

"Did you talk with your father?"

"Yes," she said, smiling at him.

"So he knows!"

"Yes," she said.

"And approves?"

She was about to say, "Of course," and then hesitated. "Strangely, the air raid began just as he was about to answer me," she said.

"And you did not speak of it afterward?"

"I forgot he had not—approved," she said, ashamed. And then when she saw his face she said, "But *I* approve—and that is enough for him."

He took her hand at that and she let it lie in his. He lifted it, palm upward and smelled it delicately in caress.

"Your hand is like a lotus bud," he said.

They had stood for a quivering moment when they heard a cough. There stood Ya-ching, the pock-marked nurse. Her face was blank.

"The Japanese says he cannot sleep," *she said.*

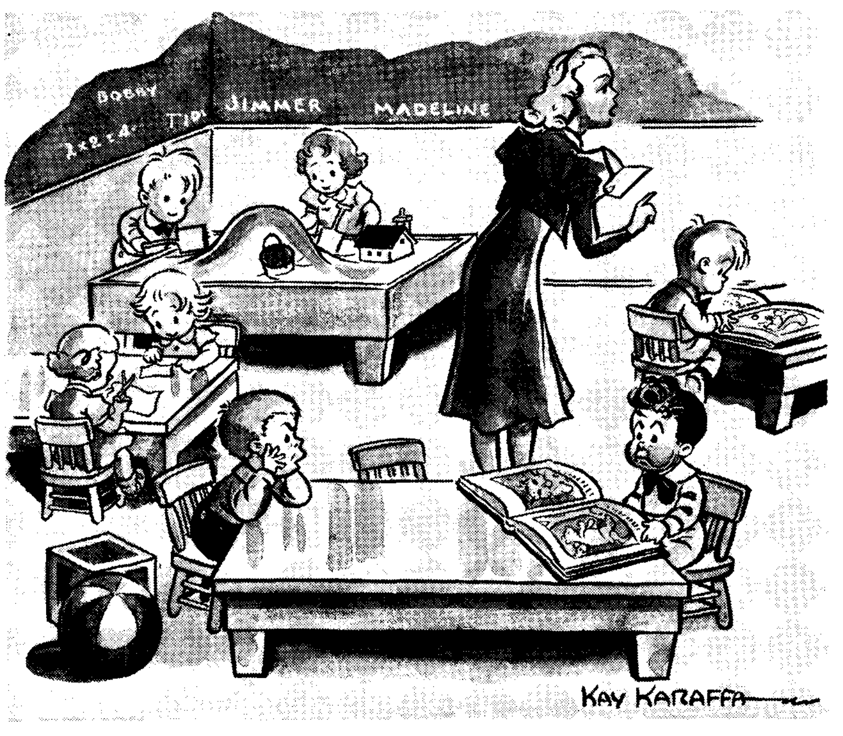
"I will come," Chung said coldly.

And though Siu-mei would have pulled her hand away he had held it and now he pressed it as if in Western parting.

"Good night," he said distinctly.

"Good night," Siu-mei replied.

Behind him the nurse Ya-ching turned and gave her a look so full of hate that she stood still for a long mo-



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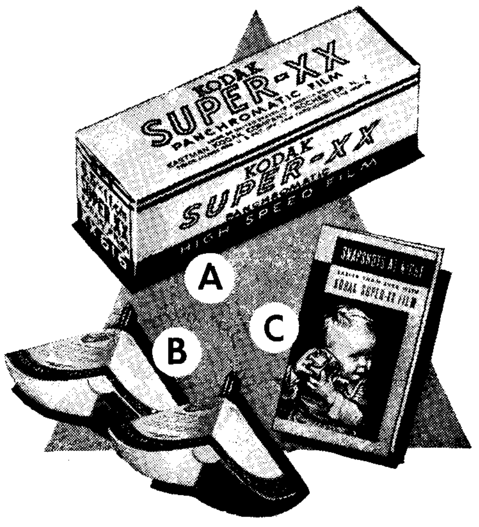
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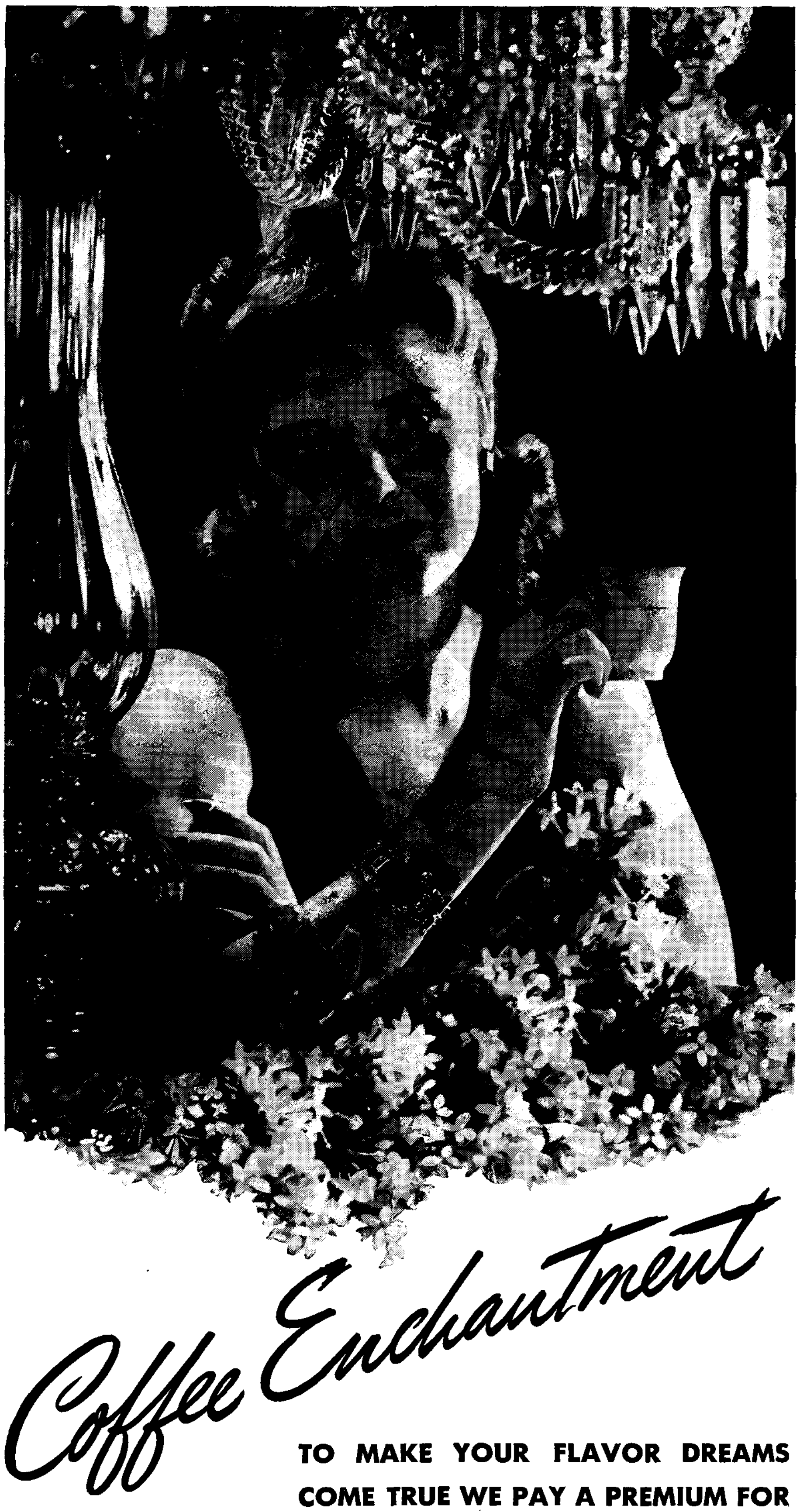

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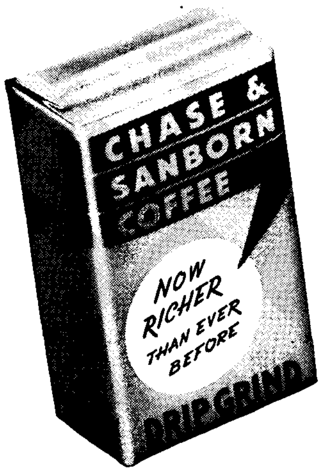

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ment, as though she had been stabbed, and later in her bed, lay sleepless, the look still sharp in her as a knife.

. . . She could not forget the look until the next day when in the maternity ward she looked up startled at a tall young man in a faded blue uniform. Then her pretty face turned severe in the instant and she forgot herself. He was Chen-ta Eagle and she recognized him and felt no less severe.

"What are you doing here, you man?" she demanded. "This is a place for women only."

"By my mother, I have no wish to be here," he replied, "but where am I? I came in the door and walked and walked and here I am."

"You should have announced yourself to someone, or asked for Thomison doctor or Chung doctor."

THEY missed Lao Wang who, puttering in the garden, had seen all who came and went. She had thought of him only a few minutes ago as she looked out of a window in passing. A frost had killed the chrysanthemums during the night. It had been always the saddest day of the year when that happened. Lao Wang gave up the garden until spring. But this year he did not know its coming, nor would he know the return of spring.

"Why should I announce myself to anyone I chanced to see?" Chen-ta asked.

His bold black eyes rested with pleasure on Siu-mei. She was the prettiest girl he had ever seen, and he had remembered her from the night the white woman had sewed up the ripped belly of his prisoner.

"What is your name?" he asked.

She pretended not to hear him. "What do you want?" she demanded.

"Your name."

The women in the ward laughed. Everybody was cheerful. This was the third day that there had been no planes above the hospital. There were raids, but the planes soared high over these buildings and dropped their bombs on the far side of the city.

"O-mi-to-fu," old Chinese men and women murmured. "Buddha wakes at last."

Sick people slept more easily and ate their food with gratitude for peace of any kind, even though it must end.

"My name is my own," Siu-mei said, her face grave at the Eagle's impudence. "I give it to no man."

"You will force me to take it, then," he replied with unmoved good humor; "it is my rule to take what I want if it is not given me."

"Be silent," she commanded him, "and follow me." She led him away from the laughing women into the corridor. "Stop your joking and tell me why you are here."

"Why? To take back my captive, of course," he cried. "Is he cured?"

"How should I know?" she replied. "I have nothing to do with the men."

"Here is one over whom you may have anything to do that you will," he said instantly.

She tried not to laugh and failed. "Will you cease jesting?" she cried, covering her smiling mouth with her hand. "Come with me to Thomison doctor. He decides everything here."

She turned without giving him a chance for more impudence and he followed admiring her slender shape and swift, sure tread.

"You could climb the hills as well as any man," he exclaimed.

She did not answer this. She marched along, her head high and laughter in her heart.

"Here is Thomison doctor's office," she said. "I will tell him. Wait here."

She went in to find Gray at his desk, sitting unusually idle, a frown upon his face. He stared at someone behind her. She turned and found the Eagle behind her. She stamped her foot.

"I told you to wait!" she cried.

"Why should I wait?" he replied calmly. "I do not obey women."

He sat down coolly and loosened the girdle of blue cloth about his waist and opened his shirt over his smooth, brown breast.

"It is too hot in your hospital," he told Gray pleasantly.

"The patients require some warmth," Gray replied.

"This man's Chen-ta, the Eagle," Siu-mei said. "He comes for the Japanese."

"Is that son of evil well again?" Chen-ta asked. "I have come thirty miles to fetch him."

"He is well," Gray replied. "But he has been the patient of my colleague, and I must consult him."

"Shall I tell Dr. Chung?" Siu-mei asked quickly.

"If you will," Gray replied.

Chen-ta held his peace until she had gone. Then he cleared his throat.

"Does she have a husband?" he asked.

Gray did not answer for a second, not knowing indeed how to answer.

"I do not know her affairs," he replied at last as coldly as he could, for he wanted to laugh. The man was a brave-looking fellow, handsome as heroes ought to look and seldom did. He was famous over these provinces for his daring attacks upon the enemy, darting at them under cover of darkness, out of hidden valleys, from seemingly innocent villages. But he looked ruthless. Gray made his face serious.

"One promise I must exact if this man is given back to you," he said.

"What is it?" Chen-ta asked.

"That you do not kill him."

"Are Americans the friends of the Japanese that they always ask this?" Chen-ta demanded. His broad, black brows flew upward. "The white woman asked me this also when I brought him here."

"No, we are not," Gray said. "How could we be when we see what they have done? Look for yourself at the ruin in our compound and see if we can be friends with them. But we do not like our patients to be killed."

"TO ME it seems very peaceful in this place," Chen-ta said, looking about the quiet room.

"For the last three days we have had peace."

"Why?"

"What can it be but accident? They were here yesterday, but they flew high over us. Stay a few hours longer and you will see."

"I cannot. My men are waiting at the Pine Tree Pass. As for my promise, I give it. I will not kill the Japanese. He is no common fellow. I have use for him."

"What use?"

"Why should I tell you?"

"Because his life belongs to us. He would have died had we not healed him."

"Healing is your business. Has he not paid you?"

"He has paid us money, but how can money pay for life?"

Chen-ta sat frowning at the white man. "I will tell you this much. He shall be fed and sheltered and his life will be safe."

"Torture?"

"No torture," Chen-ta declared. "My prisoners are not tortured. What am I in your eyes? I kill quickly or I save alive. This one I save alive."

"For what purpose?" Gray asked again.

"For my purpose," Chen-ta replied again.

"I ask one more thing," Gray said. "Is it a good purpose?"

The two men looked at each other for a steady moment. Then Chen-ta put his big hands on his knees and leaned forward, his eyes fast upon Gray's.

"Do you know the purpose of your life in this place?"

"Assuredly I do," Gray replied.

"Then you know mine, also," Chen-ta said.

". . . I like this fellow," Gray was thinking. "This is a good man. No one but a good man would have a face like his."

"You may take your prisoner if Dr. Chung allows it," he said aloud. "I trust all you have said." He glanced at the door. It was strange, he thought, that Siu-mei had not returned. He rose. "Wait here, and I will go and see whether he is to be brought to you."

WHEN he opened the door of Yasuda's room, Siu-mei was standing beside the bed. On the other side stood Dr. Chung, his watch in his hand, his thumb and finger upon Yasuda's wrist.

"See for yourself," he told Siu-mei. "I cannot give a reason for this relapse."

A little to one side behind him stood the nurse Ya-ching. Under her immobile, square face her mind was moiling with hatred of Siu-mei. She had been jealous of Siu-mei from the day Siu-mei entered the hospital, not to become a nurse, but a doctor, since she was the daughter of a rich man. From Siu-mei she had had each year to take more and more often orders and requests. It made no difference that Siu-mei's voice was courteous and soft, and that she was considerate, or that she ignored Ya-ching's moodiness. Ya-ching hated her for these very reasons as she hated her smooth, peach-colored cheeks and her great black eyes. Long before Chung had known that he loved Siu-mei, Ya-ching knew it would come about because it was the thing she feared above all else. What one feared always came true, she thought savagely. She went to the temple and burned incense to the gods of death and prayed for Siu-mei's death.

But Siu-mei did not die. One after the other Ya-ching gave gifts to the gods of smallpox and leprosy and decay of the lungs and liver and of broken bones and fevers, but Siu-mei continued to bloom. And then in her despairing passion for the handsome young doctor she began to let him know her secret. In all the small ways that a desperate, hungry woman approaches a man, Ya-ching approached Chung and laid bare her heart before him, careless of anything except his favor. Her face was pock-marked and her skin pallid and thick and her features were coarse and her eyebrows sparse. But despite this ugly face, her body was beautiful, a shapely thing, the skin smooth and untouched by pox. Yet what was this body to her if it must remain forever unseen?

And then she knew herself repulsed. The man she loved so that her love ate up her heart and her thoughts, ignored that which he could not fail to see. He did not see her hand when it must touch his, her eyes speaking what her lips yearned to tell, nor care that the body nearer his than need be was beautiful.

She had had a last faint joy when he bade her take care of the Japanese who was his patient. But the joy had soon passed. For it only gave her the chance to see him more often, and in him the shaping of love never for her, but for Siu-mei. Thus she stood, watching these two, seemingly aware only of what they did, but she saw their eyes and the warm color of Siu-mei's cheeks.

"The pulse is certainly too swift," Siu-mei said. "And the heartbeat is strangely faint. Was he as usual last night?"

"He seemed almost entirely well," Chung said.

Yasuda lay, looking from one to the other, panting. He felt very ill indeed and a little frightened. Now that he had swallowed the pills he was confused as to whether he had not taken too many. Four, Chung had said if he put his hand to his mouth when he came in the door. That signified haste. Surely he had said four? Or was it only three? He felt weak and breathless and the two faces near him dimmed in his eyes.

"Water," he whispered.

"Water," Chung repeated to Ya-ching.

She poured a bowl full from a clay jug on the table. But when Chung lifted the sick man's head he could not drink. He had fainted.

"What is this?" Siu-mei cried.

"Who can tell?" Chung replied, laying Yasuda down. He handed the still brimming cup back to Ya-ching.

And at that moment Gray came to the door. "I have been looking for you, Chung," he began. Then he caught sight of Yasuda. "What's wrong?"

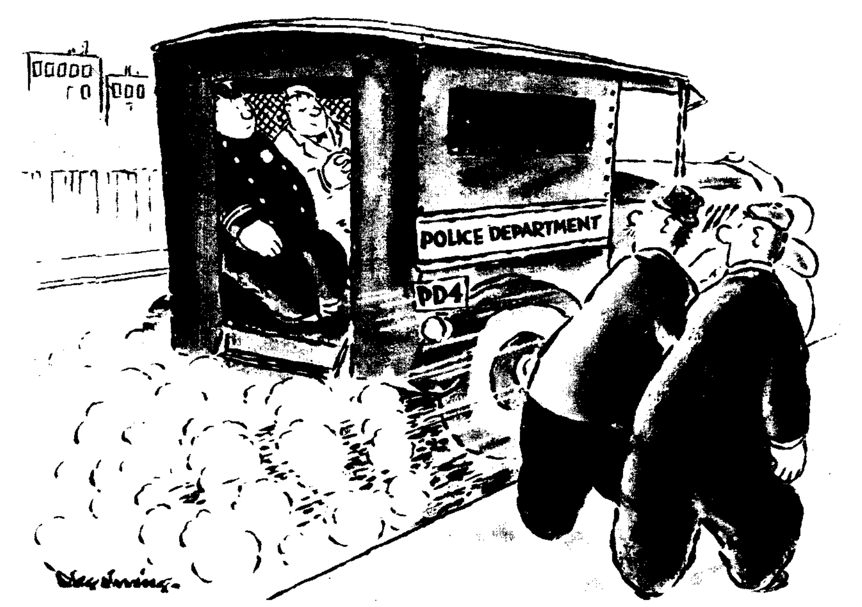
"We don't know," Chung replied.

"But the man's dying!" Gray cried. "Quick, a hypodermic!"

Chung turned to Ya-ching and she left the room. Gray looked impatiently at her slow, heavy tread. "You go, Siu-mei —minutes count."

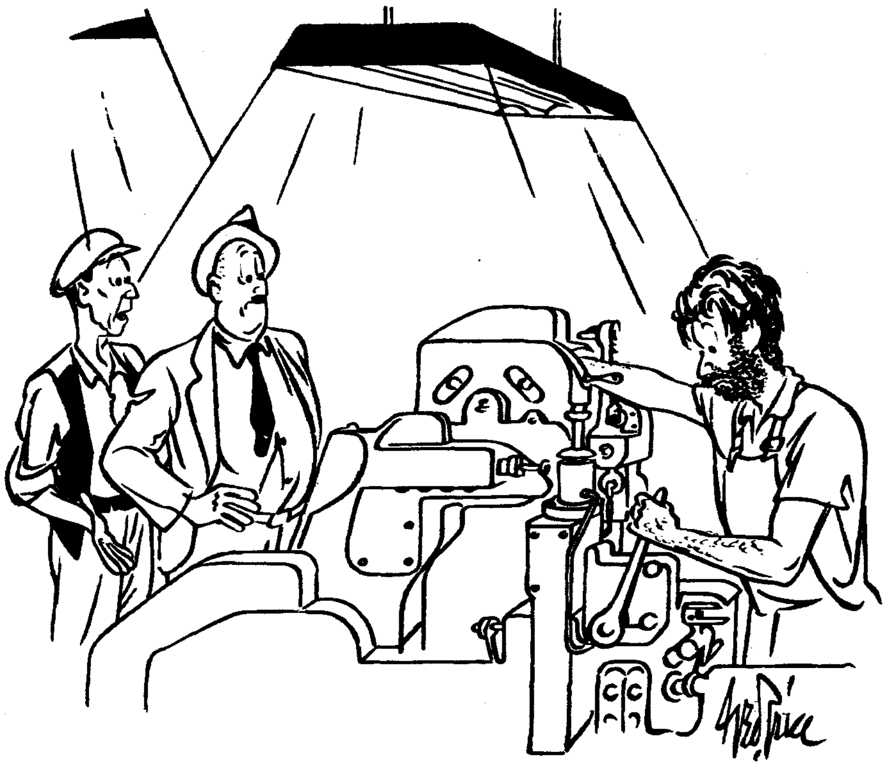
Siu-mei went, passing Ya-ching in the hall. "Never mind," she called. "I have one here in my office."

Ya-ching paused and stood still, her



"Huh! Smitty's gettin' up in th' world. I can remember when they used t' make 'im walk!"

JAY IRVING



"We've been trying to get him to go home for weeks, but he won't believe it's night since we put in the new G-E Fluorescent Lighting!"

THE picture, we admit, is a trifle far-fetched. But it *is* hard to realize it's night outside when you have G-E Fluorescent Lighting *inside!*

Once this new kind of light has been properly installed in your plant or office, nobody can help feeling happier, making fewer mistakes, doing better, faster work with less fatigue . . . from the General Manager on down!

Scientists could give a dozen reasons for this. But the fact is, *our eyes were built for outdoor seeing.* And Fluorescent Lighting is the *closest practical approach yet to real daylight.*

The evidence is overwhelming

Mills, factories, machine shops are enjoying increased production, fewer rejects, better morale under this cooler, more abundant light. In offices, gloom goes out the window. Clerks get less tired, typists make fewer errors. Even the boss does better work in less time.

If you're in retail business

Stores of every size and type are finding that G-E Fluorescent Lighting can result in better sales, fewer exchanges, and happier clerks. Its higher-level illumination makes merchandise more attractive, more *visible.*

Where to go for best results

Call your G-E lamp man. Or see your G-E lamp distributor. He can show you certified fixtures, styled to fit *any* requirement of your business, complete with G-E MAZDA F (fluorescent) lamps, ready to hang up and turn on. He can draw on all the experience of General Electric to give you the best possible fluorescent lighting *properly engineered* to your needs—at *low cost!* Your lighting company is also ready to give you valuable up-to-the-minute advice.

1. ***Be sure you get certified fixtures*** with certified ballasts and starters to provide good power factor. General Electric does not make fixtures, but is glad to recommend Certified Fixtures bearing the Fleur-O-Lier or RLM tag.

2. ***Be sure you order G-E MAZDA F lamps*** ...not just "fluorescent tubes". Benefit from the latest achievements of G-E Research and Development, which already, since 1938, have increased light output of G-E MAZDA F lamps as much as 40% and reduced prices as much as 45%! Like all other G-E lamps, they are *made to stay brighter longer... give maximum light for current consumed!*

- For new free illustrated booklet, "How to Speed Sales with Fluorescent Lighting," write General Electric Co., Dept. 166-COB, Nela Park, Cleveland, Ohio.

NEW LOW PRICES
announced January 1st, 1941, on G-E MAZDA "F" lamps. New 5 foot 100 watt size is latest addition to the complete line.

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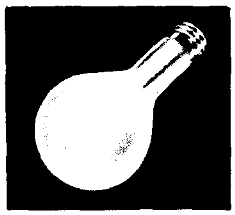
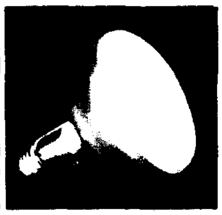
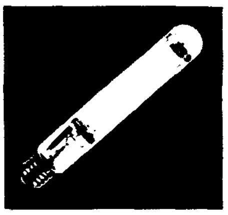
GENERAL ELECTRIC

ASK G-E HOW FLUORESCENT OR SOME OF THE 9000 OTHER G-E LAMPS CAN HELP YOU


300 WATT INCANDESCENT


G-E REFLECTOR LAMP

1000 WATT "MIDGET SUN"


MAZDA H MERCURY LAMP

Half a million new faces say...

"FASTEST, SMOOTHEST SHAVE WE EVER HAD!"

SCHICK SHAVER'S NEW 2-M HEAD SHEARS OFF THE WHISKERS 30% QUICKER—CLEAN AND CLOSE!

JUST a few months ago, Schick Shaver came out with the new 2-M Hollow-Ground Head.

Half a million men took it on the chin —*and liked it.* Men in all walks of life and with all kinds of beards liked it.

They join the happy millions of men that Schick has introduced to electric shaving in the last ten years.

They're getting *quicker* shaves—*30% quicker*—smoother shaves, closer shaves. All with no fuss, muss or bother —no nicks, cuts, razor pull or burn!

Maybe *you're* a skeptic—think it all sounds a little *too* good. So here's your "out." Get yourself a Schick Shaver with the new 2-M Head. Try it for 30 days. Don't take anything but quick, smooth, perfect shaves for an answer. If you don't get them your dealer will gladly refund your money.

SCHICK DRY SHAVER, INC., STAMFORD, CONN., U.S.A.

Only Schick offers all this!

• **NEW 2-M SHEARING HEAD**—hollow-ground to arch the skin surface—makes the whiskers stand up to be cut off. That's why it gives close shaves 30% quicker, easier, *better.* • **FLYING SHUTTLE SHEARER**—powered by an improved, faster motor—performing more than 14,000 shaving operations per minute. • **WHISK-ITS**—to catch all beard clippings. No other shaver offers this feature. • **BRAND-NEW STYLING** by Raymond Loewy—world-famous designer.

$9.95

Schick prices now start as low as —for the popular SCHICK CAPTAIN *complete with straight Speed King Head and Whisk-Its.*

NEW SCHICK FLYER—*styled in handsome burgundy plastic with silver-colored Whisk-Its and packed in genuine leather case, $12.50. This model is standard equipment on many leading airlines.*

NEW SCHICK COLONEL—*executed in rich ivory plastic, with gold-colored Whisk-Its. Packed in simulated alligator case, $15.00 (or, packed in de luxe Dress Kit, $17.50).*

Many dealers offer easy payment terms!

Born in February? Drop a birthday hint for a new Schick shaver!

ATTENTION, SCHICK OWNERS!... *Get this 2-M Head for your shaver!* We made this marvelous new 2-M Head so that it can be used on any of the millions of Schick Shavers now in use!

And it's yours for only $3.00! You get the new head expertly fitted, and the whole shaver inspected, cleaned, lubricated, and adjusted free of charge. Simply take your shaver to your nearest dealer—or send it to the factory in Stamford—or take it to a Schick Shaver Service Office in:

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CINCINNATI
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CLEVELAND
301 Swetland Bldg.
COLUMBUS, O.
633 Hunt'gton B'k Bldg.
DALLAS
611 Southland Life Bldg.
DENVER
501 Colorado Bldg.
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413 Fleming Bldg.
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218 Shoreland Arcade
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810 Raymond Com. Bldg.
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619 Hightower Bldg.
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647 Omaha Natl. B'k Bldg.
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nothing Quicker nothing Slicker NEW SCHICK SUPER SLICK SHAVER

face a mask of hate, and then went back to the room.

There Gray was throwing questions at Chung and Chung shrugged his shoulders.

"It is as you see it," he said. "I know nothing. Some internal complication—"

"Did he know that his captor had come?" Gray asked.

Chung shook his head. "Who had told him? I have not spoken a word to him."

"Strange," Gray was muttering, "strange—strange!"

Siu-mei came back in an instant with the hypodermic and Gray plunged it into Yasuda's arm. They stood and watched the ashen face. It remained perfectly still. Then at last the lips quivered, the eyelids moved and Yasuda's opaque gray-black eyes saw returning shapes of faces about him.

"Water," he whispered hoarsely. "Water."

"Give him all he can drink," Gray commanded abruptly. He waited while Ya-ching held the bowl to his lips. Then he tested Yasuda's pulse and heart and examined his eyelids. "This man is certainly too sick to be moved now," he declared. "Chung, I would not leave him yet if I were you."

"I will not," Chung agreed.

"Call me if you need me," Gray continued.

"I think there will be no need," Chung replied.

When Gray had gone away, he turned to Siu-mei. "Do not wait," he said. "I will come to your office and tell you how he is."

She gave him a warm, quick look as she went and Ya-ching caught it as she passed. She stood until Siu-mei had gone. She waited in silence while Chung walked to the window and lit a cigarette.

"Arrange the patient's bed," he ordered her, and stood with his back to her, scanning the sky. It was a bright blue day, the air still and the heavens cloudless. Even as he stood the warning siren shrieked across the silence. An air raid, he thought, but without terror in him. This was the third day of peace in the hospital.

"The patient must not be moved," he said calmly.

"So," Ya-ching replied. At that moment her hand came upon something under Yasuda's pillow. She drew it out and looked at it. It was a small ball of hastily crumpled paper. She held it in her shut hand. Then the siren shrieked again. She glanced at Chung's turned back, at Yasuda's closed eyes, and opened the paper. In it were some small sulphur-colored pills. She was about to cry out and then she did not. Over her face crept a secret and triumphant look. She thrust the pills into her bosom and went on making the bed.

IN THE office Chen-ta stared at Gray. "Here is a strange thing," he said. "First a man is well and then he is ill."

"It is as strange to me as to you," Gray replied. "But it is so."

"When am I to return for him then?"

"Give him three days more," Gray said.

The siren sounded for air raid. Chen-ta rose. "Three days, then," he shouted.

"Three days," Gray shouted back. "And you had better stay until this is over!"

Chen-ta shook his head. "If I had feared those eggs they drop, I would have been dust long ago!" he bawled. Then he turned and strode from the room and down the hall and out of the hospital. He was too busy to heed the approaching planes. He was full of wonder at himself and at his good temper. Why was he not angry at this delay, he who was always quickly angry at anything that happened against his will? Why was he even pleased at the thought of returning here in three days? He searched himself and knew the reason. In his memory he saw that pretty face of the tall girl who had led him to the white doctor's office. Siu-mei, the white man had called her, too familiarly, he thought with a flush of indignation.

Then he was further astonished. Why should he care if one called her Siu-mei? In his bemusement he saw without notice a man in blue coat and trousers approach and dart aside into a door before he came near. If he had been himself Chen-ta would have leaped after him to look at him and see who wished to escape him. But now, though he thought vaguely that he knew the fellow, he let him go. He went his own way back to his hills, every now and again in the midst of exploding bombs stopping to look dazed and to scratch his head.

"What is this that has befallen me?" he cried. His big voice was soundless in the roaring about him. But it was his own voice he heard nevertheless and not the noise of the falling bombs.

CHUNG THIRD, darting among the shadows of the walls hid in a clump of bamboos until Chen-ta's sturdy shape had gone through the hospital gate. Then he went quietly up the back stairs of the hospital and through winding back corridors until he reached his brother's room. He did not knock or cough, but opened the door without a sound. Chung was there, standing at his table, his back to the door. Chung Third whispered, "Elder Brother!"

Chung leaped and turned. In his hand he held a mortar and pestle. "Why do you enter like a thief?" he cried angrily.

Chung Third opened his eyes wide. "How do I know when you are doing what you do not wish known?"

"Be silent, son of a turtle!" Chung swore at him.

Chung Third looked stubborn. "Shall I tell you what I know or shall I keep it to myself?" He hated this elder brother of his. He would not betray him easily, yet why should he pretend that he was ignorant of his doings?

"Well, what?" Chung said impatiently. On the table was a piece of soft Chinese paper and upon the paper a few small yellow pills. Chung Third stared at them.

"What are those?" he asked.

"Is it your business?" Chung retorted. "Say what you have to say."

Chung Third shrugged himself. "Well, then, the next attack is tomorrow night, thirty-two miles east from here and seventeen miles north. This is the path of the Eagle." He put on the table a piece of red paper such as sweet cakes are wrapped in and upon it were brushed roads and the names of villages.

Chung did not look at it. He was now crushing together again the powders in the mortar he held. "Leave it here," he said.

"Is there nothing else?" Chung Third asked.

"Nothing," Chung replied.

"For me there is something," Chung Third said doggedly. He spat on the polished wooden floor and Chung threw him a furious look. But he said nothing. He opened a drawer and took out some money and put it on the map.

"There is your price," he said with scorn.

But Chung Third only laughed as he put the money in his bosom. He pulled his hat somewhat more over his left ear and went away more cheerful than he entered. Outside in the corridor he saw a woman standing as though she waited. For whom, he wondered. And then he saw her face. For no one, with such a face as hers, he decided, and forgot her in his own content. He had what he had earned and he was not always so lucky.

(To be continued next week)

Big Saturday

Continued from page 15

Gracie was serving a bunch of farmers at the far end of the counter when I walked into the Little Gem. A shockingly handsome girl she was, with clear brown eyes and hair of soft, shiny copper gathered up in a charm of high curls. Even the old blue cotton dress she wore to wait on tables looked good on such a full-blown girl.

I called to her, "Hi, there, Little Bit. Where's your daddy?"

She looked up with a quick smile. "Hello, Ovid!" she said. "Dad? Why, he's gone over in Grissim County on business. Will I do instead?"

I managed a grin and told her, "In more ways than one."

GRACIE laughed and I straddled a stool. Mr. Parmalee being gone was just one more getting of bad luck. Still, Gracie herself might know of a job I could get. I saw that she hadn't heard about Pap's trouble yet. In some ways she was an awful particular girl, and I misdoubted how she'd take the news. I began studying how I had better lead around to it so as to not make her think ill of the family.

Meanwhiles, it eased my worries some just to watch her as she ladled out the farmers' plates. For most a year now I'd been dangling around as often as I could get in to Dukedom. Lately, Earl Luther had likewise grown a mighty appetite for Little Gem food. Straddling my stool there, I looked at Gracie and wondered if she'd given him dates like she had me? I couldn't fancy it, knowing Earl Luther of old as I did, though it was true some might say he had looks of a sort.

Gracie came along the counter, smiling, and I reached for her hand.

"I vow, Gracie," said I, "you're pretty as a striped snake today!"

"Oh, Ovid!" she said, and she pinked up and looked at me.

Then she was saying, "You haven't forgotten your promise, have you?"

"I've forgotten the whole round creation!" I grinned.

She mingled glances with me. My spine bone gingered and my spirits took a sudden tumble.

"No," I said finally, "I haven't forgotten. But — and I'm plumb sorry, Gracie—I can't take you to the carnival this time."

Something happened in her brown eyes. I felt my face blazing as I tried to find the beginning word. "I've got to find a job," I said. "I mean, I've got to make some money . . ." Then my blamed tongue tripped me.

And Gracie's face was troubled with pity, and before I could go on, she'd whirled to the cash box and was pushing two dollar bills at me. "I didn't know!" she said, soft and low. "No mind, Ovid, we can see the carnival on this."

Of course she'd meant well, but while we'd been talking somebody had come in the door and scraped up a chair to the front table. I shoved the dollar bills back toward Gracie, shamed at what the newcomer must have seen. Hot and sudden, my Bascom pride grabbed my hand and made it slap my pocket, ringing the silver change good and loud.

"I'm not asking charity yet!" I said before I could bite my tongue.

Then I knew I'd done it. She was great-eyed and trembly about the lips as I said, "Aw, listen, Gracie. Let me explain."

Her hands knotted on the counter and redheaded temper sparkled in her eyes. "Don't bother!" she snapped. "I know *cheap* when I see it! Just save your breath as well as your money. I'm not wanting either one!"

She lifted her chin and marched off.

Well, I thought I'd just straddle the stool till she cooled off enough to hear me out. But over at the front table she was saying, like she was merely tickled to death, "Why, hello, Earl Luther! Can I serve you aught today?"

That ruined me. I had to get out of there.

I banged through the door in a snarl of a mood.

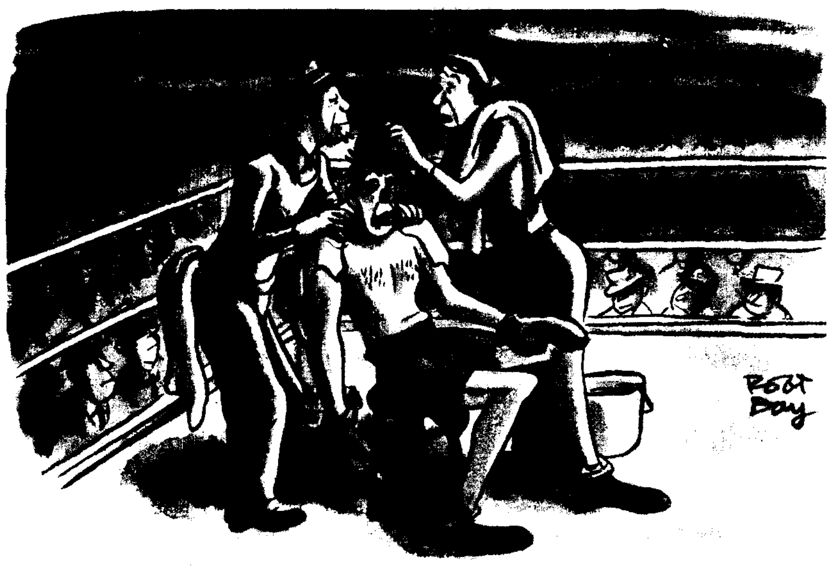
MIDWAY of the block I heard my name sung out. I looked toward the Little Gem. Talk about rank amaze! I was that stricken I could only gape and goggle. It was none other than Earl Luther. He came sidling up to me like a sick cat to a hot brick, just splitting his lip in a grin and trying to act friendly.

While I tottered, he said, "Look here, Ovid, now that we're men grown, whyn't you and me drop this here family squabble? Pap's an old fool, an old pothead. He hadn't ought to taken your pap to law."

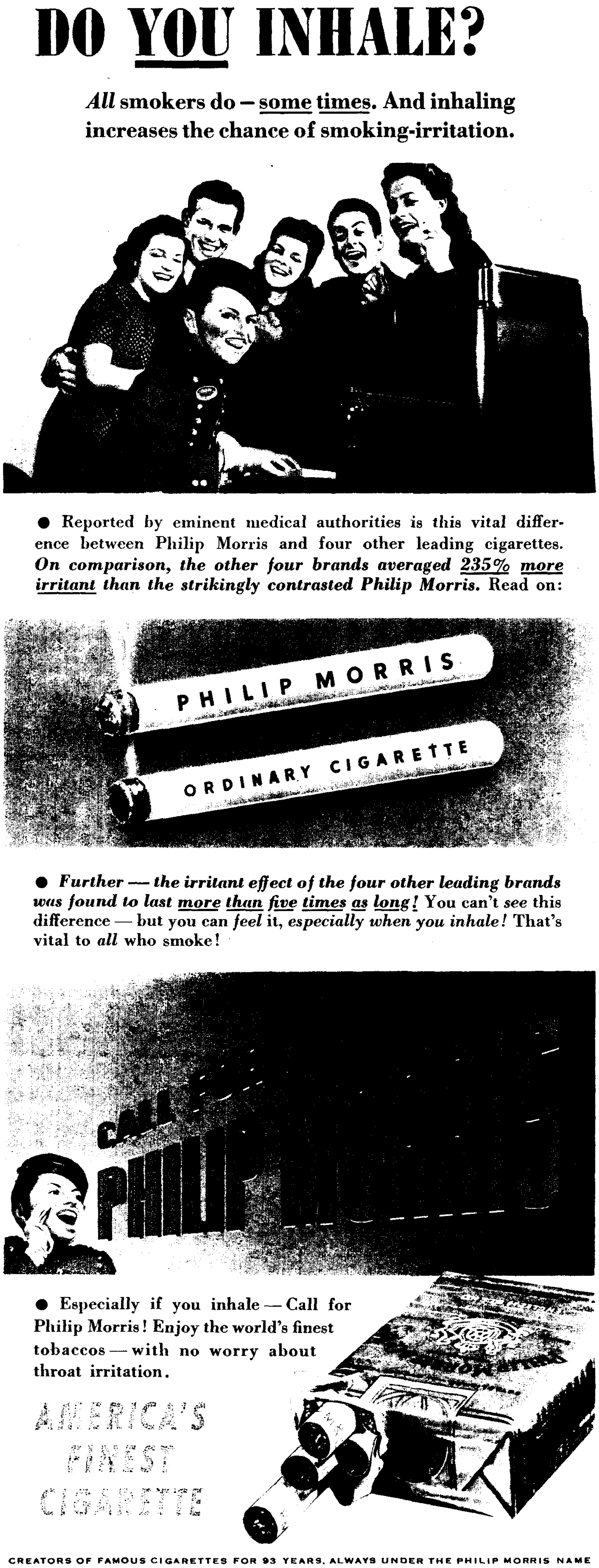
I felt crazier than a woman's watch.

"Maybe I can make it up to you, Ovid," Earl Luther was saying. "I couldn't help hearing you tell Gracie you were hunting a job. I reckon I know why—"

"Earl Luther," said I in terrible tones, "if you've gone and told Gracie any



"I am constantly amazed at man's inhumanity to man" ROBERT DAY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All smokers do – some times. And inhaling increases the chance of smoking-irritation.

● Reported by eminent medical authorities is this vital difference between Philip Morris and four other leading cigarettes. *On comparison, the other four brands averaged 235% more irritant than the strikingly contrasted Philip Morris.* Read on:

● *Further — the irritant effect of the four other leading brands was found to last more than five times as long!* You can't *see* this difference — but you can *feel* it, *especially when you inhale!* That's vital to *all* who smoke!

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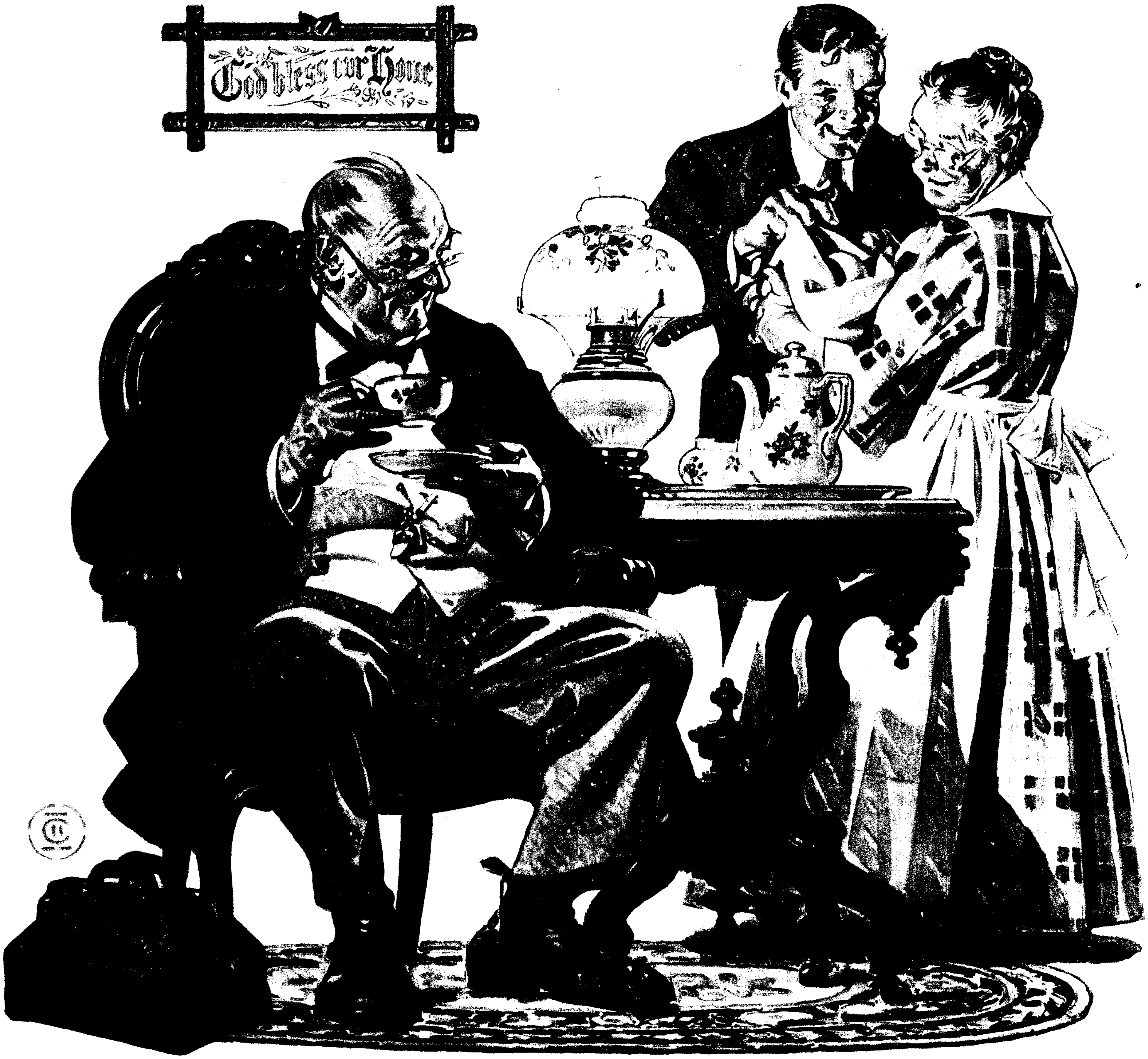


Just what the Doctor ordered

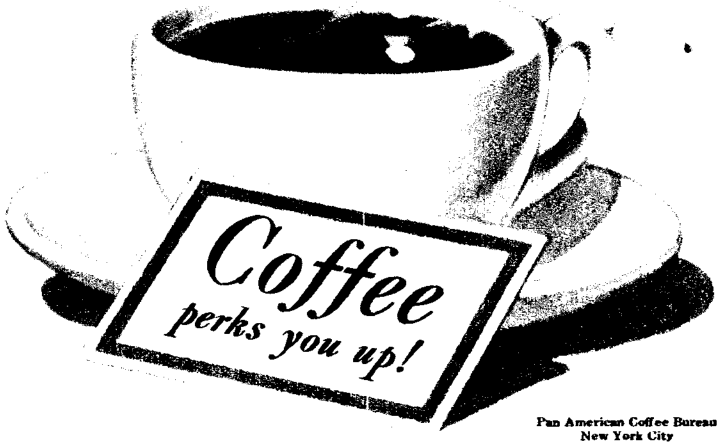
IT'S common knowledge that doctors are among the heartiest of coffee drinkers.

They know, on scientific grounds, as well as by experience, that there's nothing like a good cup of coffee to rest you when tired, relieve fatigue, sharpen your faculties, and make your mind more alert.

They'll tell you, too, that if you're like 97 people out of 100, the gentle "lift" you get from coffee lasts only about two hours.

And *that* means, of course, you can enjoy the fragrance and cheer of coffee, morning, noon and night without worry over sleeping.

So why deprive yourself of this delicious drink? Enjoy your coffee whenever you want it!



Published by the Pan American coffee producers for the benefit of the American public, the largest consumers of coffee in the world.

BRAZIL • COLOMBIA • COSTA RICA • CUBA • EL SALVADOR • VENEZUELA

Pan American Coffee Bureau
New York City

blackguarding lies about Pap's trouble!"

"Swear I ain't!" he said. "And don't aim to. Just to show you, Ovid, I'll tell you where you might can latch onto a job. They need a man at the carnival, I believe. Go to the second tent inside the jockey lot next to the prize-fighting show."

It felt like a fever dream and me lost in it. So I said, "If you are lying again, Earl Luther, I solidly inform you I'll tromp your britches! But in case it's true, like you say, why, I thank you handsome. That I do!"

With that, I tore out for the carnival. The jockey lot was fair crawling with folks when I came busting in, splattering them aside like a hound among chickens. I passed the prize-fighting show and stopped in front of a long, faded, brown tent with a big, wrinkled banner that said: *Fun! Sport! Skill!* BOP THE DARKY ! ! ! The front was closed up, but there was a skinny man in a straw hat setting on a box beside the tent eating a sandwich.

When I told him what I'd come for, he took me on right freely. "You will do with a little burnt cork," he said. My job would be to let folks chunk baseballs at my head at a nickel for two throws. He gathered up some corks from the bottles laying around and started charring them with matches.

"Supposing somebody hits me?" I asked.

"They get a seegar," says he. "But your job's to dodge. It ain't often you get hit, nohow. You got a forty-foot alley between you and the suckers. The light's pretty dim in there, too."

HE COMMENCED rubbing the black corks on my face. "The baseballs I use," he said, "is made with a special off-center core. A man can't hardly ever throw one true. I was doing pretty good here this morning till that confounded Spurgeon quit."

"How come he quit?" I wondered.

"Hang-over, neck-crick, or something. You won't have no trouble, though, if you stay off the whisky and watch the balls."

"Reckon I can make fifteen dollars enduring the week while the carnival stays here?" I asked him.

Mr. Kettles—he went by that name—said, "I'll garntee that much if you dodge as good as Spurgeon used to. Now, hold still, will you!"

I let him finish blacking my face and neck. There was a comfort in burnt cork. Nobody would know me.

So I stuck my head through a hole in a stout canvas sheet, and Mr. Kettles commenced greeting the by-passers and notifying them. "*Bop* the darky and *get* a seegar!" he bellowed over and over like an axle in want of grease. Folks put down their nickels and chunked. Old, crazy balls wabbled through the air. I swung my head and grinned. I soon noticed that couldn't anybody hit me did I look sharp and dodge quick.

And there I was working. I could almost hear Pap's fine money begin dropping in my pocket.

The job had some drawbacks, though. Flies. With my head on one side of the canvas and my hands helpless on the other, the flies took advantage.

Still and all, my spirits and hopes freshened up like wilted greens in cold spring water. I studied about Fonzo Siler's rastus plow. In that blind-sober fit of his he'd likely mislaid the rastus. Now that Earl Luther had been hit by a decent streak, he'd probably help me find the plow in the tall weeds or somewhere. And I felt I'd soon be able to straighten out my little breeze with Gracie, so I reached my thoughts into coming time to some right pleasing things. Got to feeling kind of dreamy.

It didn't last much longer than June frost. For there sauntering through the crowds came Gracie herself, arm in arm with Earl Luther Siler. Something squeezed inside me as I dodged baseballs. I screwed up one eye and blared the other, I wrinkled my nose and crimpled my mouth in case Gracie might otherwise know me under that burnt cork.

The watching customers set up such a happy howl that Gracie did look straight at me. She smiled, but not in a recognizing way.

I knew then that Earl Luther hadn't told her about me working here. Duly grateful I tried to be, but all the same my teeth ached and I felt sick just seeing the two together, him taking her to the carnival in place of me. Earl Luther had turned a new leaf, yet he didn't look so good to me. He was walking beside her sort of bent over, peering into her brown eyes, flashing his teeth and looking fond.

WOLFS LANE
PUSH
KEEP THE STREETS CLEAN

"The scouts adore Gran'ma. She goes back and forth until they've all got their good deeds for the day over with"

LARRY REYNOLDS

He spoke out loud enough for me to hear: "Honey, would you like to bop the darky?"

She shook her head. "I don't think so. I crave to ride the Ferris wheel."

He turned slow and narrowed his eyes straight at me. "I just think I'll try it a nickel's worth," he said, licking his teeth and grinning like a fox smelling a hen roost.

IT ALL rushed at me now. That Earl Luther must have been months waiting just such a chance to trap me where he could get me. And me, believing fool that I was, had swallered it hook and line and, yes, the dadgoned pole!

"Gimme two balls," Earl Luther said, throwing down a nickel on Mr. Kettles' counter.

"*You* again, huh?" said Mr. Kettles.

"None other." Earl Luther laughed. "I see you've changed black boys since I was here last."

Mr. Kettles looked mad but didn't say anything.

As Earl Luther gripped a ball and squinted down the alley, I just didn't know what ought I to do. So he hauled off and flung. The ball fair zizzed, but I dodged for sweet life and it missed by a whisper.

"I think I've got the range now," he said, staring at me.

Again he dropped his arm way back, got set, and started to let fly. Just then I must have forgotten to make my squinchy face, for Gracie was squealing, "It's *Ovid!*" and grabbing at his arm.

That's the reason the ball didn't get me dead center. Even so, it caught me a hard glance over the ear.

Wild hornets sung loose in my head. My ears were full of hammering anvils. All I knew for a minute there was that Earl Luther Siler was flinging at me as of old. I must try to reach him and put him out of business before he damaged me sore.

I RIPPED through that canvas sheet like paper. I galloped and roared. Mr. Kettles sprung in front of me. Mr. Kettles sprung right back. I hit his counter and over it dumped. His baseballs went rabbit-hopping everywhere. Then Gracie tried to grab me, folks and people bawled and yelled. But it was just me and Earl Luther in the world, and him so taken by surprise and hemmed in by the crowd that he couldn't stir.

I was reaching my hands for him when somebody yelled, "Run get Warhoss Highfill!"

That made some of my wits come home to roost. You can't keep your pap off the county's road by getting put on it yourself. By the hardest, I curbed myself down.

Gracie had laid hold of my shirt and was trying to pull me away from Earl Luther. He was watching me careful with his black eyes. Mr. Kettles was jumping around like popcorn on a hot stove lid, waving his fists and telling me how fired I was. I'd got so crossed up and low in my mind that I felt I must throw back my head and yelp.

About then I heard a voice like a train whistle. It turned me around. I saw a man standing on the platform in front of the tent next to Mr. Kettles'. The prize-fighting show it was. A big, ugly, hard knot with blue jowls and a dirty bathrobe was next to the man and looking at me through his eyebrows.

The showman pointed at me and outcried, "Hey, you! You there, big boy! If you want to scrap, make it pay you!"

I listened and he said, "Ten silver dollars to stay just one round with Kid Tornado here is our fine offer to one and all. Ten silver dollars, big boy! How about it? Three minutes gets you ten dollars!"

Everybody was laughing and slapping my back. "Take him on!" they told me. "Match up with him!"

I wiped at the loblolly of sweat and soot on my face. I shook my head to clear out the buzzing.

The showman said, "Well, how about it, Captain?"

Earl Luther watched me. He said, "Naw! Ovid ain't stuffed with what it takes."

Of a sudden I got awful tired of it. I turned on Earl Luther and he ducked. "Put your money where your big mouth is!" I spit at him, savage as a catamount. "Are you betting I can't last out the round?"

"I'll cover you two to one," he said.

I wasn't bluffing but I thought he was. He was always as scarce of money as this time of the year as me. What little he did get he spent on sporty clothes. But just to see, I picked out of the crowd an honest old face crouched back in a beard and asked him to hold stakes. I gave him my three dollars and seventeen cents. Then, bedogged if Earl Luther didn't pull out some bills and change and count six dollars and thirty-four cents in the old feller's hand! He grinned and hoisted his eyebrows at me.

Well, I aimed to go through with it. This crazy day had harried me so that I was plumb reckless. I said to the showman, "I'm your dewberry, mister."

"No!" said Gracie, commencing to yank at my arm. "Don't do it!"

"And what are you caring?" I asked.

She stomped her foot and said, "I just don't like to see anybody go and make a public fool of himself."

Then she threw up her hands. "Though, truth known," she said, "when you get your common old secondhanded motorcycle and go ripping around on it, you'll be sure to break bones anyhow."

"What secondhanded motorcycle?" I spluttered.

"You know very well!" said she. "Don't think *I* don't know why you crave money so, Ovid Bascom!"

I couldn't edge in a word, she was talking so fast and getting madder and madder. "I don't blame you for being ashamed to tell me!" she said. "So go right on and do what you want now, too! See if I care!"

She faced her back to me, just quivering and shaking, and took Earl Luther's arm. He patted her hand and looked mighty pious.

I could feel the string to my wits unraveling. But the showman was packing folks in his tent. I turned and almost ran inside.

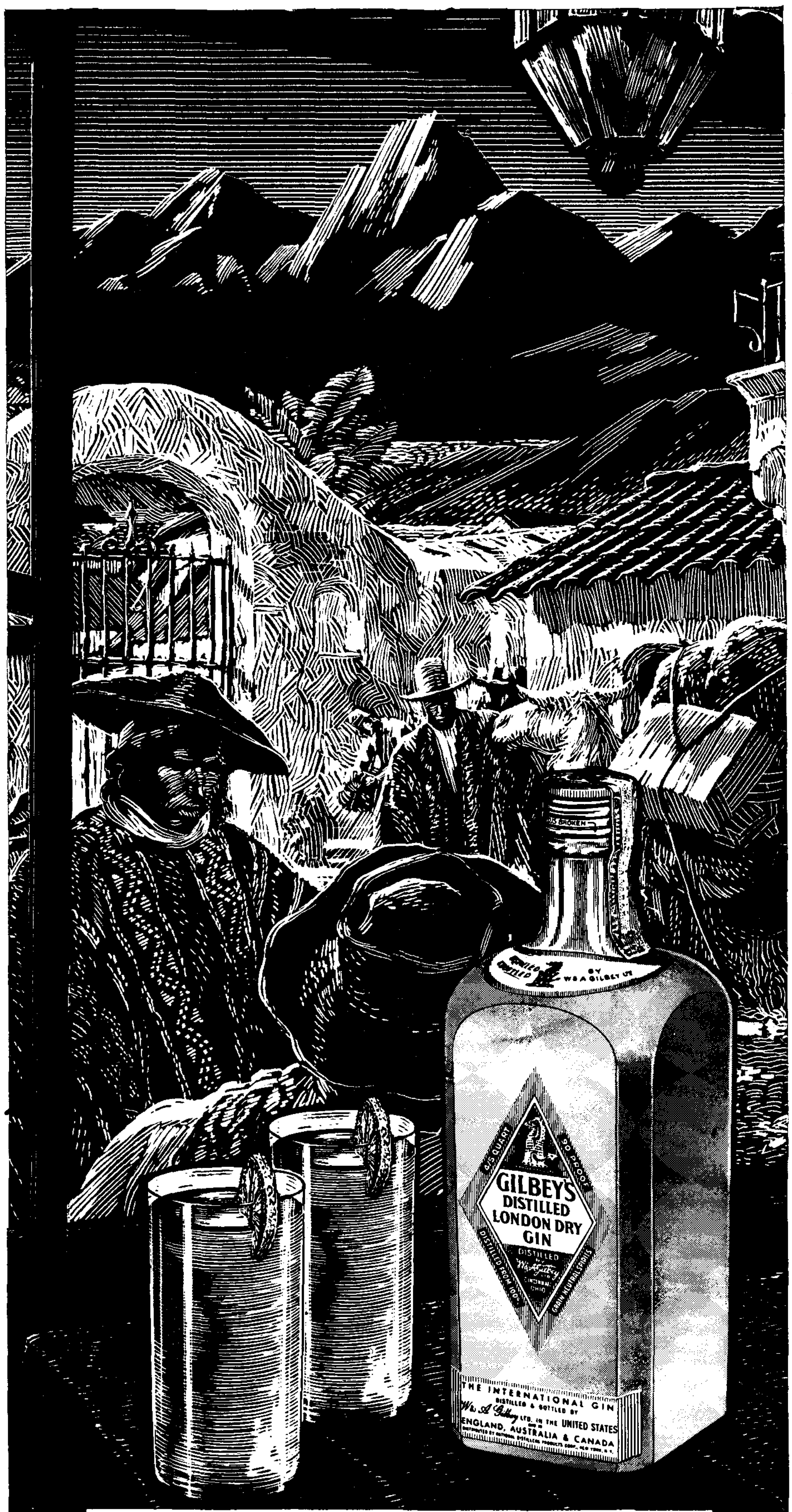
THE showman led me to a roped-off square at the center of the tent. I took off my shirt, and he tied some boxing gloves on me and the Tornado. While he was doing it, I looked about. There were a hundred people or more around the ring. At the back I spied Earl Luther and Gracie. Her face seemed pale, but as I caught her glance she turned to Earl Luther and began to chatter very gay. He sort of winked toward me and stole an arm around her shoulder.

Right then fire flashed my blood. Something thundered my head. All at once I noticed that no poor devil in this world had ever been cursed with such a heartburning for a girl as I had for Gracie.

But now the showman was pushing me into a corner. The Tornado squatted in the other, a mighty, hairy and lumpy man. The way he glared at me, like he could eat me whole blood and raw, curdled my stomach with sickness. I thought hard of Pap and swore I'd stay in the ring if I could.

The showman said, "The rules is not to bite nor kick."

I nodded, trying to not look at the



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Tornado, who'd begun to grind his teeth.

The showman climbed out. "When I hit this bell," he said, "start fighting. When I hit it again, the round's over."

I got braced. The Tornado commenced flipping muscles all over his body and showing his teeth. I felt I had about as much chance as a one-legged man at a kicking party. For Pap's sake I had to take that chance.

Then the bell went *blang-g-g*. The Tornado leaped from his stool with his fists cocked full of skill and his face full of slaughter. I jumped, too, and we scrambled in for a few licks. He welted me at pleasure. I could only hit the air where he had skipped aside. I was getting real jolted.

He kept hot after me. I tried to keep him at arm's distance, all the while swallering sad lumps and aching as I thought of Gracie.

Then he caught me in a corner. His fists were like iron balls shooting in from all sides. My head whistled tunes I'd never heard before. It was storming iron balls! I had to scrouge my head inside my gloves. His fists played royal seesaw on me, but I remembered Pap and managed to keep on my feet.

More than that, my brains were busy. For who could have told Gracie I wouldn't take her to the carnival because of saving my money to buy a secondhanded motorcycle? Who but Earl Luther?

The Tornado started butting. It nearly fixed me. The world was rolling under me when he pulled back, swearing and rubbing his head. Behind him, beside the ring, I saw the showman scowling at his watch and reaching for the bell. The crowd was getting mad and yelling, "It's been *five* minutes! Ring that bell! Ring that bell!"

LIKE fury this time, the Tornado feathered into me, slinging those iron balls as thick as birdshot, using his knees and butting. My head spun like a grindstone. I did my levelest to hold him off. With all my force I backhanded him a whop on the ear. He grunted sharp and hopped back, looking surprised. I strained to hear the bell.

But I heard a voice scream, "Watch out, Ovid!" Gracie's voice.

From the corner of my eye I glimpsed Earl Luther heaving his arm. I ducked, the bell rung, and the Tornado fell like a bull struck by lightning. The rock that had missed me bounced off his head through the ropes.

Things happened fast after that. Earl Luther was headed for the door of the tent. I vaulted out of the ring to cut him off. Then Earl Luther saw who'd been standing in the doorway. It was High-constable Warhoss Highfill, with his red, grim face looking like business.

Earl Luther whirled and started back along the side of the tent toward the rear opening. I changed my direction and put power to my legs, just cleaving through the crowd. If he got in the open, there would be no catching him.

But as he darted past Gracie, he tangled, flung up his arms, and sprawled out. That was all I needed. I dived on him. Before he could get his breath, I wrapped around him.

Maybe wrapped him a mite more than was needful. Because when Warhoss Highfill did jerk him to his feet and arrest him for disturbing of the peace, Earl Luther just doddered. His eyes were like a couple of stale beans as Warhoss hustled him off to the jailhouse.

"It's lucky he stumbled when he did," said I to Gracie, as I was getting the bet money from the honest old feller. "He's fleet as a deer fly."

"I tripped him, Ovid," said she. "He needed it. If there is anything I can't endorse it's a boy goes back on a bet when he's losing. And, truth known, a rock-heaving boy is worse than one who goes gallivanting over the country on an old danger-to-life-and-limb secondhanded motorcycle!"

"Gracie," I said, "I never even dreamed of buying a secondhanded motorcycle!" So, while I collected ten silver dollars from the showman, I told her about Pap's rastus plow trouble.

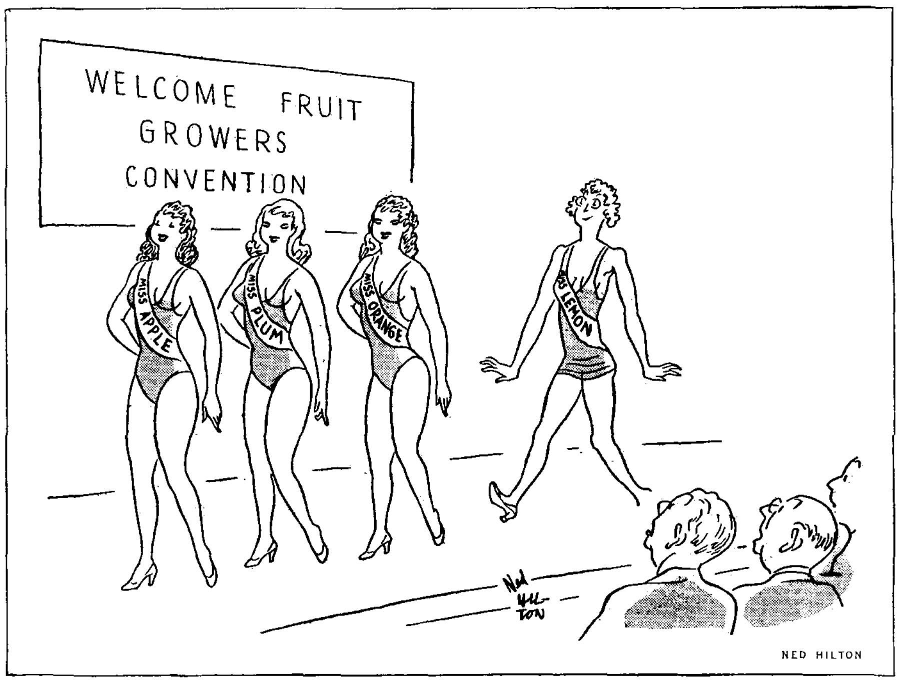
When I'd finished, she said in a choking voice, "Oh, can you forgive me *ever?* I believed Earl Luther's story. You'd acted so queer. And I did think I liked Earl Luther a lot. But when I saw you in real trouble, with that awful man beating on you, I knew who I really felt deep for."

"Forgive you I will, and that gladly!" I told her, looking in her clear brown eyes. "If I'd lost you, Gracie, I'd have perished. For you are as fair a witching red-haired girl as ever lived or died. And I would just admire to court you in earnest."

"Oh, Ovid!" was all I needed to hear. So the next little while there in the tent, irregardless of all the folks standing around in the tent, was our own sweet business.

Then she pushed away. "Wait now, Ovid," she said. "I've been thinking about your pap's rastus trouble. I've been remembering. This week one day Ben Rowen was in the Little Gem drinking coffee with a few social friends. He was boasting about a good bargain.

"Yes, Ovid, and he said that for only eight dollars cash he'd bought a nearly new rastus plow off Earl Luther Siler!"



NED HILTON

Evil Under the Sun

Continued from page 16

Poirot said, "You will be interested to hear that both you and your wife Christine were easily recognized and picked out by the Surrey police from a group of people photographed here. They identified you both at once as Edward Corrigan and Christine Deverill, the young woman who found the body."

Patrick Redfern had risen. His handsome face was transformed, suffused with blood, blind with rage. It was the face of a killer—of a tiger.

"You damned interfering, murdering, lousy little worm!" he yelled.

He hurled himself forward, his fingers stretching and curling, his voice raving curses, as he fastened his fingers round Hercule Poirot's throat. . . .

POIROT said reflectively:

"It was on a morning when we were sitting out here that we talked of suntanned bodies lying like meat upon a slab and it was then that I reflected how little difference there was between one body and another. If one looked closely and appraisingly—yes—but to the casual glance? One moderately well-made young woman is very like another. Two brown legs, two brown arms, a little piece of bathing suit in between—just a body lying out in the sun. When a woman walks, when she speaks, laughs, turns her head, moves a hand—then, yes then, there is personality—individuality. But in the sun ritual—no.

"It was that day that we spoke of evil—*evil under the sun* as Mr. Lane put it. Mr. Lane is a very sensitive person—evil affects him—he perceives its presence—but though he is a good recording instrument, he did not really know exactly where the evil was. To him, evil was focused in the person of Arlena Marshall and practically everyone present agreed with him.

"But to my mind, though evil was present, it was not centralized in Arlena Marshall at all. It was connected with her, yes—but in a totally different way. I saw her, first, last and all the time, as an eternal and predestined *victim*. Because she was beautiful, because she had glamor, because men turned their heads to look at her, it was assumed that she was the type of woman who wrecked lives and destroyed souls. But I saw her very differently. It was not she who fatally attracted men—it was men who fatally attracted her. She was the type of woman whom men care for easily and of whom they as easily tire. And everything that I was told or found out about her strengthened my conviction on this point.

"The first thing that was mentioned about her was how the man in whose divorce case she had been cited refused to marry her. It was then that Captain Marshall, one of those incurably chivalrous men, stepped in and asked her to marry him. To a shy, retiring man of Captain Marshall's type, a public ordeal of any kind would be the worst torture—hence his love and pity for his first wife who was publicly accused and tried for a murder she had not committed. He married her and found himself amply justified in his estimate of her character. After her death another beautiful woman, perhaps something of the same type (since Linda has red hair which she probably inherited from her mother) is held up to public ignominy.

"Again Marshall performs a rescue act. But this time he finds little to sustain his infatuation. Arlena is stupid, unworthy of his sympathy and protection, mindless. Nevertheless, I think he always had a fairly true vision of her. Long after he ceased to love her and was irked by her presence, he remained sorry for her. She was to him like a child who cannot get farther than a certain page in the book of life.

"I saw in Arlena Marshall, with her passion for men, a predestined prey for an unscrupulous man of a certain type. In Patrick Redfern, with his good looks, his easy assurance, his undeniable charm for women, I recognized at once that type. The adventurer who makes his living, one way or another, out of women. Looking on from my place on the beach I was quite certain that Arlena was Patrick's victim, not the other way about. And I associated that focus of evil with Patrick Redfern, not with Arlena Marshall.

"Arlena had recently come into a large sum of money, left her by an elderly admirer who had not had time to grow tired of her. She was the type of woman who is invariably defrauded of money by some man or other. Miss Brewster mentioned a young man who had been 'ruined' by Arlena, but a letter from him which was found in her room, though it expressed a wish (which cost nothing) to cover her with jewels, in actual *fact* acknowledged a check from *her* by means of which he hoped to escape prosecution. A clear case of a young waster sponging on her.

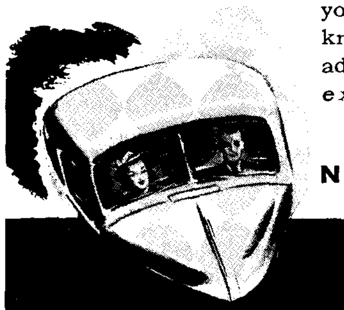
"I have no doubt that Patrick Redfern found it easy to induce her to hand him large sums from time to time 'for investment.' He probably dazzled her with stories of great opportunities—how he would make her fortune and his own. Unprotected women, living alone, are easy preys to that type of man—and he usually escapes scot-free with the booty. If, however, there is a husband, or a brother, or a father about, things are apt to take an unpleasant turn for the swindler. Once Captain Marshall was to find out what had happened to his wife's fortune, Patrick Redfern might expect short shrift.

"That did not worry him, however, because he contemplated quite calmly doing away with her when he judged it necessary—encouraged by having already got away with one murder—that of a young woman whom he had married in the name of Corrigan and whom he had persuaded to insure her life for a large sum.

"In his plans he was aided and abetted by the woman who down here passed as his wife and to whom he was genuinely attached. A young woman as unlike the type of his victims as could well be imagined—cool, calm, passionless, but steadfastly loyal to him and an actress of no mean ability. From the time of her arrival here Christine Redfern played a part, the part of the 'poor little wife'—frail, helpless, intellectual rather than athletic. Actually she was an extremely active young woman who could climb like a cat and run like an athlete.

"THE crime itself was perfectly planned and timed. It was, as I mentioned before, a very slick crime. The timing was a work of genius.

"First of all there were certain preliminary scenes—one played on the cliff ledge when they knew me to be occupying the next recess—a conventional jealous-wife dialogue between her and her husband. Later she played the same part in a scene with me. At the time I remember a vague feeling of having read all this in a book. It did not seem *real*. Because, of course, it was *not* real. Then came the day of the crime. It was a fine day—an essential. Redfern's first act was to slip out very early—by the balcony door which he



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unlocked from the inside (if found open it would only be thought someone had gone for an early bath). Under his bathing wrap he concealed a green Chinese hat, the duplicate of the one Arlena was in the habit of wearing. He slipped across the island, down the ladder and stowed it away in an appointed place behind some rocks. Part I.

"On the previous evening he had arranged a rendezvous with Arlena. They were exercising a good deal of caution about meeting, as Arlena was slightly afraid of her husband. She agreed to go around to Pixy Cove early. Nobody went there in the morning. Redfern was to join her there, taking a chance to slip away unobtrusively. If she heard anyone descending the ladder, or a boat came in sight, she was to slip inside the Pixy's Cave, the secret of which he had told her, and wait there until the coast was clear. Part II.

"In the meantime Christine went to Linda's room at a time when she judged Linda would have gone for her early-morning dip. She would then alter Linda's watch, putting it ahead twenty minutes. There was, of course, a risk that Linda might notice her watch was wrong but it did not much matter if she did. Christine's real alibi was the size of her hands, which made it a physical impossibility for her to have committed the crime. Nevertheless, an additional alibi would be desirable. When in Linda's room, she noticed the book on witchcraft and magic, open at a certain page. She read it and when Linda came in and dropped a parcel of candles she realized what was in Linda's mind. It opened up some new ideas to her. The original idea of the guilty pair had been to cast a reasonable amount of suspicion on Kenneth Marshall, hence the abstracted pipe, a fragment of which was to be planted on the cove underneath the ladder.

"ON LINDA'S return Christine easily arranged an outing together to Gull Cove. She then returned to her own room, took out from a locked suitcase a bottle of artificial sun tan, applied it carefully and threw the empty bottle out of the window where it narrowly escaped hitting Emily Brewster who was bathing. Part III successfully accomplished.

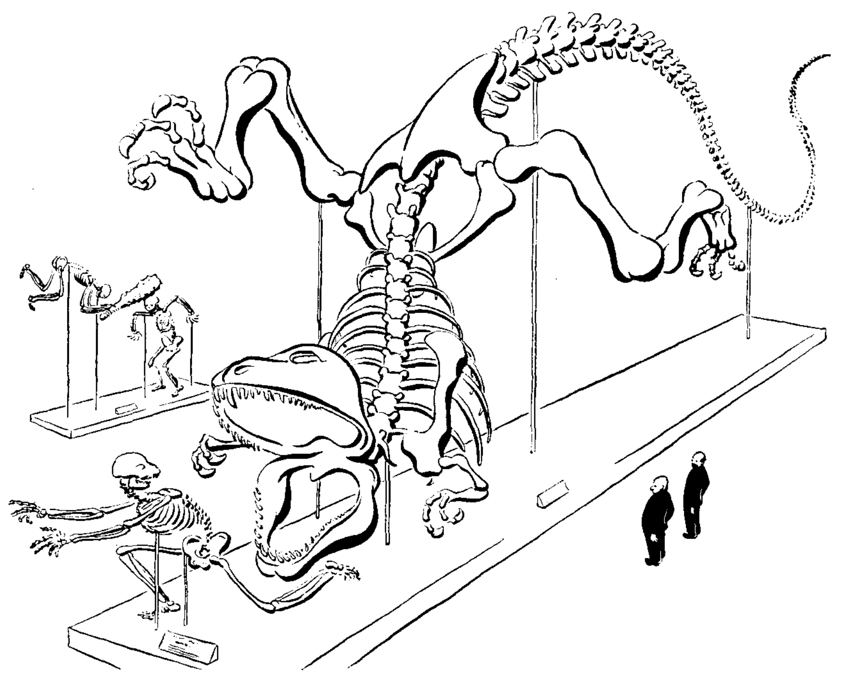
"Christine then dressed herself in a white bathing suit and over it a pair of beach trousers and coat with long, floppy sleeves which effectually concealed her newly browned arms and legs.

"At 10:15 Arlena departed for her rendezvous; a minute or two later Patrick Redfern came down and registered surprise, annoyance, etc. Christine's task was easy enough. Keeping her own watch concealed she asked Linda at twenty-five past eleven what time it was. Linda looked at her watch and replied that it was a quarter to twelve. She then starts down to the sea and Christine packs up her sketching things. As soon as Linda's back is turned Christine picks up the girl's watch which she has necessarily discarded before going into the sea and alters it back to the correct time. Then she hurries up the cliff path, runs across the narrow neck of land to the top of the ladder, strips off her pajamas and shoves them and her sketching box behind a rock and swarms rapidly down the ladder in her best gymnastic fashion.

"Arlena is on the beach below wondering why Patrick is so long in coming. She sees or hears someone on the ladder, takes a cautious observation and to her annoyance sees that inconvenient person—the wife! She hurries along the beach and into the Pixy's Cave.

"Christine takes the hat from its hiding place, a false red curl pinned underneath the brim at the back, and disposes herself in a sprawling attitude with the hat and curl shielding her face and neck. The timing is perfect. A minute or two later the boat containing Patrick and Emily Brewster comes around the point. Remember it is *Patrick* who bends down and examines the body, *Patrick* who is stunned, shocked, broken down by the death of his lady love!

"MISS BREWSTER rows off to fetch the police. Christine, as soon as the boat has disappeared, springs up, cuts the hat into pieces with the scissors Patrick has carefully brought, stuffs them into her bathing suit and swarms up the ladder in double-quick time, slips into her beach pajamas and runs back to the hotel. Just time to have a quick bath, washing off the brown sun-tan application, and into her tennis dress. One other thing she does. She burns the pieces of the green cardboard hat and the hair in Linda's grate, adding a leaf of a calendar so that it may be associated with the cardboard. Not a *hat* but a *calendar* has been burnt. As she suspected, Linda has been experimenting in magic—the blob of wax and the pin show that.



"Adds a little life to the old place, don't you think?"

WILLIAM HAYES

"Then, down to the tennis court, arriving the last, but showing no signs of flurry or haste.

"And, meanwhile, Patrick has gone to the cave. Arlena has seen nothing and heard very little—a boat—voices—she has prudently remained hidden. But now it is Patrick calling.

"'All clear, darling,'" and she comes out and his hands fasten around her neck—and that is the end of poor, foolish, beautiful Arlena Marshall. . . ."

His voice died away.

For a moment there was silence, then Rosamund Darnley said with a little shiver, "Yes, you make one see it all. But that's the story from the other side. You haven't told us how *you* came to get at the truth."

"I told you once," Poirot said, "that I had a very simple mind. Always, from the beginning, it seemed to me that *the most likely person* had killed Arlena Marshall. And the most likely person was Patrick Redfern. He was the type, *par excellence*—the type of the man who exploits women like her, and the type of the killer—the kind of man who will take a woman's savings and cut her throat into the bargain. Who was Arlena going to meet that morning? By the evidence of her face, her smile, her words to me—*Patrick Redfern*. And, therefore, in the very nature of things, it should be Patrick Redfern who killed her.

"But at once I came up, as I told you, against impossibility. Patrick Redfern could not have killed her since he was on the beach and in Miss Brewster's company until the actual discovery of the body. So I looked about for other solutions—and there were several. She could have been killed by her husband—with Miss Darnley's connivance. (They too had both lied as to one point which looked suspicious.) She could have been killed as a result of her having stumbled on the secret of the dope smuggling. She could have been killed, as I said, by a religious maniac, and she could have been killed by her stepdaughter. The latter seemed to me at one time to be the real solution. Linda's manner in her very first interview with the police was significant. An interview that I had with her later assured me of one point. Linda considered herself guilty."

"You mean she imagined that she had actually killed Arlena?"

Hercule Poirot nodded. "Yes. Remember—she is really little more than a child. She read that book on witchcraft and she half believed it. She hated Arlena. She deliberately made the wax doll, cast her spell, pierced it to the heart, melted it away—*and that very day Arlena Marshall died*. Older and wiser people than Linda have believed fervently in magic. Naturally she believed that it was all true—that by using magic she had killed her stepmother."

ROSAMUND cried, "Oh, poor child, poor child. And I thought—I imagined—something quite different—that she knew something which would—"

Rosamund stopped.

"I know what it was you thought," Poirot said. "Actually your manner frightened Linda still further. She believed that her action had really brought about Arlena's death and that you knew it. Christine Redfern worked on her too, introducing the idea of the sleeping tablets to her mind, showing her the way to a speedy and painless expiation of her crime. You see, once Captain Marshall was proved to have an alibi, it was vital for a new suspect to be found. Neither she nor her husband knew about the dope smuggling. They fixed on Linda to be the scapegoat."

"What a devil!" Rosamund said.

Poirot nodded.

"Yes, you are right. A cold-blooded and cruel woman. For me, I was in great difficulty. Was Linda guilty only of the childish attempt at witchcraft, or had her hate carried her still farther—to the actual act? I tried to get her to confess to me. But it was no good. At that moment I was in grave uncertainty. The chief constable was inclined to accept the dope-smuggling explanation. I could let it go at that. I went over the facts again very carefully. I had, you see, a collection of jigsaw-puzzle pieces, isolated happenings—plain facts. The whole must fit into a complete and harmonious pattern.

"There were the scissors found on the beach—a bottle thrown from a window—a bath that no one would admit to having taken—all perfectly harmless occurrences in themselves, but rendered significant by the fact that no one would admit to them. Therefore, they *must* be of significance. Nothing about them fitted in with the theories of either Captain Marshall's or Linda's or of a dope gang's being responsible. And yet they *must* have meaning. I went back again to my first solution—that Patrick Redfern had committed the murder. Was there anything in support of that? Yes, the fact that a very large sum of money was missing from Arlena's account. Who had got that money? Patrick Redfern, of course.

"ARLENA was the type of woman easily swindled by a handsome young man—but she was not at all the type of woman to be blackmailed. She was far too transparent, not good enough at keeping a secret. The blackmailer story had never rung true to my mind. And yet there *had* been that conversation overheard—ah, but overheard by whom? *Patrick Redfern's wife*. It was her story—unsupported by any outside evidence. Why was it invented? The answer came to me like lightning: To account for the absence of Arlena's money!

"Patrick and Christine Redfern. The two of them were in it together. Christine hadn't the physical strength to strangle her or the mental make-up. No, it was Patrick who had done it—but that was impossible! Every minute of his time was accounted for until the body was found.

"Body—the word body stirred something in my mind—bodies lying on the beach—*all alike*. Patrick Redfern and Emily Brewster had got to the cove and seen *a body* lying there. A body—suppose it was not Arlena's body but somebody else's? The face was hidden by the great Chinese hat.

"But there *was* only one dead body—Arlena's. Then, could it be—a *live* body—someone pretending to be dead? Could it be Arlena herself, inspired by Patrick to play some kind of a joke. I shook my head—no, too risky. A live body—whose? Was there any woman who would help Redfern? Of course—his wife. But she was a white-skinned, delicate creature—Ah, yes, but sun tan can be applied out of bottles—bottles—a bottle—I had one of my jigsaw pieces. Yes, and afterward, of course, a bath—to wash that telltale stain off before she went out to play tennis. And the scissors? Why, to cut up that duplicate cardboard hat—an unwieldy thing that must be got out of the way, and in the haste the scissors were left behind.

"But where was Arlena all the time? That again was perfectly clear. Either Rosamund Darnley or Arlena Marshall had been in the Pixy's Cave, the scent they both used told me that. It was certainly not Rosamund Darnley. Then it was Arlena, hiding till the coast should clear.

"When Emily Brewster went off in the boat, Patrick had the beach to himself and full opportunity to commit the crime. Arlena Marshall was killed after a quarter to twelve but the medical evidence was only concerned with the earliest possible time the crime could have been committed. That Arlena was dead

"Don't you call *me* an old fogey!"

"LISTEN, pip-squeak!" spluttered the pipe with the general's head. "It's not being new and shiny that counts in a pipe!

"It's being old and mellow. It's being used and loved . . . it's being prized . . . it's the friendship of the fragrant smoke you bring. That's what counts!

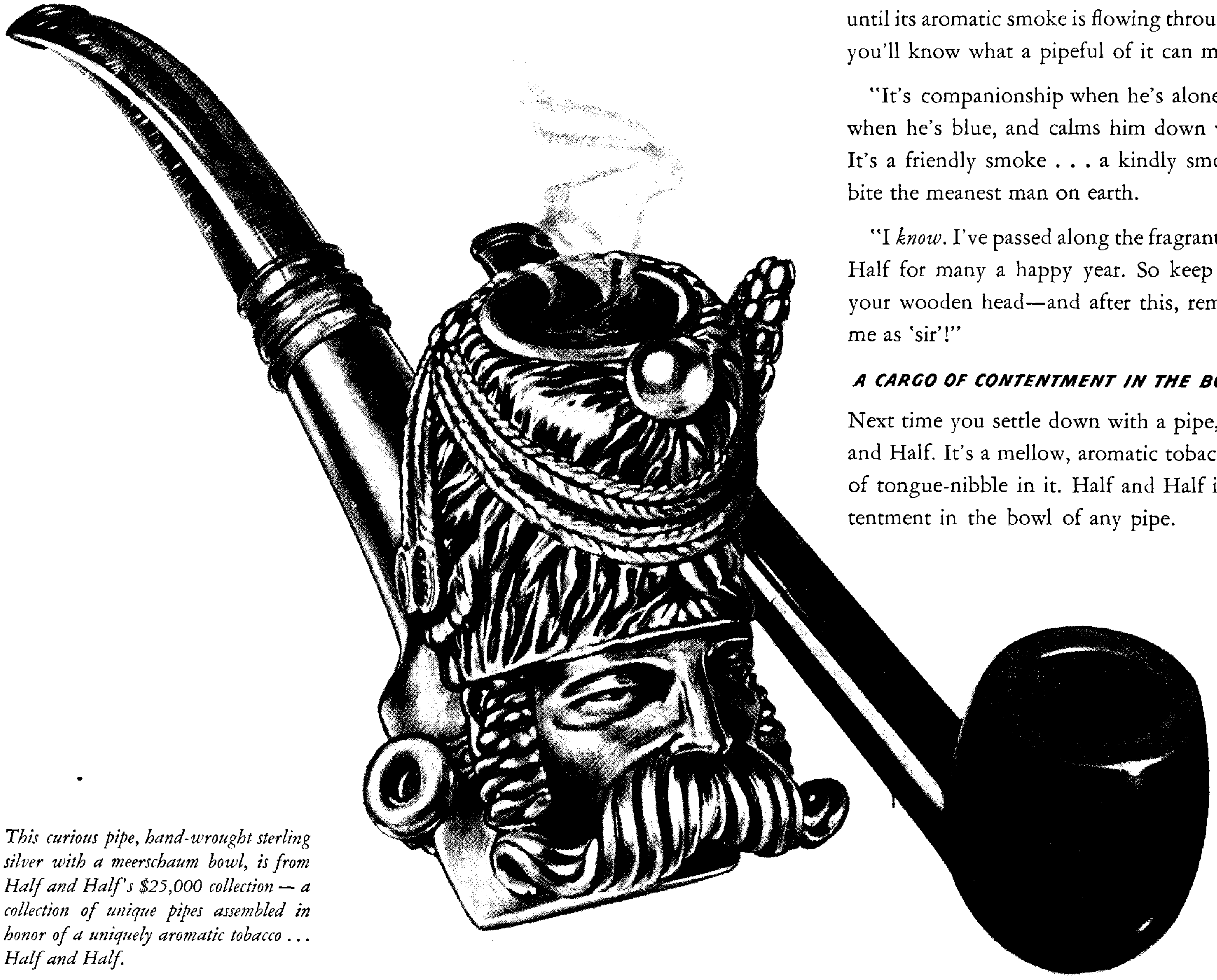
"Just wait until you're filled with Half and Half. Wait until its aromatic smoke is flowing through *your* stem. *Then* you'll know what a pipeful of it can mean to a man!

"It's companionship when he's alone. It comforts him when he's blue, and calms him down when he's edge-y. It's a friendly smoke . . . a kindly smoke that wouldn't bite the meanest man on earth.

"I *know*. I've passed along the fragrant cheer of Half and Half for many a happy year. So keep a civil tongue in your wooden head—and after this, remember to address me as 'sir'!"

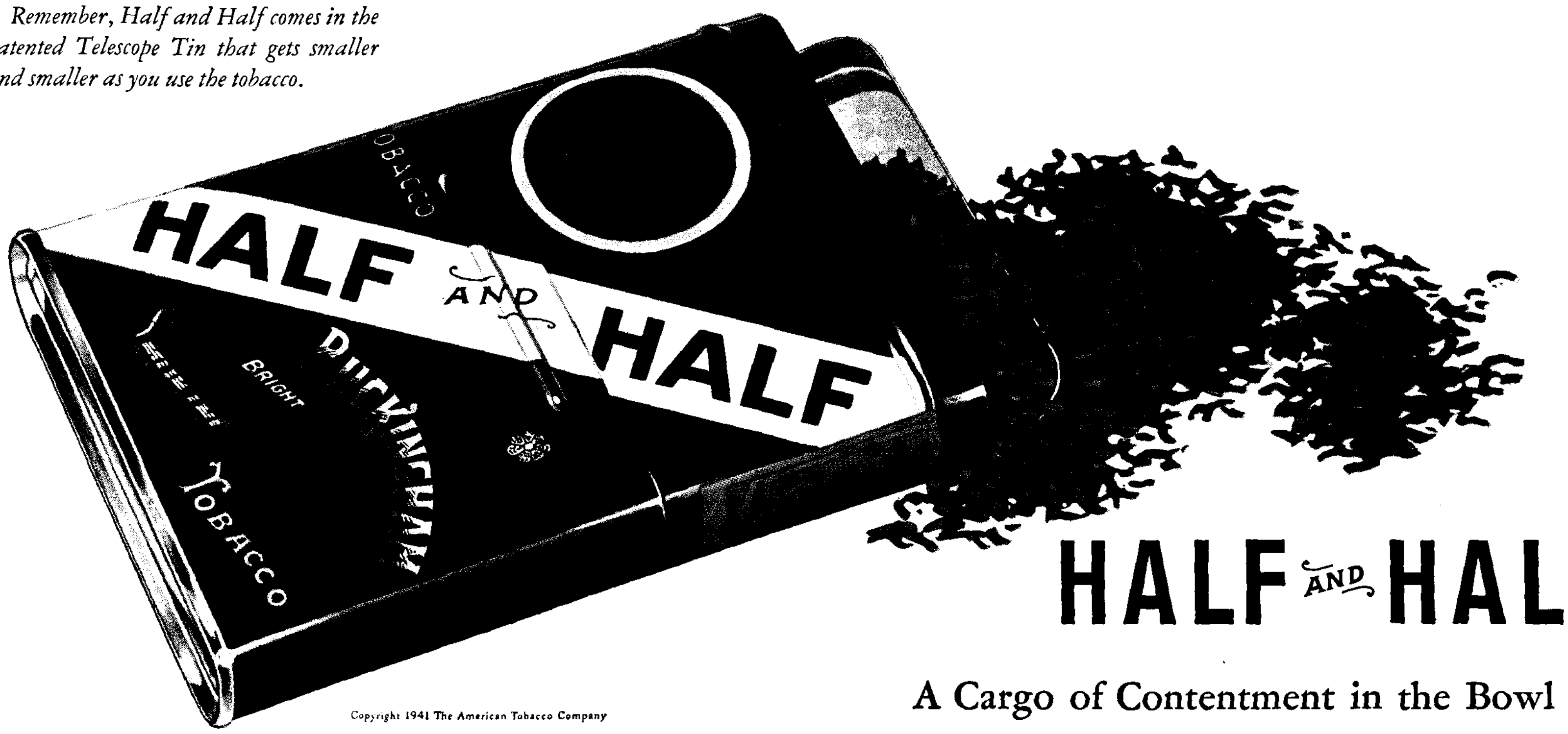
A CARGO OF CONTENTMENT IN THE BOWL OF ANY PIPE

Next time you settle down with a pipe, load it with Half and Half. It's a mellow, aromatic tobacco, without a hint of tongue-nibble in it. Half and Half is a cargo of contentment in the bowl of any pipe.



This curious pipe, hand-wrought sterling silver with a meerschaum bowl, is from Half and Half's $25,000 collection — a collection of unique pipes assembled in honor of a uniquely aromatic tobacco . . . Half and Half.

Remember, Half and Half comes in the patented Telescope Tin that gets smaller and smaller as you use the tobacco.



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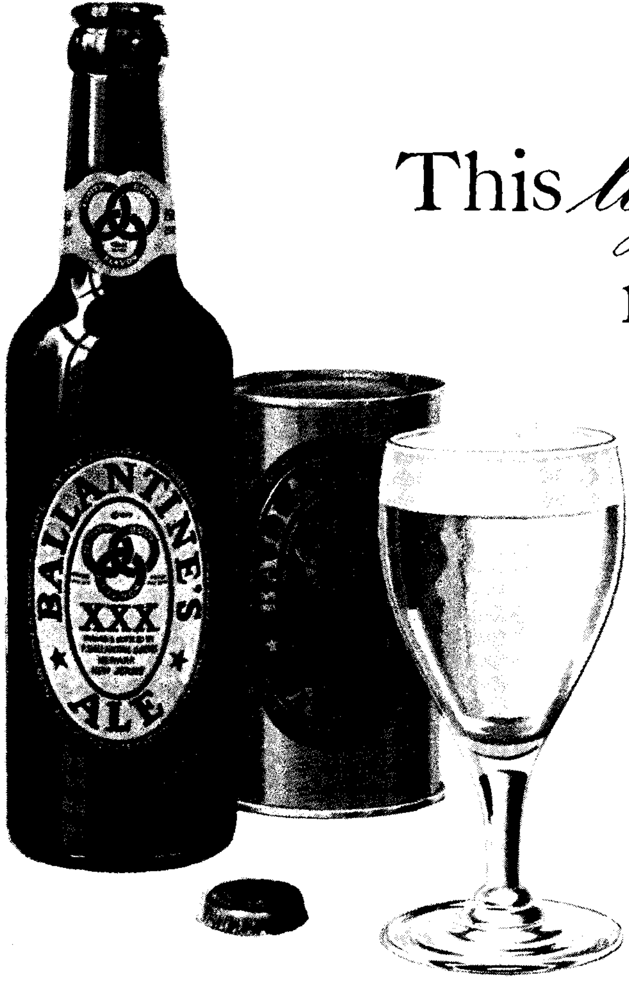
HALF AND HALF

A Cargo of Contentment in the Bowl of any Pipe

Early American Sign



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After draining his first glass of Ballantine's Ale, a beer drinker's a changed man. Ale "too heavy" a drink for him? Not any more! In Ballantine's, he's found a *light* ale.

And will he ever again be satisfied with anything less than the superb Ballantine *flavor*—resulting from the finest of ale yeasts? It's not likely!

Nor will you—once you've sampled *your* first bottle of Ballantine's. Look for the famous 3-RING trademark standing for PURITY, BODY, FLAVOR—and call for Ballantine's Ale . . . today. Costs no more than the better beers. Sold coast to coast.

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America's largest selling Ale

at a quarter to twelve was what was told to the doctor, not what he told the police.

"Two more points had to be settled. Linda Marshall's evidence gave Christine Redfern an alibi. Yes, but that evidence depended on Linda Marshall's wrist watch. All that was needed was to prove that Christine had had two opportunities of tampering with the watch. I found those easily enough. She had been alone in Linda's room that morning—and there was an indirect proof. Linda was heard to say that she was 'afraid she was going to be late,' but when she got down it was only twenty-five past ten by the lounge clock. The second opportunity was easy—she could alter the watch back again as soon as Linda turned her back and went down to bathe.

"Then there was the question of the ladder. Christine had always declared she had no head for heights. Another carefully prepared lie.

"I had my mosaic now—each piece beautifully fitted into its place. But, unfortunately, I had no definite proof. It was all in my mind.

"IT WAS then that an idea came to me. There was an assurance—a slickness about the crime. I had no doubt that in the future Patrick Redfern would repeat his crime. What about the past? It was remotely possible that this was not his first killing. The method employed, strangulation, was in harmony with his nature—a killer for pleasure as well as for profit. If he was already a murderer I was sure that he would have used the same means.

"I asked Inspector Colgate for a list of women victims of strangulation. The result filled me with joy. The death of Nellie Parsons, found strangled in a lonely copse, might or might not be Patrick Redfern's work—it might merely have suggested choice of locality to him, but in Alice Corrigan's death I found exactly what I was looking for. In essence the same method. Juggling with time—a murder committed not, as is the usual way, *before* it is supposed to have happened, but *afterward.* A body supposedly discovered at a quarter past four. A husband with an alibi up to twenty-five past four.

"What really happened? It was said that Edward Corrigan arrived at the Pine Ridge, found his wife was not there *and went out and walked up and down.* Actually, of course, he ran full speed to the rendezvous, Caesar's Grove (which you will remember was quite near by) killed her and returned to the café. The girl hiker who reported the crime was a most respectable young lady, games' mistress in a well-known girls' school. Apparently she had no connection with Edward Corrigan. She had to walk some way to report the death. The police surgeon only examined the body at a quarter to six. As in this case the time of death was accepted without question.

"I made one final test. I must know definitely if Mrs. Redfern was a liar. I arranged our little excursion to Dartmoor. If anyone has a bad head for heights, they are never comfortable crossing a narrow bridge over running water. Miss Brewster, a genuine sufferer, showed giddiness. But Christine Redfern, unconcerned, ran across without a qualm. It was a small point, but it was a definite test. If she had told one unnecessary lie—then all the other lies were possible. In the meantime Colgate had got the photograph identified by the Surrey police. I played my hand in the only way I thought likely to succeed. Having lulled Patrick Redfern into security, I turned on him and did my utmost to make him lose his self-control. The knowledge that he had been identified with Corrigan caused him to lose his head completely."

Hercule Poirot stroked his throat reminiscently.

"What I did," he said with importance, "was exceedingly dangerous—but I do not regret it. I succeeded! I did not suffer in vain."

There was a moment's silence. Then Mrs. Gardener gave a deep sigh. "Why, M. Poirot," she said. "It's just been too wonderful—hearing just exactly how you got your results. It's every bit as fascinating as a lecture on criminology—in fact, it *is* a lecture on criminology. And to think my magenta wool and that sun-bathing conversation actually had something to do with it! That really makes me too excited for words and I'm sure Mr. Gardener feels the same, don't you, Odell?"

"Yes, darling," said Mr. Gardener.

Hercule Poirot said, "Mr. Gardener too was of assistance to me. I wanted the opinion of a sensible man about Mrs. Marshall. I asked Mr. Gardener what he thought of her."

"Is that so?" said Mrs. Gardener. "And what did you say about her, Odell?"

Mr. Gardener coughed. "Well, darling," he said, "I never did think very much of her, you know."

"That's the kind of thing men always say to their wives," said Mrs. Gardener. "And if you ask me, even M. Poirot here is what I should call a shade on the indulgent side about her, calling her a natural victim and all that. Of course it's true that she wasn't a cultured woman at all, and as Captain Marshall isn't here I don't mind saying that she did seem to me kind of dumb. I said so to Mr. Gardener, didn't I, Odell?"

"Yes, darling," said Mr. Gardener.

LINDA MARSHALL sat with Hercule Poirot on Gull Cove. "Of course," she said, "I'm glad I didn't die after all. But you know, M. Poirot, it's just the same as if I'd killed her, isn't it? I meant to."

Hercule Poirot said energetically:

"It is not at all the same thing. The wish to kill and the action of killing are two different things. If in your bedroom instead of a little wax figure you had had your stepmother bound and helpless and a dagger in your hand instead of a pin, you would not have pushed it into her heart! Something within you would have said 'No.' It is the same with me. I enrage myself at an imbecile. I say, 'I would like to kick him.' Instead, I kick the table. I say, 'This table, it is the imbecile, I kick him so.' And then, if I have not hurt my toe too much, I feel much better and the table it is not usually damaged. But if the imbecile himself were there I should not kick him.

"To make the wax figures and stick in the pins it is silly, yes, it is childish, yes—but it does something useful too. You took the hate out of yourself and put it into that little figure. And with the pin and the fire you destroyed—not your stepmother—but the hate you bore her. Afterward, even before you heard of her death, you felt cleansed, did you not—you felt lighter—happier?"

Linda nodded. "How did you know?" she said. "That's just how I did feel."

Poirot said, "Then do not repeat to yourself the imbecilities. Just make up your mind not to hate your next stepmother."

Linda said, startled, "Do you think I'm going to have another? Oh, I see, you mean Rosamund. I don't mind her." She hesitated a minute. "She's *sensible.*"

It was not the adjective that Poirot himself would have selected for Rosamund Darnley, but he realized that it was Linda's idea of high praise.

KENNETH MARSHALL said, "Rosamund, did you get some extraordinary idea into your head that I'd killed Arlena?"

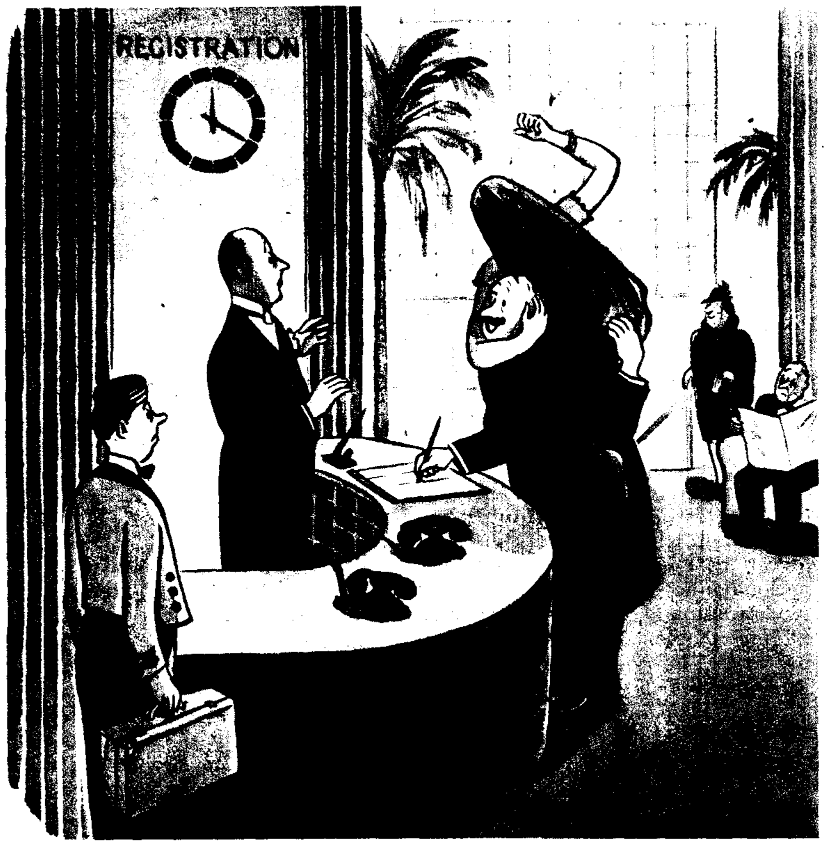
Rosamund looked rather shamefaced. "I suppose I was a fool," she said.

"Of course you were."

"Yes, but Ken, you are such an oyster. I never knew what you really felt about Arlena. I didn't know if you accepted her as she was and were just frightfully decent about her, or whether you—well, just believed in her blindly. And I thought if it was that and you suddenly found out that she was letting you down you might go mad with rage."

"So you thought I just took her by the throat and throttled the life out of her?"

"Well—yes—that's just exactly what



"Come to think of it, I suppose it does look rather suspicious"

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I did think. And your alibi seemed a bit on the light side. That's when I suddenly decided to take a hand and made up that silly story about seeing you typing in your room. And when I heard that you said you'd seen me look in—well, that made me quite sure you'd done it. That, and Linda's queerness."

Kenneth Marshall said with a sigh, "Don't you realize that I said I'd seen you in the mirror in order to back up *your* story. I—I thought you needed it corroborated."

Rosamund stared at him. "You don't mean you thought that I killed your wife?"

Kenneth Marshall shifted uneasily. He mumbled, "Dash it all, Rosamund, don't you remember how you nearly killed that boy about that dog once? How you hung on to his throat and wouldn't let go."

"But that was years ago."

"Yes, I know—"

Rosamund said sharply, "What earthly motive do you think I had to kill Arlena?"

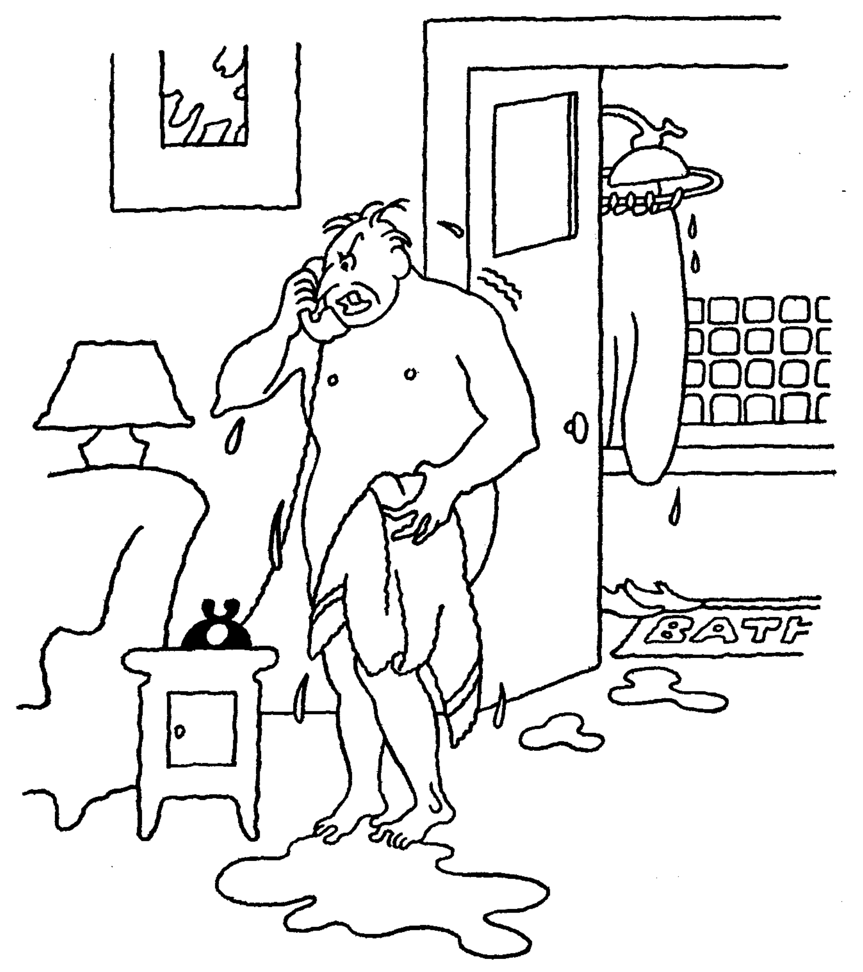
HIS glance shifted. He mumbled something again.

Rosamund cried, "Ken, you mass of conceit! You thought I killed her out of altruism on your behalf, did you? Or—or did you think I killed her because I wanted you myself?"

"Not at all," said Kenneth Marshall indignantly. "But you know what you said that day—about Linda and everything—and—and you seemed to care what happened to me."

"I've always cared about that," Rosamund said.

"I believe you have. You know, Rosamund—I can't usually talk about things—I'm not good at talking—but I'd like to get this clear. I didn't care for Arlena—only just a little at first—and living with her day after day was a pretty nerve-racking business. In fact, it was absolute hell, but I *was* awfully sorry for her. She was such a damned fool—crazy about men—she just couldn't help it—and they always let her down and treated her rottenly. I simply felt I couldn't be the one to give her the final push."



"No, I haven't got a pencil and paper handy! Suppose you just give me your message and let me forget it"

GARDNER REA

"It's all right, Ken," Rosamund said gently. "I understand now."

Kenneth Marshall carefully filled a pipe. He mumbled, "You're—pretty good at understanding, Rosamund."

A faint smile curved Rosamund's ironic mouth.

"Are you going to ask me to marry you now, Ken," she said, "or are you determined to wait six months?"

KENNETH MARSHALL'S pipe dropped from his lips and crashed on the rocks below. He said, "Damn, that's the second pipe I've lost down here. And I haven't got another with me. How the devil did you know I'd fixed six months as the proper time?"

"I suppose because it *is* the proper time. But I'd rather have something definite now, please. Because in the intervening months you may come across some other persecuted female and rush to the rescue in chivalrous fashion again."

He laughed. "You're going to be the persecuted female this time, Rosamund. You're going to give up that dressmaking business of yours and we're going to live in the country."

"Don't you know that I make a very handsome income out of my business? Don't you realize that it's *my* business—that I created it and worked it up and that I'm proud of it! And you've got the nerve to come along and say, 'Give it all up, dear.'"

"I've got the nerve to say it, yes."

"And you think I care enough for you to do it?"

"If you don't," said Kenneth Marshall, "you'd be no good to me."

Rosamund said softly, "Oh, my dear, I've wanted to live in the country with you all my life. Now—it's going to come true . . ."

Our New Army

Continued from page 25

sweethearts, or not likin' Sunday dessert, or gettin' a little bit cold."

"What d'you mean—gettin' a little bit cold?" demanded Pvt. Aaron Gilman of Bell Harbor, Long Island. "When we first get here they put us in winterized tents that don't even have tar paper over the wooden baseboards, and what d'you suppose goes on? I have a bottle of milk in my tent the night the mercury hits bottom and when I wake up I don't know whether I am me or the bottle. Both of us are frozen stiff!"

"That's better," said the Corp. Berg. "Pretty good, in fact. But you got to do it all the time."

●

SOUTHEAST: If you think that getting a camp going is just a matter of tossing together a few one-story buildings, dusting off a drill field and filling same with men, take a look at some Fort Meade statistics. Preparing for more than 25,000 trainees, National Guardsmen and regulars, this Maryland camp's program calls for more than 1,200 new buildings, fifty miles of sewer and water lines, twenty miles of new roads and high-power transmission lines capable of carrying up to 13,000 volts. Lumber has been coming in at the lively rate of 1,000,000 feet a day, making some of the builders and construction engineers feel they've been in the chicken-coop business up to now.

Things are humming in Norfolk, Va., too. A combination of Navy construction, defense training and Coast Guard work is turning Norfolk into a boom town that has the local gentry bug-eyed. Last year's census gave the city credit for 143,000 men, women and children but that figure has already skipped past the 175,000 mark and may reach 200,000. If and when it does, Norfolk will become the biggest town in Virginia, taking the honor away from Richmond, which now claims 190,000 assorted citizens. Norfolk is the site of important Navy yards; trainees and regulars are making Fort Story bulge at Cape Henry, five miles away, and the Coast Guard has growing pains at Camp Pendleton, two miles south of Virginia Beach. You wouldn't know the old places.

The light cream and pale gray color scheme of the country's defense cantonments started at Fort Meyer, Maryland. Paint experts had the meemies about it at first because this particular combination requires quantities of sienna (from Italy) and umber (from Turkey), but a checkup showed enough of these pigments in the U. S. to take care of the works. The Army fooled around with several combinations before they conceived the light cream-pale gray number; then they asked President Roosevelt to look it over and say what he thought. He thought it was fine; so trainees who think otherwise and want to say so will have to direct their squawks to the White House.

●

NEW ENGLAND: Take one part of snow, melt slightly, then freeze until the surface is glassy. Add twelve inches of heavy wet snow. Result: New England Draft Weather. At Fort Devens a lot of erstwhile civilians are suffering from severe head and chest colds—they call it Fort Devens T. B.—but the weather can't take the rap for the whole business. Officers and old soldiers agree it's partly due to faulty heating systems in some of the hastily built temporary barracks, and they're pretty sure the Army won't officially accept several of the buildings now being tried out at the Reception Center.

Anyway, life goes on at Fort Devens. When the mercury finally stopped at 18 degrees below, one recent morning, officers marched the selectees to a large building for indoor instruction. Later in the day an athletic period appeared on the schedule. What did the men elect to do? They decided to go outside and take off their overcoats and play football.

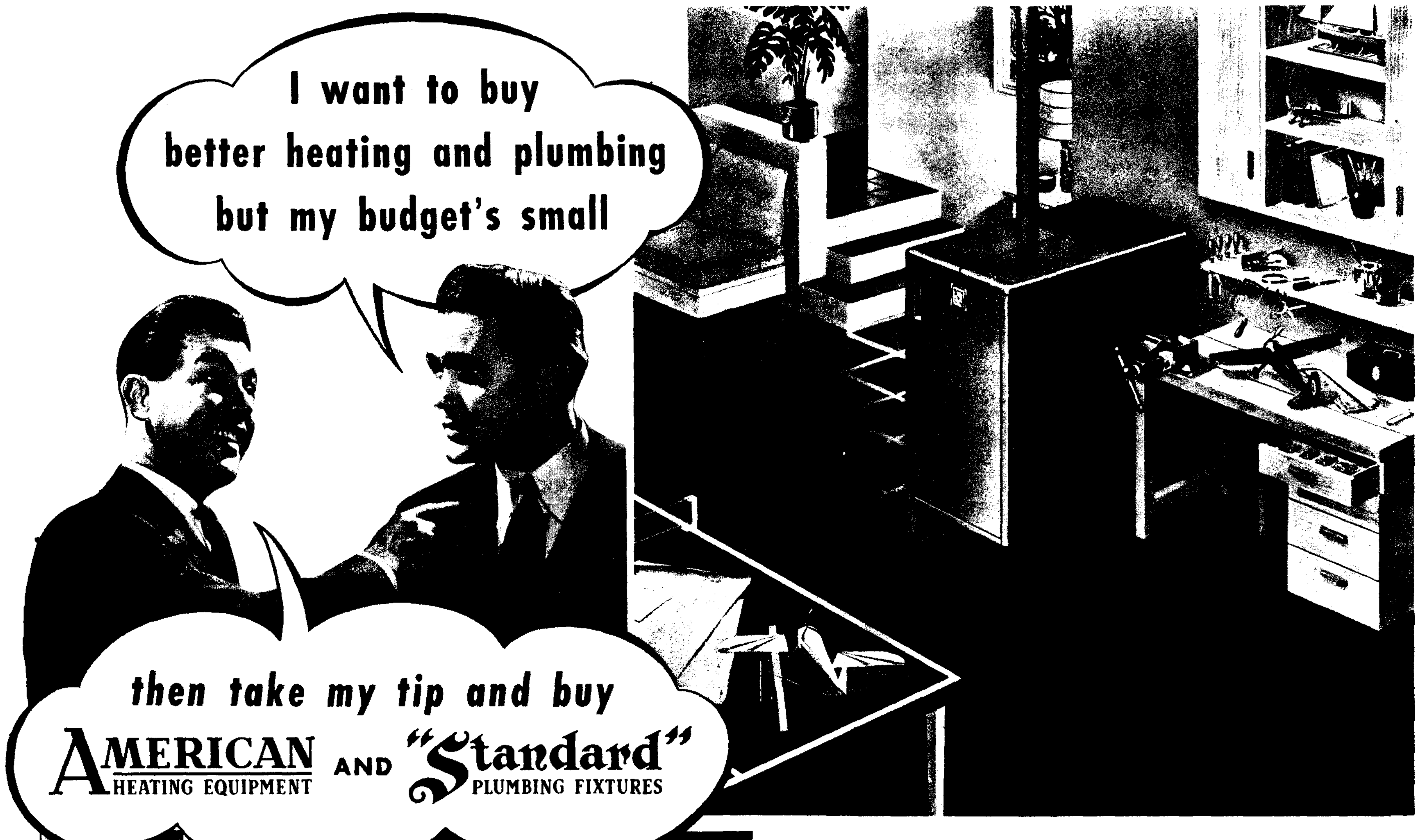
One of them might have been Pvt. Lester Connors of Billerica, Massachusetts, who fatalistically admits to being a veteran of more than one phase of the national emergency program. "When the construction work got under way here," he explains, "I got a job as timekeeper at $41 a week. My pal got a job, too, and he used to drive me to and from work. Then in November he was drafted and I had a hell of a time getting back and forth, so I thought I might as well volunteer and let the Army take over my transportation worries." It's working out fine, he says.

Lieut. Patrick M. Hollis, requisition assignment officer at the Fort Devens Reception Center, was enthusiastic as he thumbed through the batch of selectees' classification cards. "These fellows," he maintained, "make swell material. Eighty per cent of them are skilled tradesmen or have received some sort of higher education. It only runs about forty per cent among Regular Army recruits. Take this Edward Alford of Brookline. He's a graduate of Milton Academy and Harvard University, where he majored in psychology. He's an interior decorator, has bought Chinese porcelain for collectors, written short stories, done social work, even some acting. He's got brains. That's the great thing about these classification cards—they show it. That was the trouble with the old system—it didn't distinguish between these fellows and basics."

Whenever he is asked to define the word basics, Lieut. Hollis always smiles. "Basics are cannon fodder," he tells you with a cheerful smile.

●

EVERYWHERE: It's an old one, but still the worst insult you can toss at an Army officer. Just call him "a gentleman by act of Congress" and then duck—fast. . . . Some of the new soldiers are digging into the Army's more literary manuals and finding out things such as: Mess is from the French *mets,* a dish of food; a bayonet is so called because it was first made at Bayonne; the howitzer gets its odd name from the Czech word *houfnice,* a catapult; and a bachelor isn't an unmarried male but a novice at arms. A sap isn't what they think it is, either. It's a narrow trench. . . .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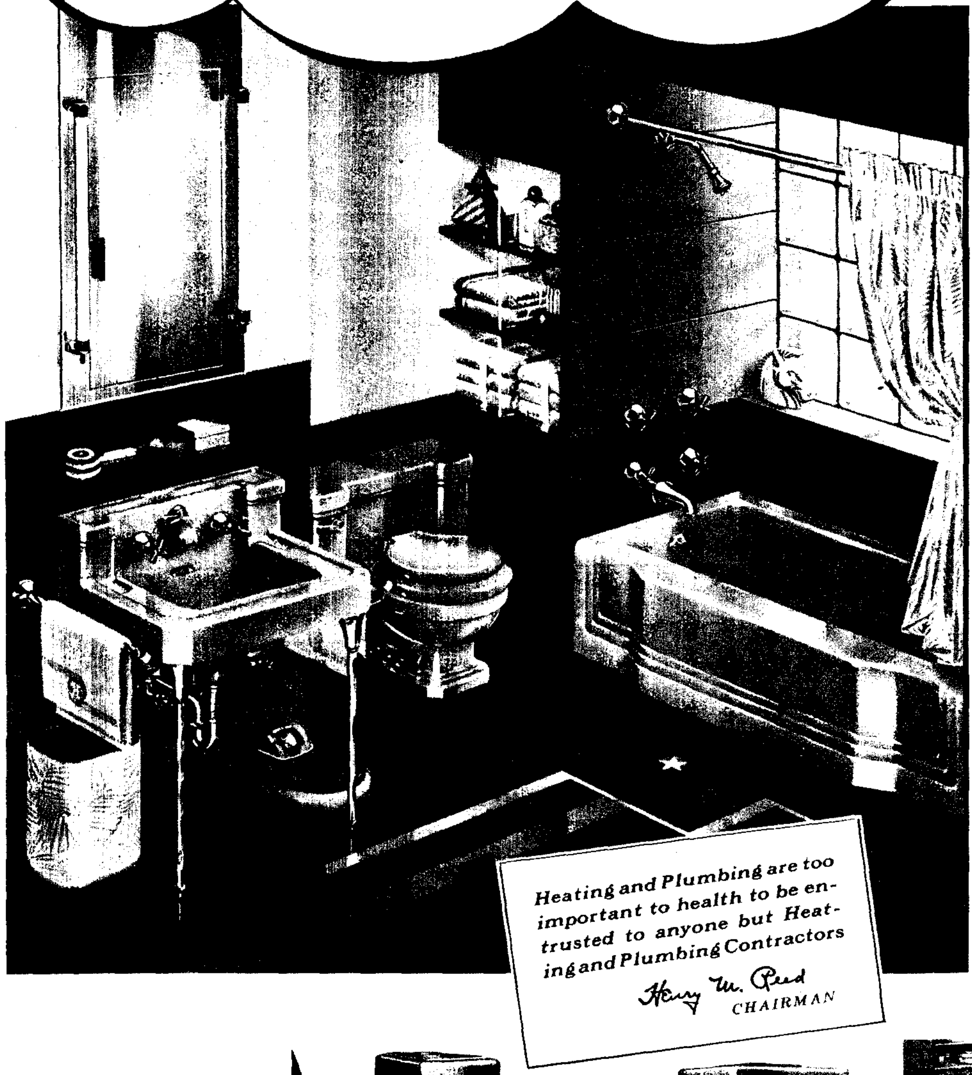

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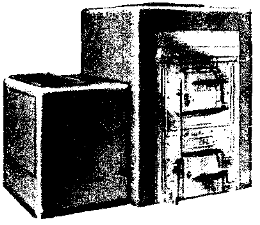

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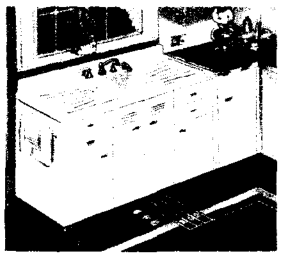

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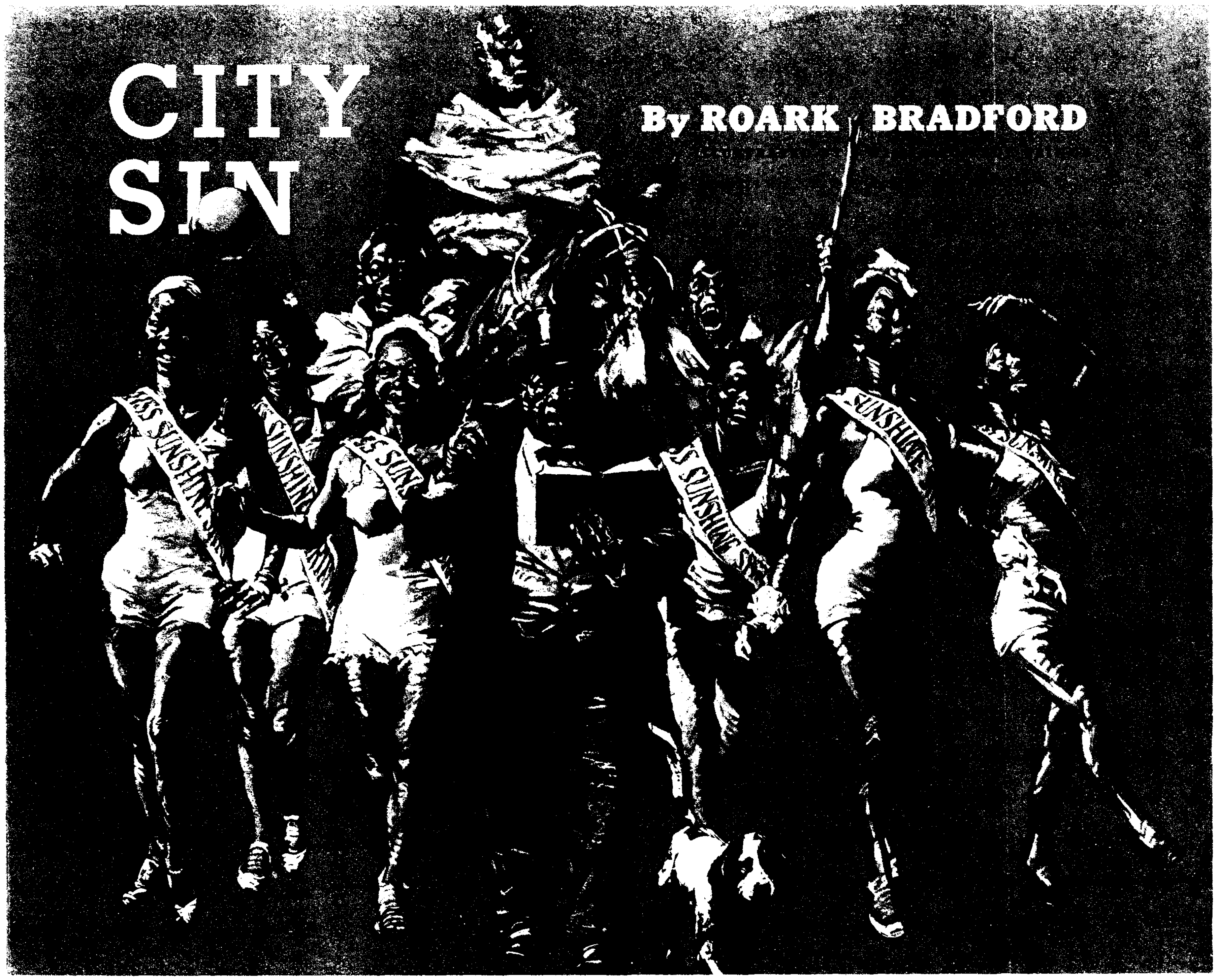
CITY SIN

By ROARK BRADFORD



"Mankind!" Bugaboo shouted. "Dis pe-rade is a dog! Me an' Iron Man must be de Royal Inner Gyard, or somethin'!"

Sin-Splitting Samuel does the preaching, and Bugaboo Jones and Iron Man take care of the fighting

THE whistle of the John D. Grace gave two throaty blasts, the pilot spun the big wheel and the boat turned her nose from midchannel of the Mississippi River toward the bank. Half a mile away, a man astride a mule was waving his hat frantically.

Iron Man, lying flat on his back on the forward main deck, tapped his harmonica and sighed. "Town name of Bayou Sara used to be along 'bout hyar, befo' she drapped in de river."

Bugaboo Jones raised on his elbow, looked, shook his head and looked again. He frowned and turned to his friend. "You look, Iron Man," he begged, "and den tell me I don't see what I sees."

Iron Man looked. "You's right, Bugaboo," he said sadly.

The steamboat touched shore and was held nose-on by the stern wheel's slow churning. The plank was lowered quickly and the man rode down. As the mule's foot touched the deck, the gangplank was hoisted, the wheel reversed and the boat backed toward the channel.

Captain Cooley walked to the rail of the hurricane deck above.

"Howdy, Splitter," he greeted. "Which-away?"

The Reverend Sin-Splitting Samuel, still astride old Balaam, his bony sorrel mule, pushed the flopping brim of his black hat from his eyes and looked upward. "Howdy, Cap'm Cooley," he returned. "Dis time, suh, I'm bound for N'Awlins."

"That far? I thought you never went south of Baton Rouge."

"I ain't never been dar yit," the preacher said, "but now I'm got de call dat de guv'mer done tore down de ole Basin Districk in N'Awlins and done built some bran'-new slumses."

"I have heard of some such activity," the captain said.

"So I and ole Balaam hyar got de call to revive de sin outn dat place."

The steamboat captain chuckled. He had been familiar with the evangelistic career of Sin-Splitting Samuel for nearly half a century.

"North Louisiana made a short cotton crop, this fall," Captain Cooley pointed out, "but I didn't figure times were hard enough to run you clear to New Orleans."

The Sin Splitter grinned. "Whar hit ain't no money, hit ain't no sin," he said.

"And speaking of that," the captain told him, "fare for you and your mule will be five dollars."

"Yassuh," the preacher said without hesitation. "I'll send hit right up by one er de boys."

THE captain returned to his rocking chair and the Sin Splitter dismounted. He passed the cotton rope rein to a young roustabout named Sylvester. "Take Balaam back er de b'iler and bus' open a bale er dat hay," the preacher ordered.

Sylvester was new on the river and the Sin Splitter was new to Sylvester. "You makes kind er free wid yuther people's time," Sylvester protested. "Who feed yo' mule when you ain't on de boat?"

The Splitter glared and walked away, leaving Sylvester acutely unhappy.

"I don't like dat kind er man," Sylvester complained.

"Sho you don't," Iron Man told him. "Don't nobody like him. But you gonter feed his mule and de mate gonter ketch you bus'in' open a bale er dat cargo hay and he gonter take a dollar outn yo' pay. You ain't fixin' to like dat, neither, but dat's de way hit's gonter be."

"Not me," Sylvester said firmly.

"You and yo' brother bofe, efn you got a brother," Iron Man assured him. "Cause you's ridin' wid Sin-Splittin' Samuel."

"Few white folks and no nigger a-tall kin do me like dat," Sylvester argued. "Ain't no man kin—"

"You's right," Iron Man interrupted. "He ain't no man. He might be a angel wid hawns or he might be a devil wid wings. But he gits what he wants."

"And de mule, too," Bugaboo put in. "Efn you don't give dat ole jackass de best hay on de boat, he'll kick you plum 'cross de river."

Sylvester, grumbling, led Balaam aft. Iron Man and Bugaboo lay down again.

Iron Man's harmonica had barely touched his lips and Bugaboo's eyes had scarcely closed, when the Sin Splitter poked his hat toward them. "Y'all boys hyared de cap'm," he reminded them. "Five dollars for me and Balaam's fare to N'Awlins. Gimme some loose change to start de collection."

Groaning, Iron Man emptied his pockets. Bugaboo, following the lead, started to do the same when he recalled that he would need a dime for tobacco

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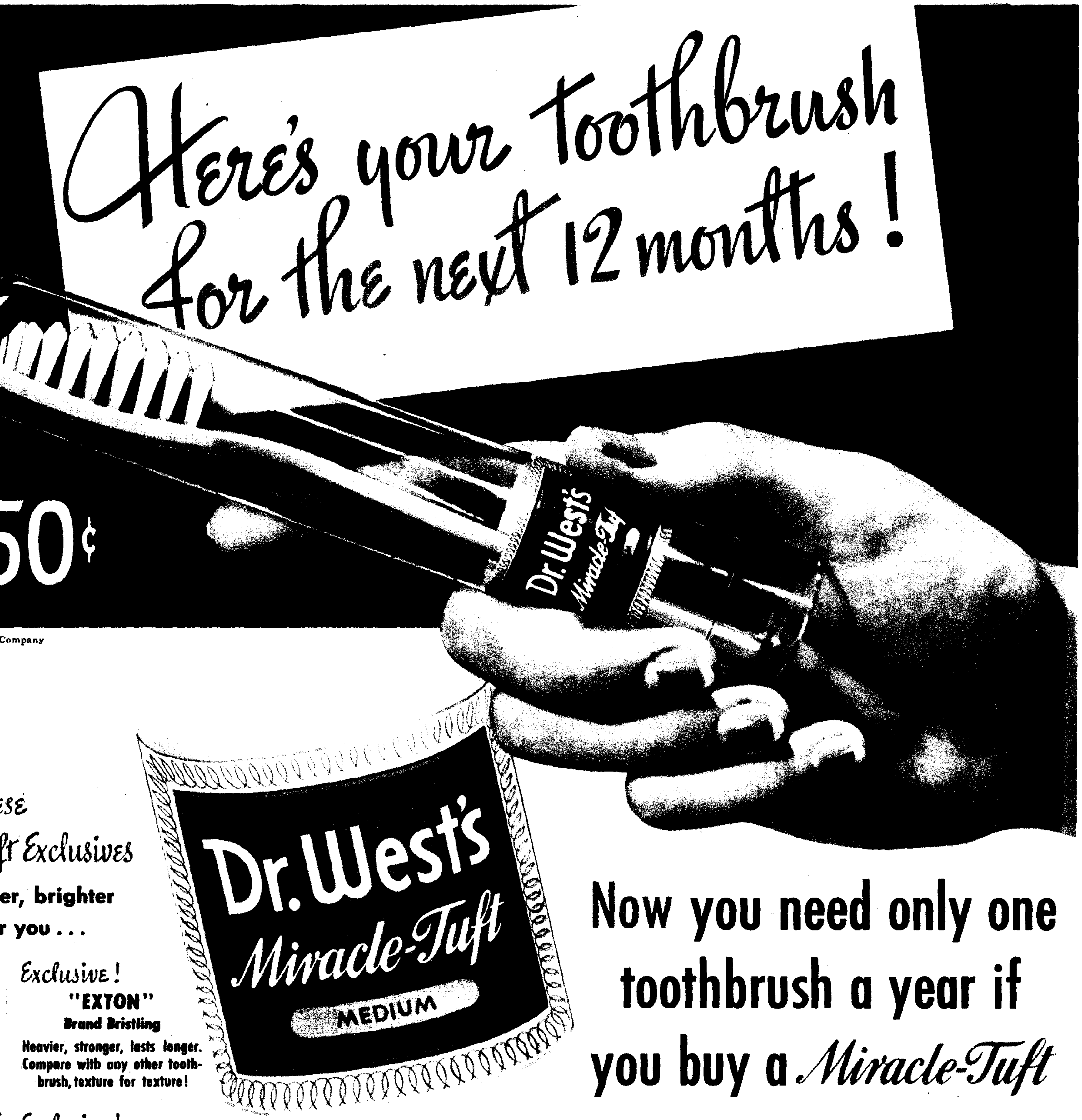

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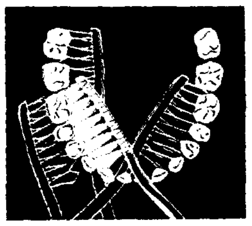

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before tomorrow's payday. Deftly, he flipped a dime into the bib of his overalls and then dumped the rest of his money into the hat.

The Sin Splitter never overlooked cash. "Rogue f'm yo' brother," he warned, "and you do's a sin. But rogue f'm de Lawd, and bad luck sho gonter overtake you."

Bugaboo bristled. He was familiar with all the talk and some of the doings of the notorious evangelist; and he had heard Iron Man speak of the preacher's extraordinary powers of persuasion. But to be called a thief for not giving away all of his own money, made Bugaboo angry.

"You ain't no brother er mine," he declared with some heat. "And I knows you ain't de Lawd. And even efn you was bofe, hit ain't roguin' for me to hold out a dime er my own money."

THE preacher glared at him silently. Iron Man smiled sadly and began to breathe lonesome sounds through the reeds of his harmonica. Bugaboo glared back and began to sing:

"I kin feel my hell a-risin'
High as de sun kin shine.
And I'd druther kill me a preacher
Den give him a lousy dime."

The Sin Splitter immediately changed his tactics. He smiled pleasantly. "You's jest de kinder man I needs," he declared warmly. "I'm got some powerful fightin' to do agin ole Satan down yonder in N'Awlins, and I'm gittin' 'long in de years. I kin handle de preachin' and de groanin', all right, but when hit come to de fightin'—"

Iron Man stopped the music. "Is hit fixin' to be a fight?"

"Sho," said the Splitter. "Ole Satan been a-sowin' sin for a solid hund'ed years whar dem new guv'mer slumses is. You don't reckon preachin' and singin' gonter undo hit all, does you?"

"Me, I don't keer much 'bout fightin'," Bugaboo said, "but Iron Man, he sorter like hit. And I and him always stays together when hit's a fight goin' on."

"Dat's on account I'm got to pull people out f'm under Bugaboo when he git mad," Iron Man explained, "or else us go to jail for killin' somebody. Bugaboo don't like to be in jail."

The Sin Splitter beamed. "Y'all boys jest natchally got to he'p me out. Now, come on, Bugaboo, and drap dat dime in my hat so's I won't have bad luck takin' up de rest er de collection."

Bugaboo parted with his last dime and enthusiastically slapped Iron Man on the shoulder. "Mankind!" he exclaimed. "I bet you's fixin' to have a heap er fun when us is in N'Awlins dis trip!"

Iron Man did not share his excitement. "I ain't never had me no fun around a preacher," he recalled gloomily. "And dat goes double for de Splitter."

The hat was passed among the other roustabouts, and with a frown or smile, the preacher succeeded in getting all the loose change on deck. As he completed the collection, Sylvester returned.

"De mate," he reported to Iron Man, "kotched me bus'in' dat bale er hay, jest like you said."

"And he writ down a dollar agin yo' payday?"

"Naw. Dat's alfalfa hay. He writ down a dollar-fo'-bits."

"De best ain't none too good for Balaam," the Sin Splitter remarked. "Now, gimme yo' loose change so's I kin git down and revive de sin outn de guv'mer slumses."

"Gi' you what so's you kin do which?" Sylvester demanded.

"Small change, son," the preacher said impatiently. "I ain't got time to argy wid you. Gimme."

Sylvester looked shocked. "Listen, man," he began, "what you tawkin' 'bout?"

The Sin Splitter shrugged. "You tell him. I can't waste time."

Iron Man explained: "Hit's fixin' to be a heap er fightin' and dat's for me and Bugaboo. De change is to pay de Splitter's fare to N'Awlins so's he kin revive de sin outn de guv'mer slumses down yonder. Splitter gonter preach and I and Bugaboo gonter fight."

"Which guv'mer slumses?" Sylvester inquired.

"Who keer which?" Bugaboo said. "Hit'll be preachin' and fightin' and goin'-on!"

"Efn y'all figgerin' on de Magnolia Street slumses," said Sylvester, "well, dat's whar my cousin, name er Kid Reuben Weeks, live at. He do *all* de fightin' 'round dat place, 'specially wid de middleweights."

"We wa'n't speakin' 'bout dat one," put in the Splitter.

"Den you must be speakin' bout de one by de St. Louis cemetery, whar de old Basin used to be at."

"Dat's de one," the preacher said quickly.

" 'Twon't do," said Sylvester. "Elder Johnson do all de preachin' down dar."

The Sin Splitter took this news in his stride. "Us fixin' to do de fightin' in de St. Louis cemetery slumses and de preachin' in de Magnolia Street slumses."

It sounded so reasonable that Sylvester poured all his loose change into the hat. The preacher counted out five dollars and handed it to Sylvester.

"I'm gonter let you hold dis," the Splitter generously offered. "Jest take hit to de harricane deck and gi' hit to de cap'm. F'm me. Onderstand?"

Sylvester did not understand but by the time he returned to the main deck he was beginning to. The preacher had found a comfortable berth on some cottonseed sacks and was now asleep. Iron Man was breathing a sad wail into his harmonica and Bugaboo was resting his eyes while his mind was trying to think up songs to sing to Iron Man's music, just in case he might wish to sing.

"Dat preacher," Sylvester said bitterly, drawing up to Bugaboo and Iron Man, "done cost me eighty cents in money. And dat ain't countin' what he cost my wages for dat bale er hay."

"He ain't wuth eighty cents in money," Iron Man admitted, "but hit's cheaper to pay him den not."

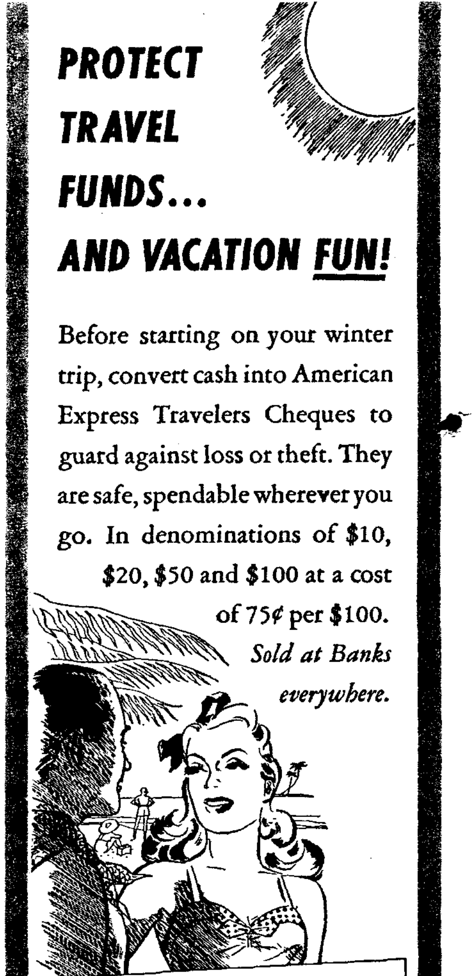
"Pay him for what?"

"Nothin'. Jest pay him. He'll git hit all, anyhow. And you might jest as well gi' hit to him like I and Bugaboo done, den to let him argy you outn hit, like you done."

FOR the rest of the trip down-river Sin-Splitting Samuel kept to himself while his mule munched hay back of the boiler. Iron Man grew increasingly apprehensive; Bugaboo, always willing to let the future take care of itself, rested his mind as well as his eyes; but Sylvester simmered with a not completely understood anger. And when, just before landing at New Orleans, the mud clerk actually held out a dollar and a half of his pay, Sylvester got no happier.

When the John D. Grace docked at the Esplanade Street wharf, the roustabouts were given their final "holdout" dollar and the mate announced the boat would leave the following afternoon.

For once in his life, the Reverend Sin-Splitting Samuel was uncertain of himself. Here were a dozen rousters with real cash money fresh from payday. And cash money in other people's pockets ever was a challenge to battle for the old preacher. On the other hand, spread out back of the levee lay the sinful old city of New Orleans and that brand-new government housing settle-



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ment where, he had been informed, Satan and specie were rampant. Even in the remote reaches of northern Louisiana, tales of the sin and splendor of the city's old restricted district had percolated to the Sin Splitter's ears. Did not Buddy Bolden play on a piano with solid gold keys? Had not the word come that Mis' Lulu White bathed in perfume and drank nothing but champagne water? Gamblers shot craps with golden dice dotted with diamonds. It was, the Splitter concluded, too much sin.

"A dollar in de bush," he told Balaam, his mule, "ain't hardly chicken feed 'longside er dat gold-plated vineyard er Satan. I and you is fixin' to twile whar de devil makes a solid bale er sin to de acre. Us ain't got time to waste on roustabout wages."

"Come on, Splitter," Bugaboo yelled. "I and Iron Man can't wait hyar on de levee all day long. Le's go git de fightin' started."

"Hunh?" That talk of fighting had been merely to collect money for his fare. It had served its purpose and from the Splitter's viewpoint should be forgotten. The preacher replied cautiously. "Well, Bugaboo," he said, "I been prayin' about dat, and de Sperrit tell me dat hit's mo' better for I and Balaam to hit dis lick for de Lawd by we's lonesome. De Sperrit say hit ain't to be no fightin'. Jest preachin' and goin' on."

"No mind what de Sperrit say," Sylvester put in. "I done gi' you eighty centses and I got docked a dollar-fo'-bits for yo' mule. And I'm tellin' you hit's fixin' to be some fightin'."

Iron Man grinned for the first time since the preacher had come on the boat. "Say on, Sylvester," Iron Man encouraged. "You's speakin' wid de tongues er men."

"Now, boys," the Splitter said soothingly.

"Fightin'!" Bugaboo insisted. "I and Iron Man bought us a fight, and you better git out and stir us up one befo' *my* hell git to risin'!"

"I'll do de best I kin," the Splitter capitulated. "Lead on."

The little party set out for Satan's vineyard, the preacher on Balaam led by Iron Man and Bugaboo, with Sylvester bringing up the rear. They turned up Rampart Street and lakeward along St. Louis. A man on a mule, even a scarecrow apparition like the Sin Splitter, is not a spectacle to attract attention in New Orleans; but when the party presented itself at the St. Louis Cemetery housing project, it was something else.

A uniformed watchman stopped them at the gate.

"Y'all can't bring dat jackass in hyar," he stated. "Dis is de guv'mer projeck, and de guv'mer lady say you can't avvertise nothin' in hyar." He looked at the preacher and the mule. "Is you avvertisin' moo'm pitchers or whisky?" he asked.

"Us lookin' for a fight," Bugaboo said.

"Can't avvertise no fight in hyar, neither. Nor nothin' else. Efn y'all got business to 'tend to, come in. But you got to leave de mule outside. You got business?"

"I'm a preacher," the Sin Splitter said, "and I got business anywhar hit's sin goin' on."

The watchman laughed. "I reckon hit's plenty sin goin' on," he admitted. "But Elder Johnson keep busy fightin' hit. Maybe y'all want to visit wid him?"

"Maybe," the Splitter said cautiously.

"Den tie up yo' mule, and I'll show you," the watchman offered obligingly.

Sylvester hung back. "You ain't comin'?" Bugaboo asked.

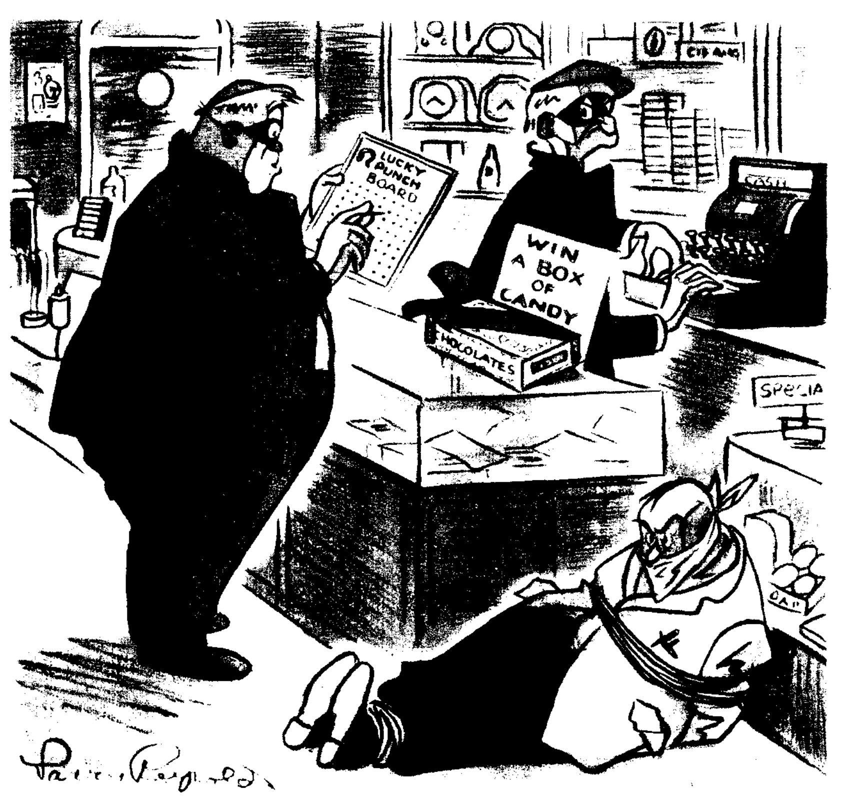
"Naw," Sylvester said. "I'm got things to do."

THE watchman led the way along the paved avenues and courts that flanked the prim brick buildings. Here, where sin of international fame once flourished, lived simple working people, in economical apartment houses. The Sin Splitter saw nothing sinful. He decided hopefully that the whole project might be wicked splendor on a large scale.

Elder Johnson received the Sin Splitter and the two roustabouts cordially, and invited them into his shining unit. He had heard of the old evangelist and knew his reputation as an exhorter.

"Ah, Lawd," said Elder Johnson wistfully, "I wisht I c'd travel hyar and yonder on a mule, Free-Willin' amongst de sinners, beggin' my bread when I git hongry and my bed when I git sleepy

BUTCH **By Larry Reynolds**



"I don't know why I bother. I never win anythin' anyway"

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**Name on request.*

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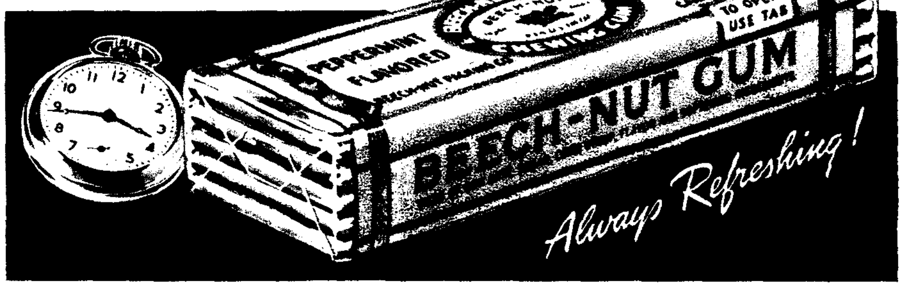

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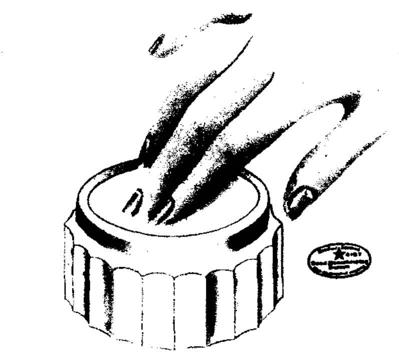

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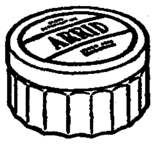

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Westinghouse
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and all de time twis'in' ole Satan's tail to de cows come home. But naw. I got money crazy—I ever c'd take up a dirdy collection—and built my own church. Now I'm got to collect cash money to pay de bills and pay my rent hyar and buy a little somethin' for de widderwomens and de hongry and sick. But I'm still a Free-Willer."

"Me, too," the Splitter nodded enthusiastically. "And Runnin' Water."

"I'm a Foot-Washer on de Fifth Sunday," the Elder said.

"And a Close' Communion, me," added the Splitter.

"Hell Fire?" the elder wanted to know.

"Blazin' broomstone f'm de Burnin' Bush!" the Sin Splitter agreed.

"Rev'und," Elder Johnson said, "ev'y man and 'oman in my church might git up and wawk out, but I'm gonter ax you to give 'em a doste er dat ole-time religion. My people all de time want to hyar de good things. Dey claim dey git plenty bad news widout comin' to church."

"Sinners," the Splitter stated, "don't never like to hyar de bad news. And dat's de kind I and Balaam likes to hit hardest."

Elder Johnson's brow furrowed in deep thought. "You ain't got dat ole jackass down hyar wid you, too, is you?"

"He hitched at de big gate."

"Well, whyn't you say so? Rev'und, me and you's fixin' to th'ow de biggest one-night revival meetin' ever hit dis town!"

The Sin Splitter was interested. "How we split de collection?"

"Half and half."

"I do's all de preachin'," the Splitter reminded him. "And preachin' like I preaches is mighty hard work."

"I'll git de crowd gathered up," Elder Johnson pointed out, "and git a permit f'm de guv'mer lady for you to preach. I gits half or else dey won't be no meetin'."

THE Splitter gave in. "Money ain't no skin offn my back," he said. "But I'm got to git steamboat fare back up de river."

Elder Johnson reached for the telephone.

"I knows hit's agin de rule, Mis' Hazel," he said when he had the project supervisor on the phone. "But you knows I do a heap for you, keepin' things straight. I'd sho like to hold hit at de Sunshine Spiritual Christian Mission Af'ican Baptist Church, but I can't on account er my friend got to ride his mule and he can't do dat in my church. No'm, hit won't be no trouble and us'll git done by midnight. Thanky, ma'am."

He turned to the Splitter. "I got de permit," he said. "Now, le's I and you git out and circulate amongst de sisters and scare up a crowd."

"I mos' gen'ally," said the Splitter with cool dignity, "lets de home preacher ush up de meetin'. I likes to lay down and rest and pray befo' I preaches. What's a bed?"

Elder Johnson pulled a wall couch down from behind what appeared to be a door. "Take off yo' shoes," he invited, "and stretch out."

He turned to Iron Man and Bugaboo who had been sitting uncomfortably near by. "Y'all boys," he said, "kin drap over to de market and buy some chickens for supper." He took out his wallet and started to open it. The Splitter interrupted.

"Dey got money," the preacher suggested. "And," he added perversely, "I smelt me some fish whilst I was comin' up hyar. Efn you runs into a fish man, you kin buy me about a three-pound buffalo." He turned to Elder Johnson. "I preaches good on a bait er chicken," he explained, "but wid a belly full er buffalo, I can whup de years offn Satan."

The Splitter retired, Elder Johnson got busy at the telephone, and Iron Man and Bugaboo set off for the market.

"I swear," Bugaboo complained, "I don't b'lieve de Splitter gonter git no fight goin'."

"Is you achin' for a fight?" Iron Man demanded.

"Who, me? Not me. I don't like fights. I figgered you was daid sot on one."

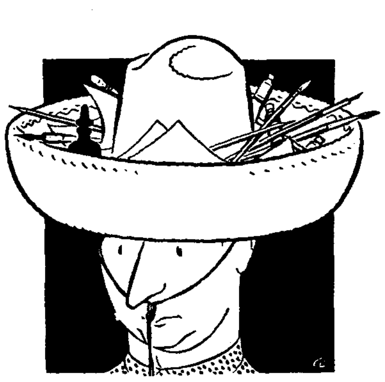
Iron Man shook his head. "I ain't wantin' me no fight. Efn a fight break out, I'll git in hit. But when no fight don't break out, I don't feel bad."

"Well, whyn't you say so? I gi'ed dat ole preachin' fool my last dime, and den went widout no chawin' tobacco for a whole day, jest cause you wanted a fight."

"Nawp," Iron Man denied. "You gi'ed him yo' last dime cause he wanted yo' last dime and de Splitter always git what he want."

FUNNY-BUSINESS MEN

Self-Portraits of Collier's Cartoonists
No. 27



By virtue of his birth in disputed territory, Daniel Alain is legally German, French or Swiss—but American by choice. Five years of art school in Geneva taught him to be an interior decorator and printed-silk designer, after which he decided that there was nothing like bare walls and plain silk. For ten years in Manhattan's Greenwich Village he has been drawing cartoons, but because he suffers from hay fever and loves Latin Americans, he makes yearly sketching trips to Mexico during which times there is a dearth of drawings like the one shown on the opposite page.

ELDER JOHNSON knew his people liked a show and he knew how to give them one. In the few hours that remained before nightfall, he managed to get his corps of ushers and coworkers busy spreading the news. He told them just enough about the Splitter to fire their imaginations and make them eager to attend the meeting.

Promptly at sundown, so the working people would be home and before they had time to get comfortably filled with supper, Elder Johnson started the festivities. His own choir, in mortar boards and black gowns, led a procession from the Sunshine Spiritual Christian Mission African Baptist Church, singing in lazy march time, When the Saints Go Marching In. The coworkers followed in white uniforms and caps and, bringing up the rear, the entire membership, each with a white brassard on his arm. Next, came Elder Johnson, flanked on each side by three brown-skin girls in bathing suits draped with a wide white ribbon bearing the legend: MISS SUNSHINE SPIRITUAL.

And finally came the Sin Splitter himself. He was astride Balaam, led by Iron Man and Bugaboo. The preacher, the mule and the two roustabouts were handsomely enshrouded in white mosquito netting.

"Mankind!" Bugaboo shouted. "Dis pe-rade is a dog! I reckon me and Iron Man must be de Royal Inner Gyard or somethin'."

"You s'posed to be cherry-bim," corrected the Splitter.

"And Iron Man is a cherry-bam!" Bugaboo said.

"Hysh! Don't tawk in de pe-rade," the Splitter cautioned.

No more than a hundred men, women and children were in the procession when it left the elder's church on Prieur Street, but it picked up an average of a hundred in each block and it is eight blocks from Prieur Street to where the paraders turned into the government housing settlement.

At the gate, the watchman, previously coached by Elder Johnson, stepped before the choir and became drum major for the procession. By the time they had marched up and down every avenue and bypath of the settlement, each dweller in the neighborhood knew something was about to take place and most of them were curious enough to try to find out what.

AT LAST, in the big central court, Elder Johnson took charge. There was, he told them, the most amazing thing about to take place right before their own eyes.

"A prophet," he said, "gonter preach de ole-time religion at you, jest like in de Bible times. I ain't gonter tell you what prophet dis is cause most er y'all no-Bible-readin' mouf-Christians wouldn't know, anyhow. But I'm gonter tell you dis much. His mule is name Balaam and dat ought to be 'nough to hole you ontwell us sings a few songs."

There were hymns at first, but the singing was not general enough to suit the elder.

"Maybe," he suggested, "some er y'all sinners got in yo' mind about de ole Basin District used to be hyar whar all dese purty houses is? All right, I'm holy 'nough and de prophet is holy 'nough to let you sing about dat, too. So le's start out wid de ole Queenie Vindabel Whine. Some er y'all remembers Queenie's place, right yonder on Basin Street? Hit go like:

"'*Another nickel and I'll buy de wine!*
Another nickel and I'll buy de wine!
Said I hopped all over ole Basin Street
Tryin' to find me somethin' to eat.
And den I hyared Queenie Vindabel whine:
"Gimme 'nother nickel and I'll buy de wine."'"

The crowd was now in a jovial mood and Elder Johnson started his coworkers to taking up the collection. Adroitly, he worked the crowd back to hymns, leading out with the fast tempo of Tell It Over Again, and gradually slowing the pace to more solemn songs.

When the coworkers had extracted the last penny they could, and Elder Johnson had more than a thousand people groaning in "long meter," he announced:

"Now, I'm *raley* fixin' to take up collection. Gimme yo' hat, Rev'und Samuel, and drap a dollar come-on in hit."

The Sin Splitter hesitated.

"I'm puttin' in a dollar, too," Elder Johnson explained. "And now, jest to make hit come out even—" He shoved

From the Confidential Notebook of Mr. F---

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Harry said I ought to try Ex-Lax. Took some before I went to bed. Say, this Ex-Lax taste is a new one on me - just like chocolate!

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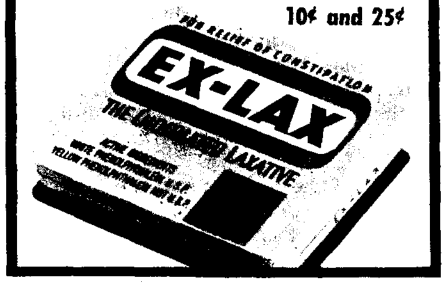

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Charles Stelle took in $217 first ten days. We want more men to go into business for themselves. Customers everywhere—homes, schools, offices, stores, churches, lodge halls, hotels all have walls that need washing. You don't have to rent a store or office. You operate this business from your home. The expense for materials is small. What you take in is practically all profit. On a $10 job cost for materials is about 20c. Write now for complete facts on this Von Schrader Wall Deterger which washes paint beautifully and postpones repainting many years.

Harold Jones writes: "I landed a $40 job the first day." J. Cranston says: "I have several jobs to start on Monday, thanks to your help." Clyde Brandt writes: "I made a demonstration in a public school and got a contract which will more than pay for my machine in the next few days."

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It takes only a few dollars to get started in this money-making profession. No experience necessary. The total price is so small and the payments so easy that anyone with ambition should get started NOW.

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VON SCHRADER MANUFACTURING CO., 842 Pl., Racine, Wisconsin

the hat toward Bugaboo and Iron Man, taking a dollar from each of the bewildered roustabouts. When the elder had completed the second round, all of the money was placed in the Sin Splitter's hat, and the elder introduced the prophet.

"De Rev'und Sin-Splittin' Samuel!" Elder Johnson roared. "A genu-wine prophet f'm back in de hills! Le's give him a hand!"

The Sin Splitter had never before preached to so large a throng or under such auspices. From where he sat, he could see money heaped high in his old black hat. With such an incentive, he knew what to preach.

First he glared; then in hollow tones that reverberated throughout the settlement, he began on a conglomeration of his three most famous sermons:

"Paul say hit take grace, grit and greenbacks to spread de gospel. De Lawd gimme de grace, my mamma gimme de grit and I kin see de greenbacks piled high. So y'all Christians shout and y'all sinners tremble whilst I whup de devil around de stump and gi' him a lick at ev'y jump!"

SIN-SPLITTING SAMUEL threw salvation with such thunderous phrases and awesome figures, even the most hardened sinner was spellbound with fear and wonder. But he never finished the sermon.

For, just as Nebuchadnezzar was in the homestretch of a chariot race around the walls of Babylon, with eagles flying forth and carrying cans of coal oil on their tails, and the dry bones across the street in St. Louis Cemetery were about to rise and prophesy, Sylvester elbowed his way through the crowd.

With him was a short, stocky, very black man with an aggressive chin and a cauliflower ear.

"Dat's him, Kid!" Sylvester shouted, pointing to the Sin Splitter. "He de one do'ed me outn my money!"

Sylvester's stout cousin, known to prize-fight followers as Kid Reuben Weeks, started for the preacher. Bugaboo Jones was in his path but the Kid did not see him.

"Mind out who you pushin'!" Bugaboo growled.

The Kid wheeled and something hit Bugaboo on the chin harder than he had ever been hit before. Bugaboo struck back, swinging the Kid against Iron Man.

"Now!" Iron Man grinned happily, as he hit the Kid three blows before the pugilist crumpled.

Meanwhile, the watchman, in a noble effort to preserve the peace, reached for Bugaboo. It was a mistake. Bugaboo swung and the watchman catapulted toward Iron Man, who was able to get in only one lick before the watchman dropped.

"Bugaboo!" Iron Man groaned. "Us done hit de guv'mer!"

"Hit him some mo'," Bugaboo urged, getting into the spirit of the fight.

"Le's git," Iron Man countered. "Hittin' him is mo' worse den hittin' de po-leece."

The fight had caused considerable stir in the crowd, forcing the Splitter to stop midway in his peroration. Someone shouted for the police. It looked bad for the two roustabouts, but, for no reason they could ever figure out, the Sin Splitter's old mule gave them their chance.

Balaam laid his ears back, brayed and charged toward the gate. Iron Man and Bugaboo followed without interference. Once free of the crowd, they deserted Balaam and by shadowy, circuitous detours, they reached the peace and quiet of the steamboat, hours later.

The mule was munching hay on the after main deck.

"Man, my chin hurt whar dat short black boy hit me," Bugaboo complained.

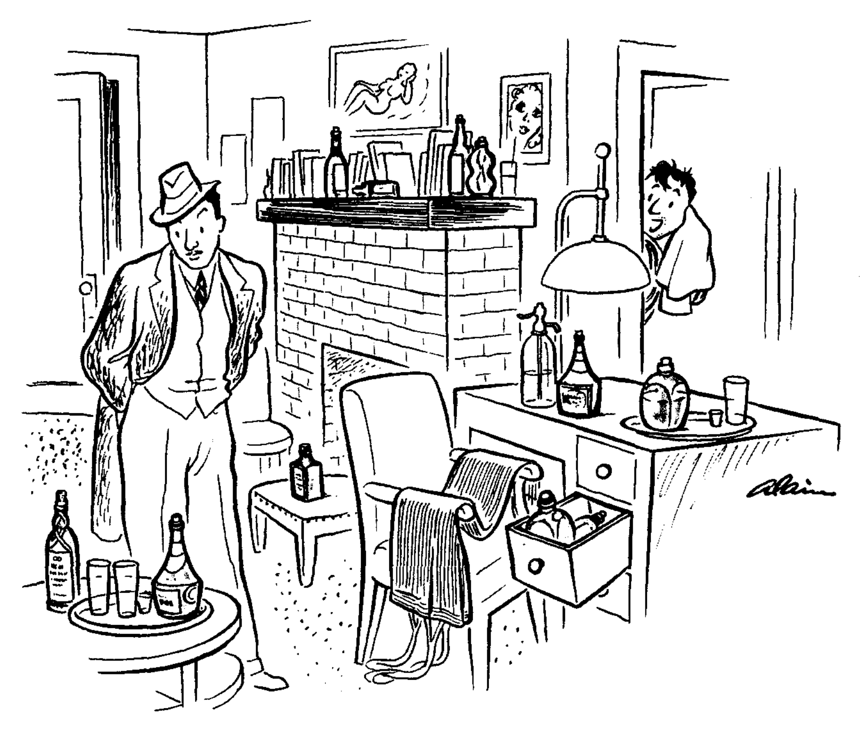
"And my fist hurt whar I hit him," Iron Man said. "But you hadn't ought to hit de yuther boy. Hittin' him was jail-house stuff. Efn hit hadn't been for dat ole jackass yonder, I and you would be wearin' de ball and chains, f'm now on."

Bugaboo laughed. "Wonder whar de Splitter at? I disremember seein' him on Balaam's back when us left outn dat place."

"Don't weary 'bout me," the Splitter called from the darkness of the boiler room. "I wa'n't fixin' to ride off and leave my hat full er money layin' on de ground. I reckon hit must be a solid hund'ed dollars in dat hat. Maybe mo'."

"You means," demanded Bugaboo, "you climbed offn dat mule wid all dem people yellin' and fightin' and goin' on, jest to pick up dat money? Man, you might er got kilt!"

"Money breed evil," the Sin Splitter stated piously. "And I was preachin' me too good a sermon to run off and leave a whole hat full er evil for ole Satan to start off wid, again."



"Be with you in a moment, Dick. You know where the liquor is"

DANIEL ALAIN

BETTY GRABLE
20th Century Fox Movie Star
CHOOSES "Playboy"
BY Motorola

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. . . so small . . . so smartly designed and so handy to carry wherever you go you'll wonder at the magic that makes it play so richly and with such generous volume. It's light as a pocketbook . . . small as a brownie camera. And most important . . . it's a real radio designed and engineered by Motorola.

Easy to carry as a Brownie Camera

Take it Everywhere!

Plays on fast trains—you'll be startled at the number and variety of stations you'll bring in, richly, clearly.

On outings . . . in any room in the house . . . on the dinner table . . . into the breakfast nook. You'll find it's the ultimate in Personal Radios.

After you've packed all you need for traveling, tuck the "Playboy" into one corner of your suitcase and you're all set for a pleasant trip.

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Motorola Radio
AMERICA'S FINEST
FOR CAR AND HOME

ONLY A FEW MEN CAN HAVE THIS
RARE RUSTIC BRIAR PIPE
Cut from genuine ALGERIAN ROOTS

Because of the size of the bowl, this rich-looking pipe can be cut only from large-size briar roots. A real he-man's pipe - rugged, hefty, yet the delicate carvings give it remarkable beauty and lightness. Easy to smoke because you get a grip on it, holds a generous filling of tobacco. Now you can own one of these luxury pipes at an amazingly low price.

AIR-VENT ASSURES DRY SMOKING

Nine Phase Filter guarantees cool, clean smoking.

HOUSE OF WESTMINSTER, LTD

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MONEY BACK If you are not 100% satisfied, we will cheerfully refund your money and you keep pipe and tobaccos. Sent C.O.D. you pay postman $1.00 plus 18c C.O.D. fee, or send dollar bill, check, money-order or stamps and save 18c. Catalogue of other Westminster bargains with each order.

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Everybody's Army

Continued from page 13

There may be no gas stations handy in wartime, so the 260th has its own fuel supply and gasses up wherever necessary as the big prime-movers lug the guns south and westward toward Fort Bliss

help. Boy Scouts trotted around delivering it. Roy Gill, school superintendent and chamber of commerce president, let school out for the day; Police Chief G. A. Clanton marshaled the kids on the main stem with flags as the convoy rolled in. Mayor A. L. Tidwell fixed up showers; somebody lent a campsite; somebody else put in floodlights and Mrs. J. M. Heath of the D. A. R. rounded up every flag in the place to make a showing.

"Not that Brooks County needs flags to show its patriotism," said Mrs. Daniel. "None of our boys has ever been drafted for any war; we run over our quotas with volunteers."

For the volunteers from "up No'th" Brooks County farmers had driven in enough hogs to make four hundred pounds of barbecued pork. In the War Between the States the county had been called the "Smokehouse of the Confederacy" and it still looks on beef, mutton or chicken as puny vittles. As one white-haired old veteran said: "Our pork and bacon was what helped us lick hell out of you Damyankees for fo' years, suh!"

He grinned as he said it—because the South today is trying to kill the Damyankees by kindness. Where a soldier hails from means nothing. . . .

At Waycross, in the turpentine country of Georgia, the railroad lent a campsite, the chamber of commerce gave Colonel Burns half an hour on the radio, the fire department put in water and junior chamber of commerce members, wearing badges, handed out greeting cards and showed the boys around. At other stops there were variations on the same theme.

This Army is Different

The 260th, in turn, put on a show each night, like a circus. Men, women and kids roamed about the camp, watching the pyramidal tents going up, climbing over the guns, asking a million questions—and getting answers—as gun crews demonstrated "how it works." Capt. Charlie Buck, a veteran with more than a quarter of a century of service, lifted small boys up to peer down into the machinery of the searchlights.

You watched all this, as the searchlights shot blue cones through the haze and made light-circles high in the star-studded sky. You saw the colonel with a kid on one shoulder and leading another. You heard snatches of banter between guys with eagles and oak leaves and bars on their shoulders and boys with one or two stripes on their shirt sleeves. You noticed the easy efficiency and teamwork—and you thought how different it is in other armies: Of the rigid discipline, the barked orders, the snobbery and class distinction. You thought, too, how the citizenry are treated in other lands—ordered to do thus and so, prodded into line, commanded to billet so many soldiers, shoved and pushed around. This army was different—it wasn't made of professional soldiers officered by gaudily uniformed snobs. It was just people in uniform, doing a job. It was still part of the people and not a thing apart—or above.

It was different, too, from the old Army of '17 and '18. Some of the veterans with A.E.F. ribbons and four or five stars said it was sissy—which was what the veterans of northern China in Genghis Khan's hordes said of the new levies that joined the Scourge in Asia Minor. To the tough old-timers who had swapped bullets with the Moros in Mindanao and dodged Boche whizbangs in the Argonne, it looked strange to see soldiers with a portable radio over one shoulder and a candid camera over the other.

"I guess in the next war," grinned Captain Buck, a top sergeant until a few weeks ago, "the boys will capture a position, take pictures of it and then tune in on a news broadcast to find out how the rest of the battle's going."

You remember how the A.E.F. lived on canned bacon and goldfish and a sort of pink marble called corned beef? Well, you ought to taste the new canned rations.

There's one can that contains whole-wheat biscuits, coffee and sugar, for a light lunch. There are others full of beef and beans, meat hash and vegetables. Vitamins and everything. Good, too! The new rolling kitchens can turn out a swell feed in jigtime. Last time, the war went to some people's heads; this time it's going to their stomachs.

And remember that chore of shaving with cold water before a tiny metal mirror? Lieut. Col. LeRoy S. Mann, who gave up a prosperous printing business in Washington to become executive officer of the 260th, licked that one. His pride and joy is a command reconnaissance car—a high-riding, four-wheel drive chariot affectionately known as The Jeep. With a converter, he plugs into the car's electrical system and, using the rear-view mirror to look in, shaves by electricity. So does everyone else who can get near the wagon.

Even bunk fatigue isn't bunk fatigue any more. You know what it is now? Systematized relaxation, that's what. We saw it in print in an Army newspaper.

The Jeep, by the way, has to have its name changed, much to the chagrin of Privates Francis Petty and Joe Gallagher, who drive it, because a jeep is really a plane detector. Privates Petty and Gallagher are undecided whether to call it a doodlebug or hellwagon.

A motorized outfit like the 260th is a complete unit, able to live, travel and fight for a considerable period without contact with a supply base. It hauls its own guns, power plants, ammunition, gas, oil, food, water and hospital equipment. It operates fifteen giant searchlights, nine antiaircraft guns and machine guns and smaller stuff.

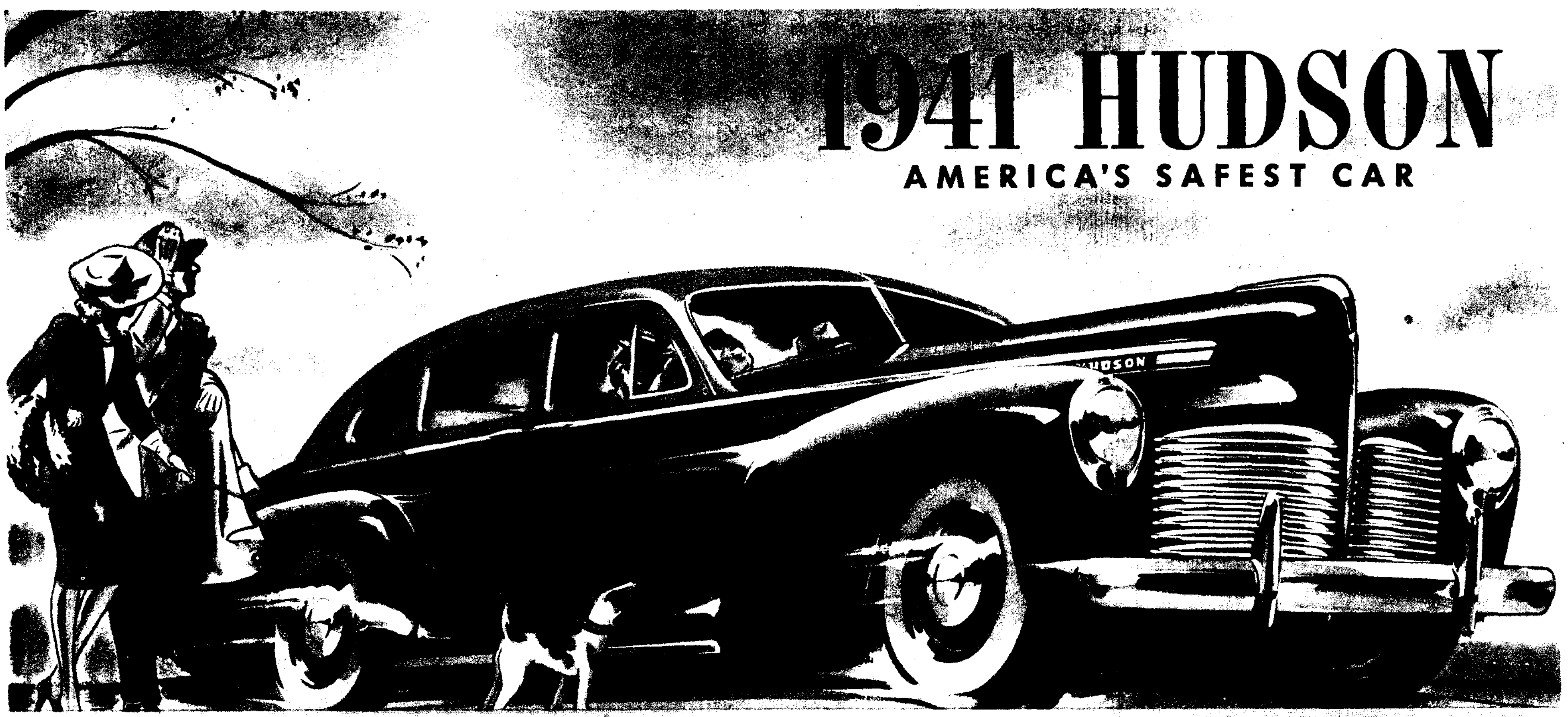
The big guns are hauled by what the Army calls "prime movers"—big ten-wheeled trucks driving on all wheels, with a 318-horsepower motor, twelve speeds forward and three aft. They are rated at seven and a half tons—and tested to carry thirty-eight tons. Loaded, and with its gun, a mover weighs about twenty-six tons and can roll guns at thirty-two miles an hour on a road—or snake them through hub-deep mud and across creek bottoms without blowing a gasket.

Boss of the movers and the other 107

The A.E.F. never had this sort of service. The reconnaissance car furnishes power for Lt. Barto's electric razor in the morning

ALL CARS ALIKE? NOT BY A JUGFULL!

COME FOR A RIDE IN A HUDSON . . . SEE FOR YOURSELF

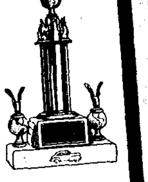


DIFFERENT IN 5 IMPORTANT WAYS!

① All Cars Alike In SAFETY?

If they are, how is it that Hudson received the *only perfect score of all 1941 cars* for safest body design in winning the annual Safety Engineering Magazine Award? Or take brakes. Only Hudson offers you finest hydraulics with a mechanical reserve system *working automatically from the same foot pedal* if ever needed. And Patented Auto-Poise Front Wheel Control—extra safety *even if a tire blows.* Ask about *all* the extra safety features you get in

AMERICA'S SAFEST CAR



② All Cars Alike In EASY DRIVING?

Forget the clutch pedal! Just try driving a Hudson with Vacumotive Drive! *Go, stop, back up—without ever touching the clutch pedal!* Costs less than any other feature that completely eliminates clutch pedal pushing,* and no other car priced so low as the new Hudson Six offers anything like it. While you're at it, try the difference with Hudson's true Center-Point Steering and the improved Synchronized Silent Mesh Transmission that's in every 1941 Hudson.

*Only $27.50 extra, installed at factory

③ All Cars Alike In BEAUTY?

Take a look at Hudson's *Symphonic Styling*—the big new style idea you can get *only* in a Hudson! A real eyeful of beauty when you look at the *outside*—a complete symphony of harmonizing color when you look *inside.* Here's the first low priced car that ever offered you a choice of beautiful interior color combinations that harmonize with exterior colors (even down to such details as carpets and floor mats)—*and at no extra cost.* No wonder Hudson owners are a mighty proud bunch of people.

④ All Cars Alike In COMFORT?

One ride on Hudson's improved type of independent front wheel coil springing will show you the difference. No car within hundreds of dollars of Hudson prices ever had it before! Then there's the utter luxury of Airfoam Seat Cushions—available in all 1941 Hudsons, standard in many. And you can enjoy *conditioned air* the year round! Try it with Hudson's Weather-Master—warm in winter, cool in summer, no drafts, no drowsiness from stale air, no fogged windows even in rain with windows closed.

⑤ All Cars Alike In ECONOMY?

If they were, how could a big 92-horsepower Hudson Six win in its price class in the 1941 Gilmore-Grand Canyon Economy Run—*with more miles per gallon than any other entry in the entire run except two short-wheelbase, low-powered cars in a different price class?* In a Hudson, you get this economy along with *performance* that holds nearly 150 official performance and endurance records—more than any other car! For low cost all around, year-after-year, you can't beat a Hudson. Ask *any* owner!

". . . and here's another way you win!"

Best 1941 Buy in Every Popular Price Field

STARTING WITH THE LOWEST

Hudson Sixes and Eights include the richly luxurious new Commodore models, finest cars ever to wear the Hudson nameplate . . . the brilliant new Super-Six . . . and the new Hudson Six in the lowest price field.

A car backed by 31 years of engineering leadership is bound to be different and better in many ways. Ask a Hudson salesman about it. Come for a look—go for a ride today!

I TOOK THE CURE FOR CAR CHASING — and I thank the Mistress that I'm alive today. She brought home a new Sergeant's DOG BOOK that tells why I chased cars and how to stop me.

THE DOG BOOK'S SYSTEM WORKED! And that's not all. It told the Mistress about Sergeant's VITAMIN CAPSULES, and what they'd do for me. I'm in top condition now, thanks to them!

BETTER GET THE DOG BOOK for your pup's sake. It tells all about worms, fleas and illnesses — and how to treat them. Good advice on training and feeding too. At any drug or pet store.

FREE — New DOG BOOK!
Mail this coupon.

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Please send a free Sergeant's DOG BOOK to:
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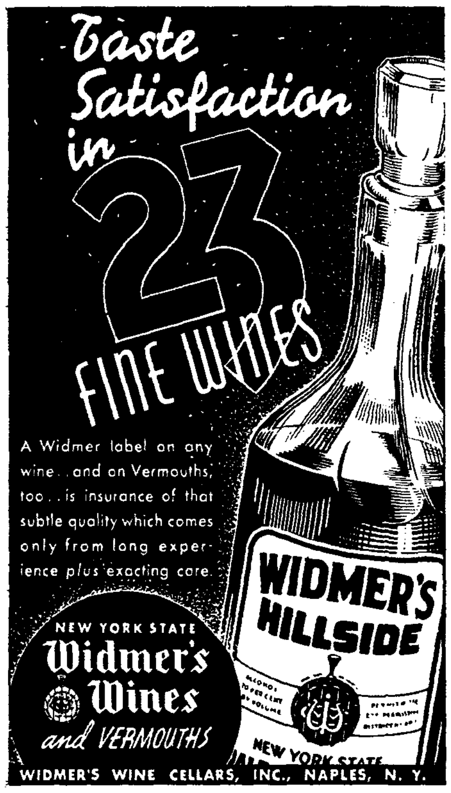
DOG MEDICINES

Could Henry VIII Have Had Stomach Acid Pains?

History tells how Henry VIII would gorge himself with food and suffer afterwards. Don't ignore your sufferings. Try a 25c box of Udga for relief of stomach acid pains, indigestion, gas pains, heartburn, burning sensation, bloat and other conditions caused by excess acid. Udga Tablets must help you or your money will be promptly refunded. At drug stores everywhere.


Taste Satisfaction in 23 FINE WINES

A Widmer label on any wine . . and on Vermouths, too . . is insurance of that subtle quality which comes only from long experience plus exacting care.

NEW YORK STATE
Widmer's Wines
and VERMOUTHS

WIDMER'S WINE CELLARS, INC., NAPLES, N. Y.

motor haulers is Lieut. Col. William J. Heale. It's his job to get the convoy moving, and keep it moving. Getting a convoy across country is no easy-chair exercise, either. If *you* want to drive 2,500 miles, you just hop in and go. There'll always be gas stations, flat fixers, roadside restaurants, repair shops and rooms with bath. Rolling 500 men in five-score trucks and cars as a self-contained unit is something else again. The 260th has done more of it than any other outfit in the Army in recent years and has developed a technique that has won it the name of the Rambling Regiment. Colonel Burns, who hails from Greenport, Long Island, and is a patent attorney in private life, wishes he could get a patent on convoy-moving methods.

It's the colonel's boast that his outfit never has an accident. If a bridge breaks down and mover and gun land topside down in a river—that's no accident. That's a mechanical maneuver. It does the colonel's heart good to see it—the equipment is so tough you can't wreck it, and getting it rolling again is good practice for the men. You might have something like that happen in a battle sometime, and knowing how to handle trouble is worth while. If no trouble develops normally, the colonel grows impatient and manufactures a little to keep his hand in.

Down in De Funiak Springs, Florida, Colonel Burns took Colonel Mann, Captain Carl Santilli of Battery D and your correspondent out on reconnaissance in The Jeep. Outside town, he found a nice loose, sandy patch, all hillocks and gullies. There was one very nice gully, six feet deep, ten wide, with steep sandy banks; down at the bottom was a muddy stream.

"Captain," said the colonel, "I want a gun taken around here and over the creek. We'll tell the townspeople and let them watch."

"It'll get mired and stuck, maybe," said Captain Santilli hopefully.

"With a little care," said the colonel, "we might even get the gun to tip over, with Jim Marshall aboard getting impressions."

"With a little care," said your reporter, "the correspondent will be some distance away, getting impressions through a field glass."

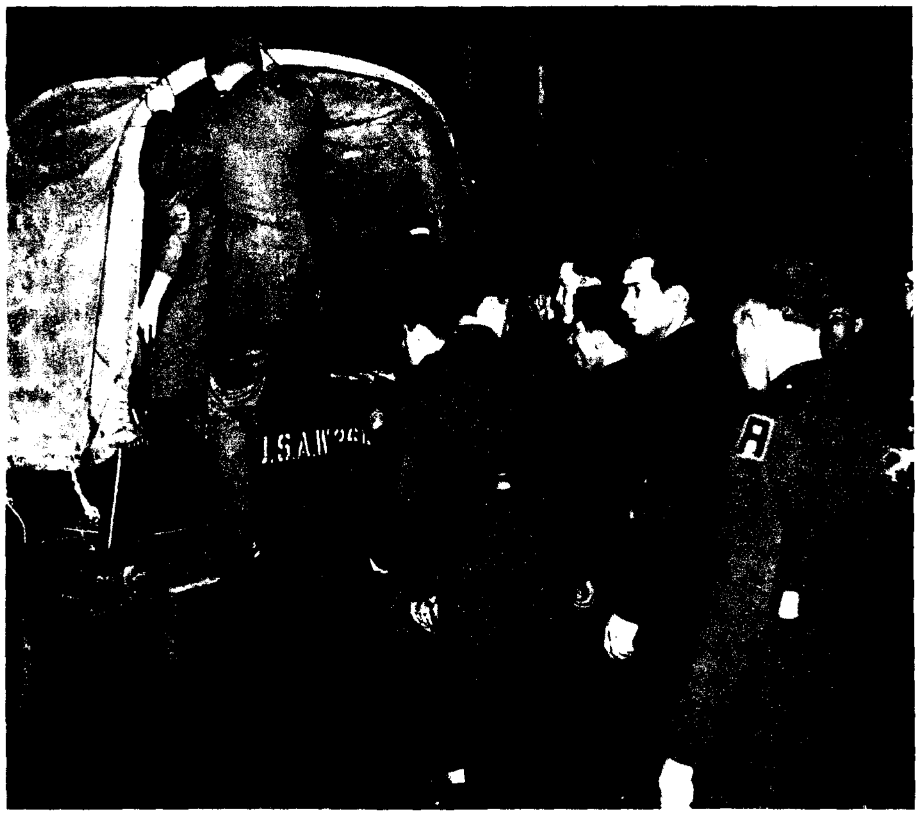
"You'll come with me in The Jeep," said Colonel Mann. "It is more than likely three or four trucks and half a dozen guns will all be stuck together and we'll have to have The Jeep haul them out. . . . You boys could do that easily enough, I suppose?" he asked Privates Petty and Gallagher.

"Yes, sir," said the pair in unison, without batting an eye.

And No Cussing!

It turned out, however, that the movers, after bogging the gun down to its hubs at a crazy angle in the creek, got it out in a few minutes. Two spare movers, side by side, wheels locked, ran out cables from their winches and hitched onto the mover attached to the gun. The gun rocked and swayed through the deep mud and up the sandy bank without a hitch, with all the kids cheering and the grownups saying, boy, that's something!

There wasn't even any good old Army cussing about it . . . not that Chaplain A. A. McCallum, who was looking on, would have minded. Handsome, gray-haired "Father Mac" had been chaplain of the old 149th Artillery with the Rainbows in the last show and his faded A.E.F. ribbon bore five gold stars. He had given up the rectorship of fashionable St. Paul's Episcopal Church in Washington to spread his old bedroll with the outfit—and he was more like a friend than a chaplain. He drove ahead in his own car most of the time, arranging shower baths, church suppers, ball games and services—doing all he could to smooth things out for his boys when they rolled, tired and hungry, into the twilight.



It's 5 A. M. and the boys are loading into the trucks to speed down the highway toward a waiting breakfast of ham and eggs and coffee

In De Funiak Springs the Rev. Walter K. Venters of the First Methodist Church opened up his church for the outfit and here "Father Mac," a high churchman, held services for Jews, Catholics, Baptists and Presbyterians—although there were special services for Jews and Catholics if they wanted to go—and no one had to attend church if he didn't want to.

Nearly every man in the 260th had given up something to join the regiment—a home or a job or a car or a girl. Every soldier had his girl's picture with him—and hoped she'd wait.

"Wait for you!" laughed the pessimists. "Boy, when you get back they'll be shoving you around in a wheel chair and your whiskers'll be down to your knees." . . . It sounded like 1918 all over again.

This appalling prophecy, however, didn't discourage Regimental Sergeant Major John Harvey or his assistant, Private Sam Edmondson. No sooner was their tent up than they brought out for comparison large pictures of Muriel and Frances, two pretty girls.

As it rolled south and westward, the outfit acquired mascots and pets—half a dozen dogs, a mole, a cat and a small pig, "promoted" somewhere in Georgia, fed lavishly on scrambled eggs and dubbed Sergeant Shoat.

Since in our country the Army takes second place to civilians and minds its manners, a convoy travels with due regard to the safety and convenience of motorists. The American Automobile Association helps with maps and routes, going ahead to test bridges and plan detours if necessary. On this trip, the Association sent along Dick Tupper and Jerry Ryan in a patrol car. Old hands at the game, and realizing that this spring and summer thousands of motorists are going to meet convoys on the road, Tupper and Ryan offer Collier's readers these tips:

"Out on the road, a convoy travels in units, and maintains gaps of about a hundred yards between vehicles. There may be several miles between each unit. Speed is about thirty miles an hour.

"Any motorist is perfectly free to pass the convoy while using good, normal driving practice—that is, not passing on curves, blind hills and so on. Approaching cities, convoys close ranks and roll bumper to bumper, usually with a police escort. They go right through regardless of traffic lights, not to be uppity, but to expedite their movement and minimize interference with normal traffic. Don't try to break into a convoy going through town.

"Give Army drivers a break if you are in front of them, by signaling. Army movers have power brakes and the guns have electric brakes, but it's hard to stop twenty-six tons when it gets rolling fast. The Army will respect all your rights, if you give it a chance."

Everybody Pitches In

Incidentally, here's a tip from the boys who roll the big wagons with the U. S. plates. Take it from Captain Lawrence W. Linderer, in charge of the 260th advance guard, and Colonel Mann and his Jeep crew who go roving up and down the line: If you want a good place to eat, watch where the freight truckers park—but don't dash madly in. Peek inside the restaurant first: It may be just a pretty waitress. But if the *waitress is nothing to write home about,* it must be the food the truckers stop for.

Through the little towns and villages the convoy goes rolling on, starting in the dim, gray dawns, settling down as the stars come out—two hundred, two hundred fifty miles a day. Waycross and Quitman and De Funiak Springs, Biloxi and Baton Rouge and Lake Charles and so over the mountains and across the plains of Texas—Beaumont and San Antonio, Del Rio and Marfa and at last into the great camp at Fort Bliss.

Everywhere the folks turn out and wave flags and cheer and help. The boys in olive drab who wheel the big guns and man the searchlights are just folks like everybody else—doing a job the best way they know how with no stiff arrogance and as little formality as possible. All along the way the men and women and kids, the chamber of commerce and the Afternoon Delphian Society all turn out and help.

Everybody's Army.

Dextrose is a natural sugar

ers, soft drink bottlers, meat packers, canners of fruits, vegetables and citrus juices—all comprise the growing number of modern food producers who are profitably employing this great *primary* sugar in their products—and telling the world about it. Dextrose is *not* a copyrighted name...it is a generic term for a type of sugar...just as maltose, lactose, sucrose, etc., describe other type sugars.

Manufacturers are invited to investigate the merits of Dextrose and discover how to use it

Technical advice will be rendered

or obligation. Just write to

Company

N.Y.

Corn is America's greatest grain crop. Dextrose is derived chiefly from American corn, grown by American farmers. It is refined in American factories, distributed by American Companies. Dextrose is thus 100% *American*, and its production and distribution gives widespread employment to many thousands of workers.

THE MESSAGE THAT MADE A FATHER CURIOUS —and the Questions he asked his Wife

To this thoughtful father and millions like him, the health and welfare, present and future, of his family are of vital concern. He read the above advertisement with deep interest. And then—

HE ASKED: Mother, do *you* know what Dextrose is?
MOTHER: Certainly! It's food-energy sugar. When each of the children was born the doctor prescribed Dextrose in their milk formulas.

FATHER: ...And where does Dextrose come from?
MOTHER: It's found in many fruits and vegetables. Honey bees even get Dextrose from flowers.

FATHER: If it's such a valuable sugar, why don't you serve us foods containing Dextrose?
MOTHER: I do! The corn syrup we had on pancakes this morning is rich in Dextrose—so is the dessert we had tonight.

FATHER: Any other foods?
MOTHER: Oh, lots of 'em—candy bars the children buy, the canned fruit juices we drink every morning, our ice cream, canned fruits, ginger ale, soft drinks—and even our bread.

FATHER: But Mother, how do you know these foods have Dextrose in them?
MOTHER: I look for "Dextrose" on the labels . . . because I *know* that foods prepared with this natural sugar are not only high in food value, but they usually have better flavor!
FATHER: Well! You *do* know the facts about Dextrose.

☆ ☆ ☆

Dextrose is a pure white sparkling sugar. But it's more than "just a sugar"—it's the sugar for which there is no substitute... the sugar your body uses *directly* for energy. In fact, all other sugars must be changed into Dextrose before they can be used by the body for activity.

That's why Dextrose is recognized as the primary "fuel" of the body. Babies begin life on Dextrose. Doctors prescribe it for young and old, in health, in sickness, even for life emergencies! It is the preferred sugar of athletes. In short, Dextrose is the *one* sugar that supports life most efficiently.

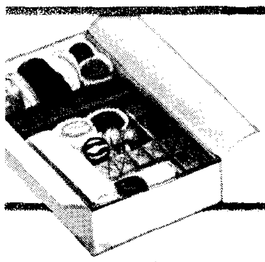
Many products labeled "*Enriched with Dextrose*" are made by America's most progressive food companies. They recognize that thinking women today select foods for their health benefits as well as for enjoyment. Next time *you* market, look for "Dextrose" among the ingredients listed on food and beverage labels. It's your assurance of high quality and higher food value!

America can supply every pound of Dextrose Sugar needed for American consumption. Dextrose is wholly, completely American. It is derived chiefly from America's greatest grain—golden Corn. It is refined in American factories by American workers and distributed by American companies.

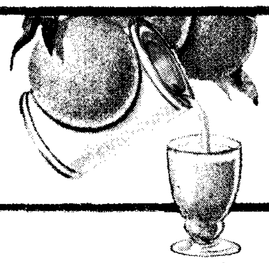
CORN PRODUCTS REFINING COMPANY
One of the producers of pure Dextrose
17 Battery Place New York, N. Y.

IF IT'S "ENRICHED WITH DEXTROSE" — IT'S A SOURCE OF FOOD-ENERGY

DEXTROSE
IS AN
ALL-AMERICAN
SUGAR
PURE·WHITE
SPARKLING

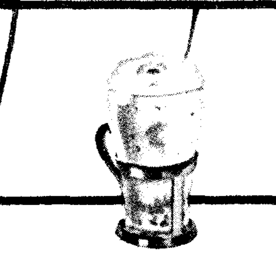


Many of America's finest candies are enriched with Dextrose. Look for "Dextrose" on every bar, box or bag of candy.

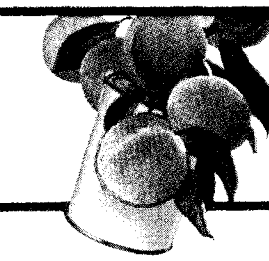


The tree-ripe flavor, refreshing tang, full body and food value of canned citrus juices are enhanced with Dextrose.

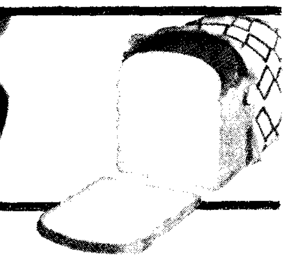
Dextrose develops smooth body in carbonated beverages. It points up their flavor, increases their food-energy value.



Dextrose improves texture, emphasizes true flavors, makes ice cream more delicious, more nutritious, a real food treat.

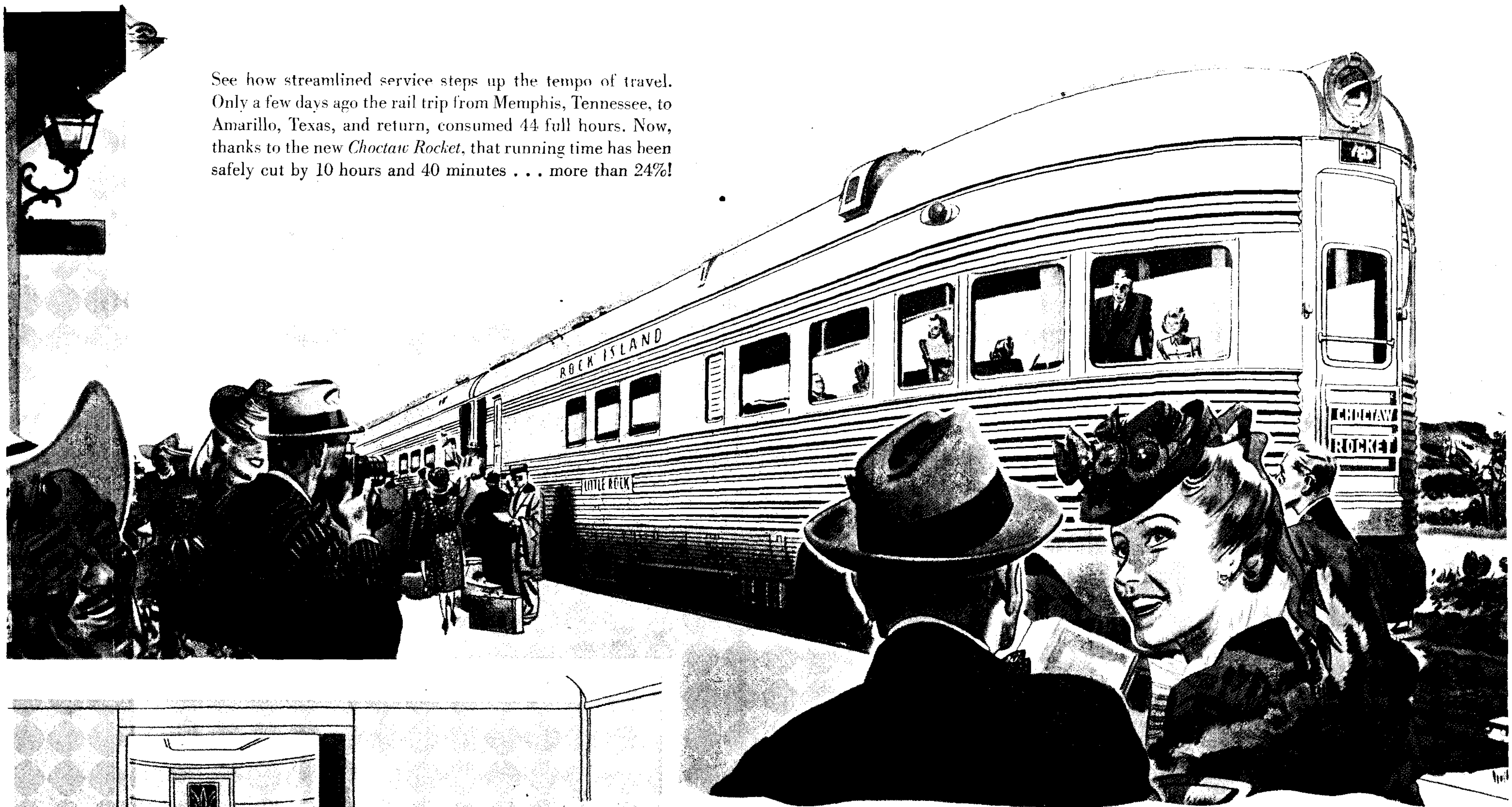


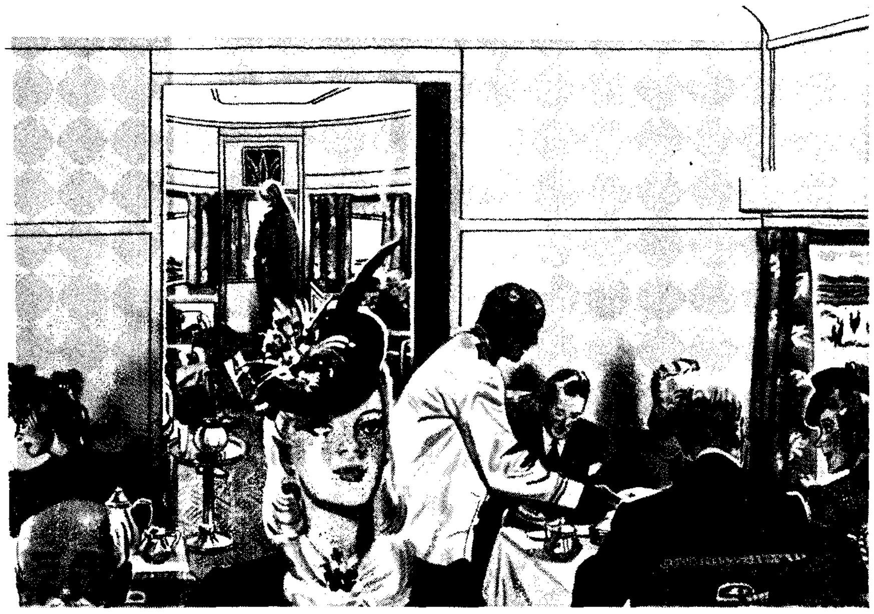
Dextrose protects the natural luscious flavor and firm texture of canned fruits. Dextrose-sweetened fruits do not "cloy".



Better breads are baked with Dextrose! They have more appetizing color and "bloom", finer texture, better flavor.

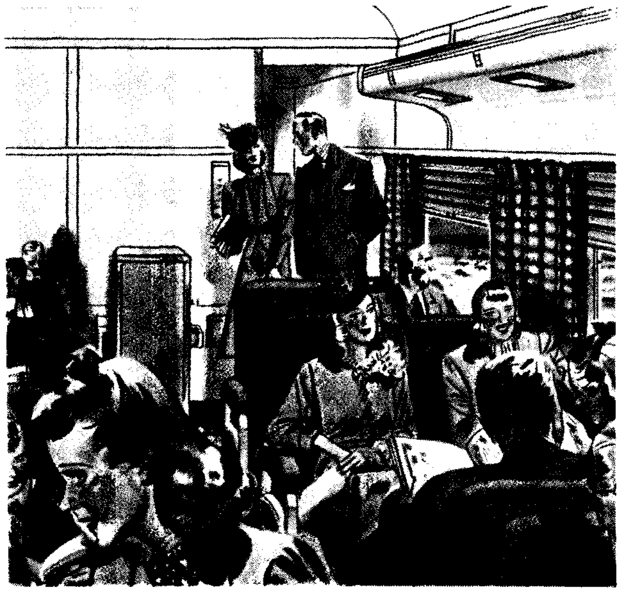
See how streamlined service steps up the tempo of travel. Only a few days ago the rail trip from Memphis, Tennessee, to Amarillo, Texas, and return, consumed 44 full hours. Now, thanks to the new *Choctaw Rocket*, that running time has been safely cut by 10 hours and 40 minutes . . . more than 24%!





The Diner—The hours one spends on the new streamliners pass as quickly as the miles. For radio, scenery and interesting travel companions provide diversions while the food has earned these *Rockets* an enviable reputation.

The Chair Car offers unusually wide shatter-proof windows, improved air-conditioning, insulated silence, scientific lighting, chairs with contours that invite you to relax. soft of upholstery and adjustable to your complete comfort.



Here's one of Rock Island's New Streamliners

CHOCTAW ROCKET

BUILT BY PULLMAN-STANDARD

THE WORLD'S LARGEST BUILDERS OF RAILROAD AND TRANSIT EQUIPMENT

WITH the commissioning of the *Choctaw Rocket* by the Rock Island Lines—an ultra-modern train offering complete travel service—the most encouraging fact in the progress toward making streamlining everywhere available has been reaffirmed. It is, to paraphrase a familiar saw, that one good train deserves another!

For ever since the historic occasion on which Pullman-Standard introduced streamlining to America and established the standards of strength, safety and comfort by which all construction of this type is measured, every subsequent train has, through its popularity, extended rather than satisfied the ever-growing demand for this modern transportation.

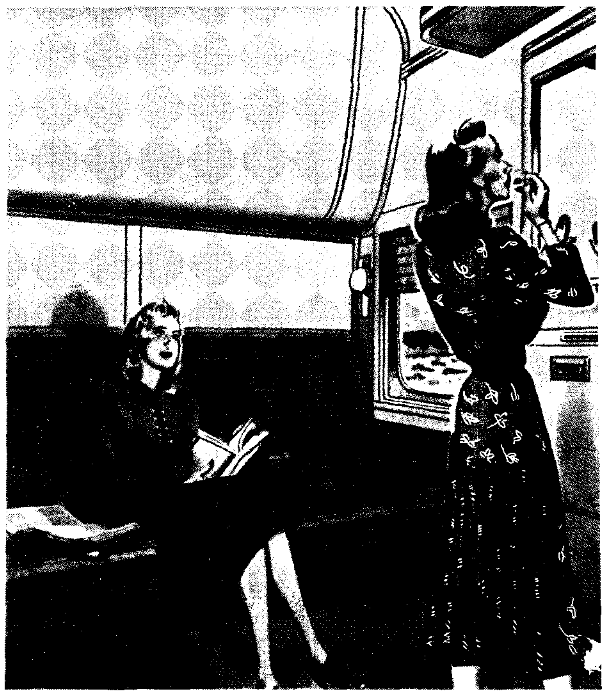
Fundamentally, that is why The Rock Island has been able to expand its fleet to include this new streamliner, and also why its construction was entrusted to Pullman-Standard. Because of the overwhelming preference which you, the traveling public, have displayed for these new trains, the railroads have purchased over 70%* of their new lightweight equipment from Pullman-Standard.

**When this advertisement was written*

In addition to railroad passenger cars, Pullman-Standard designs and manufactures freight, subway, elevated and street cars, trackless trolleys, air-conditioning systems, chilled tread car wheels and a complete line of car repair parts.

PULLMAN-STANDARD CAR MANUFACTURING CO.—CHICAGO

Copyright 1941, by Pullman-Standard Car Manufacturing Company



Pullman Accommodations: The double bedroom offers two full-length beds, a full-length mirror, complete private toilet facilities, a hinged table, individual controls for heating, lighting and ventilation, and plenty of storage space for clothes and luggage. Also available—economical single occupancy sections—lower and upper berths.

"Tops" IN STREAMLINERS ARE BUILT BY Pullman-Standard

Our Gibraltar on Sand

Continued from page 19

administration offices, barracks—are built or building in Isla Grande.

Completed are two enormous seaplane hangars, reputedly the largest in the world, each occupying two acres of land. They house the flying boats that patrol the Caribbean night and day, from Miami to Guantanamo, Nassau, Panama, Georgetown in British Guiana, Trinidad, Martinique, Antigua and Puerto Rico. There are, however, only 21 of these planes in service, most of them old. The new ones that come off the production lines have been going to England and the boys who fly the old ships told me that it's difficult to repair the hulls of the boats if they split a seam in a hard landing on rough water. The metal is so far gone it won't take a rivet securely.

Almost complete is the Army air base at Punta Borinquen commanding the Mona Passage. This alone cost $8,400,000. Four thousand soldiers and 2,000 civilians are garrisoned at this strategic point, the nearest to the friendly Dominican Republic across the Mona Passage from Puerto Rico. The troops are stationed there presumably to be used as shock soldiers against a surprise enemy attempt to land on neighboring islands. The air strength stationed there at the moment comprises one pursuit group and two bomber groups, or about 75 planes in all.

Auxiliary air bases are being built, also, at Juana Diaz in the south central part of the island near Ponce; at Arecibo on the north coast midway between San Juan and Borinquen; at Mayaguez, on the west coast and on near-by St. Croix, in the Virgin Islands. The largest of these fields will be at Juana Diaz, where the 36th Pursuit Group, with 25 ships, arrived January 1st. Juana Diaz's total strength will be 85 planes with the arrival of the 48th Air Base Group which is to be stationed there, with a total personnel of 200 officers and 1,800 enlisted men.

The 24th Air Base Group from Kelly Field, Texas, and the 25th Bombardment Group from Langley Field, Virginia, were transferred to Puerto Rico.

That's the plus side of the Puerto Rican defense ledger and those figures, and the fact that everything is "ahead of schedule," is what the Brass Hats like to tell you about. They admit that because there's been so much haste there has been "some waste."

Take the matter of the dry dock. It's finished, all right. But in their hurry the boys forgot to dig a channel through the harbor which would permit cruisers or other warships drawing up to 27 feet to maneuver into the dock. It will be months before the channel will be finished. Army and Navy critics who question the advisability of so much haste are acid about the waste.

Impressive but Obsolete

They raise another important point. They say that while Puerto Rico's defenses are impressive—fifty million dollars' worth of anything is impressive—they are already obsolete. They would be fine in a 1914-1918 kind of war, worthless now when bombers like our own Consolidated PB-2-Y can fly 5,000 miles without stopping for gas or oil with a belly full of bombs. That range, it is reasonable to suppose, can be duplicated in bombers manufactured by our potential enemy in the Eastern Hemisphere. In that event, Puerto Rico would be like shooting at sitting ducks, and wooden ducks at that.

These critics, and our Navy and Army are filled with them—men who seem to have ideas but somehow are never heard by the policy makers in Washington, declare that we seem to have learned nothing from the current war. One of the major lessons of this war has been that the biggest bomb yet built, the one-ton demolition or high explosive projectile can't pierce a thousand feet of solid rock.

Germany before the war began and Britain after it started applied this elementary lesson of air war. The Germans built hangars in hillsides and mountainsides that gave them the double advantage of invulnerability and invisibility. Britain, on the island of Malta, in the Mediterranean, and on Gibraltar, also applied this principle. On Malta and Cyprus, the British tunneled into rock—the Mediterranean islands, like the Indies, are but projecting tops of submerged mountains—to make shelters for landplanes and seaplanes. Caves the seas had eroded were enlarged as lairs for submarines and destroyers. Caverns of the inland mountain were converted into hotels to house civilians. This is why Malta, Britain's fortress in the Central Mediterranean, has been able to survive the pounding of Italian planes for months.

Our defenses on Puerto Rico, our Malta of the Caribbean, stands on stilts on the muck of Isla Grande, the marshes of the interior. Gasoline storage tanks, water towers, the 600,000-gallon-a-day water plant to be used for emergencies, warehouses — everything — are limned beautifully against the tropical sky, spang where field glasses or enemy bombsights can find them.

There are nearly two million people on Puerto Rico, one of the world's most overcrowded land areas, with some 530 men, women and children per square mile, but there isn't an air-raid shelter on the whole island, building or planned. The construction of defenses implies the possibility that Puerto Rico would be attacked in wartime. Puerto Ricans say it is reasonable to expect that protection be provided for the civilians. The lack of any sign that air-raid protection for civilians is in prospect hasn't helped to bridge the gulf of antagonism between the Spanish-speaking public and the gringo-continentals.

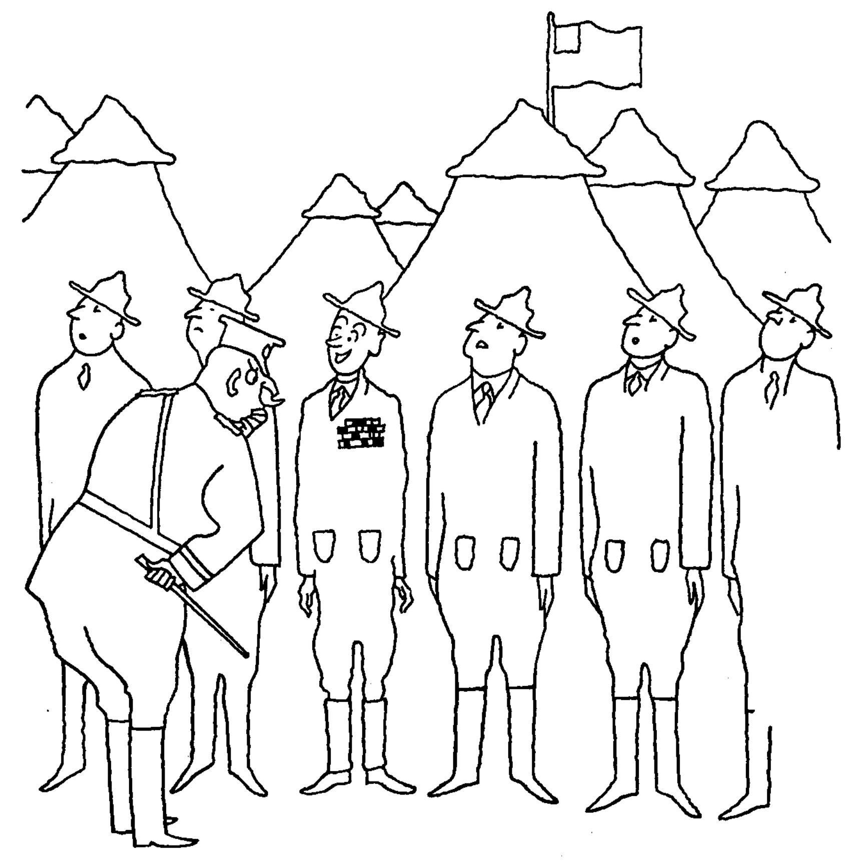
The official defense of the way things are being done on Puerto Rico is that up to the present the potential enemies in Europe haven't any bombers capable of flying to the Americas with effective bomb loads, discharging their bombs and returning to bases in Europe or Africa. This, the critics reply, doesn't stand up as an argument for not employing the elementary lesson Malta taught us: to keep defenses and stores underground. There is such a bomber. Fortunately, we have it, but what's to prevent possible enemies from building one like it or better?

No Help from the Mainland

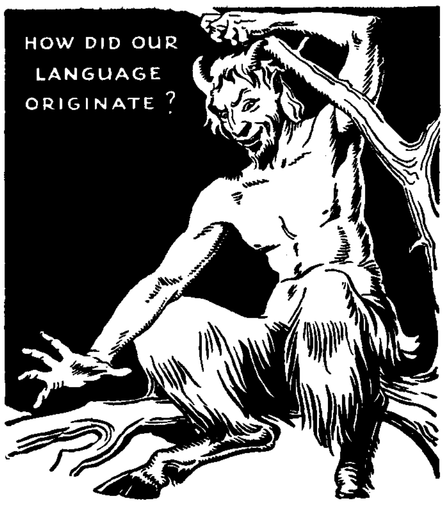
The defenders also say that Puerto Rico is one of many bases and that it is within range of support by air and sea from the bases at Guantanamo, Nassau, and the tip of Florida. Miami, they say, is only six hours away by air, and it is only slightly longer to Pensacola and Orlando.

The tacticians who don't share this view point out that if the stage were reached where Puerto Rico needed assistance from the mainland, it would already have been eliminated as a defense factor.

Puerto Rico, according to those who maintain that all's just perfectly wonderful on the island Ponce de Leon discovered before he went bushwhacking in Florida for the Fountain of Youth, can only be attacked by enemy aircraft flown to the island from carriers. Such planes, they say, could only carry 100-pound and 200-pound bombs. These bombs couldn't do effective work. Correspondents, military observers and others who've seen what these "baby



"Mother made it for me, sir, out of some old scraps" GARDNER REA


HOW DID OUR LANGUAGE ORIGINATE ?

Panic

comes from a mischievous Greek god

IN Greek mythology there was no greater troublemaker among the deities than Pan. His abrupt appearance among the timid wood nymphs inspired the greatest fright. He was regarded also as inspiring human beings with groundless terror. So the Greeks imagined that sudden, contagious fear which seemed to have no sufficient cause must have been inspired by Pan, and to denote this fear they created from the name of this dreaded god the word *panikon*. English has taken it over as *panic*, and we apply the word to any mob fear arising from real or imagined causes.

This is one of the thousands of interesting word origins given in the unabridged Merriam-Webster, WEBSTER'S NEW INTERNATIONAL DICTIONARY, Second Edition. This great reference book provides a wealth of general information. It contains 600,000 entries—122,000 *more entries* than any other dictionary. 12,000 terms illustrated; 3,350 pages. *WARNING:* The only genuine Webster is the MERRIAM-Webster. Look for the Merriam-Webster name and circular trade-mark on the cover. Ask your bookdealer to show it to you. Write for free illustrated booklet of interesting word origins to G. & C. Merriam Co., 606 Federal Street, Springfield, Mass.

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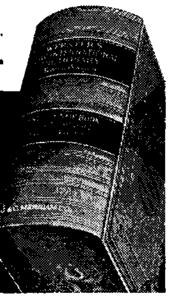
the Genuine Webster



WEBSTER'S NEW INTERNATIONAL DICTIONARY Second Edition

MENDS 'MOST ANYTHING

Iron Glue mends wood, glass, china, toys, leather, 'most anything. ¼ pt. to 1 gal. cans or 10¢ bottles with new lever-lift top, always easy to open and close. McCormick Sales Co., 409 Light St., Baltimore, Md.

IRON GLUE

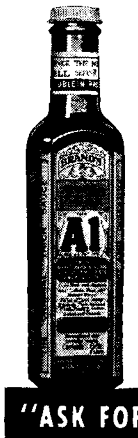
AN ELEPHANT FOR STRENGTH

NEW ADV. MACHINE!

PRINTS AND ILLUSTRATES 1c POSTCARDS

Learn **HOW** hundreds of businesses are boosting sales with 1c Messages—produced on the spot with new, patented, CARDMASTER. Just send name for **FREE** illustrated book of money-making ideas for your business and complete Unique Advertising Plans. Write today.

CARDMASTER Co. 315 W. Hubbard St. Dept. 72, CHICAGO

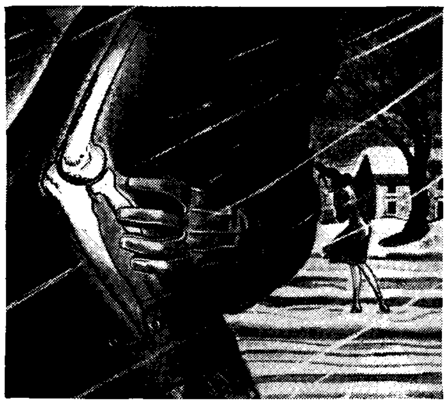


add ZEST to TOMATO JUICE WITH

A·1 SAUCE

"ASK FOR IT IN EATING PLACES . . . AND AT HOME TOO"

"Tortured" by painful COLD WEATHER JOINTS?



Get this Amazing Quick Relief

If cold spells make your joints stiffen and ache, if you feel you just can't endure the pain of cold-weather joints, *cheer up!* Here's new hope for you!

Normally, your joints are fed lubricating fluids by tiny blood vessels. Extreme cold weather, however, makes these blood vessels constrict. The supply of these fluids falls off and your joints stiffen—seem to "grind" every time you move. It's plain agony!

Here's what you should do! Rub aching joints with Absorbine Jr. It speeds the flow of blood . . . steps up the supply of lubricating fluids. Soon pains and stiffness drift away—your joints glow with relief. Keep Absorbine Jr. handy! At all druggists. $1.25 a bottle. FREE SAMPLE—write W. F. Young, Inc., 201C Lyman Street, Springfield, Mass.

FAMOUS also for relieving Athlete's Foot, Sore Muscles, Strains, Bruises

ABSORBINE JR.

★ Hollywood's Secret of Hair Beauty

★ L. B. HAIR OIL gives hair *instant* lustre and beauty!..Makes it look "alive"! Abundant! L. B. relieves dryness... itching, checks loose dandruff. Helps combat external causes of falling Hair and BALDNESS! Now available at your favorite Barber & Beauty Shops, Drug, Department & Chain Stores...10¢, 25¢, 50¢, $1.00. C-5

SEE BLONDIE & DAGWOOD at your favorite theatre

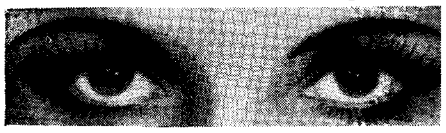
..or write direct to

L.B. HAIR OIL★ HOLLYWOOD, CALIFORNIA

You Can Get Quick Relief From Tired Eyes

MAKE THIS SIMPLE TEST TODAY

EYES OVERWORKED? Do they smart and burn? Just put two drops of Murine in each eye. Right away its *six extra ingredients* start to *cleanse and soothe.* You get—



QUICK RELIEF! Murine washes away irritation. Your eyes feel *refreshed.* Murine is *alkaline*—pure and gentle. It helps thousands—start today to let it help you, too.

MURINE FOR YOUR EYES

SOOTHES • CLEANSES • REFRESHES

bombs" can do, don't agree with Puerto Rico's defenders.

Puerto Rico's strength in the defense chain will always be proportionate to its ability to withstand a siege. No matter how modern, powerful and numerous may be its fortifications, naval and air and land forces, Puerto Rico must be able to withstand a terrific pounding and a blockade in the event of an all-out war.

The food that feeds Puerto Rico comes largely from the mainland. One authority estimated that one pound of food is imported each day for each islander, which would mean nearly 2,000,000 pounds, or one hundred thousand tons. This is one reason why San Juan has always been one of the world's busiest ports.

Agriculture still devotes itself almost exclusively to the cultivation of money crops like sugar. Only recently were islanders encouraged to plant vegetables. Rice is a staple of native diet. But no rice is grown on Puerto Rico. From the standpoint of victualing the island under siege conditions, its ability to withstand a blockade has been dropping steadily in proportion to the increases in the personnel of the military services.

So far the only step taken toward making the island self-sufficient in wartime has been the construction of the water-supply plant. And 600,000 gallons a day wouldn't go very far if the unstable waterworks of the island, of which there are seven, but not one that produces water that comes up to mainland standards, were put out of commission.

The best estimate as to how long the island could last if besieged—an eventuality fully as probable as our being attacked by an enemy from the Eastern Hemisphere—was three weeks to one month.

If Puerto Rico weren't the largest of the islands of the Lower Antilles, the slender chain that dangles from the southeastern tip of old Hispaniola in a southeasterly curve toward South America, and if it weren't the easternmost island of the vital Caribbean and therefore the nearest to Europe and Africa, shortsightedness wouldn't matter so much.

But geography settled the island's fate long before Puerto Rico, back in the days of Roosevelt the First, was a gleam in Uncle Sam's imperial eye. Tactically, Puerto Rico is to the U. S. A. and to the Caribbean what Malta is to Britain and the Mediterranean.

And the similarity between the sea the Latins used to call Mare Nostrum and the Caribbean doesn't end with Puerto Rico's resemblance to Malta. The Caribbean means every imperial iota as much to us as the Mediterranean means to Britain.

America's Life Line

The Caribbean, the reference books say, is an area of the Atlantic Ocean, bounded on the east and north by the islands of the West Indies, on the west by Mexico and on the south by the continental gooseneck of Central America. Because the Indies are the exposed peaks of sunken mountains and because the water between most of these islands is treacherously shallow, the Caribbean is practically a landlocked sea. The story of all landlocked seas, the Mediterranean, the China Sea, the Adriatic—is the story of international struggle for domination of those seas. Their control means safety for the merchant ships and the warships of the power dominant in the area.

The United States is the Britain of the Western Hemisphere. We own possessions in the Caribbean, control others politically and economically and, since the Roosevelt destroyers-for-bases deal, we have definite military interests and commitments in that Mediterranean of the New World.

Like Britain, we also operate a canal. Britain controls Suez, we the Panama Canal. Britain's life line of trade and imperial and therefore national security winds through the Mediterranean; ours whips from the Atlantic to the Pacific through the Caribbean.

If Britain were frozen out of the Mediterranean, a ship sailing from London to Bombay via the Cape of Good Hope would have to travel 10,721 nautical miles. Via the Mediterranean and Suez the same steamer's route would be only 6,260 nautical miles, 4,461 miles less.

Here's what would happen if American ships were obliged to go from the Atlantic to the Pacific around the southernmost end of South America instead of through the Caribbean and the Panama Canal:

New York to San Francisco via the Panama Canal 5,289 nautical miles.

New York to San Francisco via Cape Horn 13,107 nautical miles.

Our Cape route would be 7,818 miles longer than our Canal route, while Britain's Cape route would be but 4,461 miles longer. While in England there were politicians who in 1935 were for abandoning Gibraltar, as did Sir Samuel Hoare, who wanted to appease Italy, you couldn't find a single American who would be for abandoning the Panama Canal rather than defend the Caribbean.

History Repeats in the Caribbean

Puerto Rico has always been strategically important. It was so centuries ago, when Spain ruled and exploited the New World. It was through the Mona Passage, deepest water yet sounded in all the Atlantic, that the galleons of Spain passed on their way to Mexico and Aztec gold. Puerto Rico became the main Spanish base for refitting ships. Lying farther east, nearer Europe than any other Spanish possession, Puerto Rico intercepted attacking fleets of enemy ships. It was Spain's interceptor of attacks and of news. The island got word of impending attack long before such news reached the mainland or points closer to the mainland.

There wasn't a Panama Canal in those days, but there was the same narrow Isthmus of Panama. This was an overland portage for the fabulous cargoes the Spaniards plundered up and down the west coast of South America. The English and French enemies of Spain, the fleets of Drake and De Grasse, stabbed constantly at the Spanish positions in the Caribbean and their objective was that isthmus across which the wealth of western South America was transported overland and then by sea en route to Spain.

The island again is an interceptor. Our warships and airplanes based there are to intercept the possible enemy attack from the east. They are to close, too, that ancient Mona Passage, one of the three main natural entrances to the Caribbean navigable to large ships without risk of disaster on the razor reefs that make the waters of the Indies some of the most treacherous in the world.

To hold the Caribbean against attack by sea we must hold the Windward Passage between Cuba and Haiti, the narrow channel between Trinidad and the South American mainland—and the Mona Passage. And there Puerto Rico stands guard, a sentinel of the Caribbean and the Caribbean is to us something more than an "area of the Atlantic." It's Mare Nostrum to us, our sea of destiny. That's why some people believe we ought to be a whit smarter about the quality and disposition, rather than merely the quantity, of our defenses on Puerto Rico.

EVER TAKE A DARE *Just For The Fun of It?*

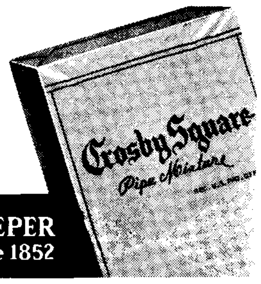
Sure the policeman on your beat was a good friend. You know that now—but when "Freckles" dared you to heave that snowball—*"Zingo"! you let 'er go!*

Here's Rich *Pipe* Flavor With *Cigarette* Mildness!

How about taking a dare to try Crosby Square? We'll take the risk. Smokers have discovered that this blend has what they've been looking for—the mildness of a cigarette with the full flavor of a real pipe tobacco. If you don't find that Crosby Square fills your "pipe-bill," you can get all your money back.

"Take-a-Dare" Offer—Send us 6c in stamps to pay part of packing and mailing and you'll get a generous sample. Write Crosby Square Div., 100 Delmar, St. Louis, Mo. *Mention name of your tobacconist.*

AT YOUR DEALER 15¢



CHRISTIAN PEPER Tobacco Co. Since 1852

MAKES NOSE FEEL CLEARER IN SECONDS!

Can Be Used As Often As Needed
VICKS inhaler
NEW!

WHEN A COLD, dust or bad air stuffs up your nose, it's mighty nice to have the new Vicks Inhaler in your pocket or purse. Because it's packed with EFFECTIVE MEDICATION that makes the nose feel clearer in a few quick "whiffs."

Already tens of thousands of folks are carrying the new Vicks Inhaler around with them ready to use whenever needed. Benefit by their experience and enjoy the greater breathing comfort you get with the handy . . .

New VICKS INHALER

Developed by the Makers of Vicks VapoRub

Pro and Coin

Continued from page 17

sport. There isn't a pro, except Jimmy Demaret, Gene Sarazen and maybe Ed Dudley, who ever gets around to enjoying the climate or scenery. Demaret has a good time because a bad heart has ingrained in him an infectious "Boys, we're only on earth for a visit" philosophy. The other two are well-fixed and have been around too long to worry.

By and large the others, with scant exception, live in a kind of hibiscus-laden, stucco hell, perpetually tormented by putts that refuse to drop into the cups, drives that hook, irons that slice and approaches that refuse to sit down after they hit the greens. The average pro on the winter circuit, for all his fancy raiment (usually supplied by the clothing manufacturer) is more to be sympathized with than envied. For his very livelihood depends on his ceaseless job of trying to tame an offensive little rubber ball which, to its very core, is strictly maverick.

He is engaged in the country's toughest competitive business. Ever since Bobby Jones endeared himself eternally to pro golfers by retiring, the pros have improved so much and so simultaneously that hard-won titles now last no longer than a nickel shoeshine. The pros no longer can win a good title, sit back and hope to capitalize on it. Jones used to play in four or five tournaments a year; these fellows play in from twenty to thirty and the time when they must make their money is during the winter tour.

It's an Exacting Life

They train for their money-making period like conscientious fighters. In the old days the pro had to be the best drinker around the club. He had to stay up all night with the quartet and get up to give a dawn-patrol lesson to the club crank. Most of the seventy-five or so crack pros now on the winter circuit are ten P. M. boys. They watch their diets with the passionate devotion of movie stars. They'll play through a cloudburst, trying to win a purse, but would duck into a lion's cage to get out of the rain when not playing. Some of them will not shake hands when introduced, for fear they might deliver their paws to bone-crushing admirers. Horton Smith won't carry a valise for fear of straining the delicate machinery of his wrists. They dispense their nickels cautiously, but pamper their all-important feet to the extent of buying fifty-dollar handmade shoes.

Lack of success will screw some of their nerves to such a pitch that they will not be able to eat solid food for days at a stretch. Such tension, of course, is not lessened by the fact that golf is the only game where the competitor is a part of the crowd, and, therefore, subject to claps on the back, chattering cameras, autograph idiots and the loud member who wants to introduce his dear cockeyed little boy just after Joe Pro has three-putted himself out of a contract with an equipment house, or hooked what amounts to Mamma's lynx coat into the woods.

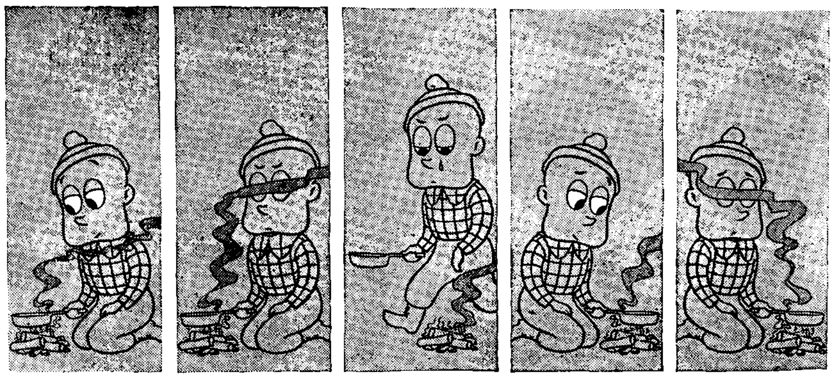
The wives, that gaily dressed and omnipresent chorus of the winter circuit, sit helplessly on the porches of the clubhouses, fashioning their tight little cliques, trying to keep their curious world bright with chatter and gossip. Now and then one of the newer wives, or one of the old and indomitable ones, will slip on low-heeled shoes and go out on the course to follow their quietly anguished mates. The other girls call these dauntless women the "Thirty-Six Holers." And make bets among themselves as to how long it will be before the pro with the new bride turns on her savagely (after she makes the invariable mistake of sympathizing with him for missing the chip which would have permitted him to tie for first) and bitterly orders her to get back there to the porch.

When that comes there will be tears, and advice from the wiser wives, and there will be a new face on the porch, and a new sweater being knitted for hubby or the R.A.F. One of the wifely cliques will have a new member and the new wife will learn many things, including the need of keeping her husband away from his old buddy, the gay-bachelor pro who seems to be training on blondes.

They are wonderful, these golf wives. Prettier even than the baseball wives, but unhappier. For in golf you eat chicken one day, feathers the next. None of the current bevy of girls, except Mrs. Horton Smith, could break 150. But they know an incredible lot about the game and it is always popping into their conversation, though they try hard to keep from talking about the sport.

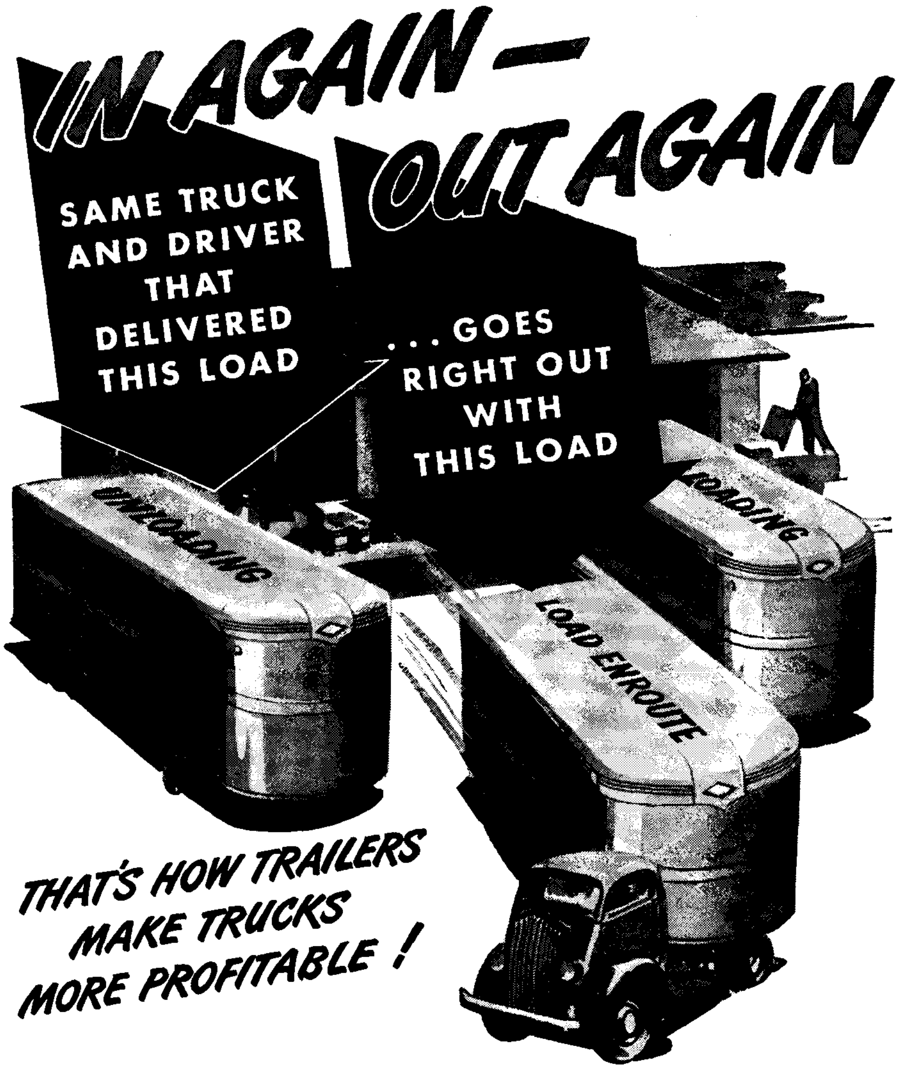
The reporters find the girls a lot jollier and more informative than their harassed husbands. However, reporters who know them have a dread of bearing to them information as to how their mates are progressing in a tournament. A tidings-bearer just can't win around the golf wives.

This has happened: A golf writer strolls past the porch. There is an immediate lull in the pleasant chatter. The writer knows that Byron Nelson has shot an abysmal 41 for the first nine, but he doesn't say anything until good-looking Mrs. Nelson lifts off her Hollywood sunglasses and sweetly says, "Don't tell me, but how's By doing?" The writer swallows and then lies, "Gee, I'm sorry, but I've been following Hogan." Such an admission means, unless he is a cur, that he will impart to



Smoke

CROCKETT JOHNSON


IN AGAIN—
OUT AGAIN
SAME TRUCK AND DRIVER THAT DELIVERED THIS LOAD
. . . GOES RIGHT OUT WITH THIS LOAD
UNLOADING
LOADING
LOAD ENROUTE
THAT'S HOW TRAILERS MAKE TRUCKS MORE PROFITABLE!

TRUCKS are profitable business tools only when they're moving. They are "white elephants" when they stand idle while being loaded or unloaded. That's why so many business men in so many lines of business have adopted the Truck-Trailer "shuttle" method of hauling. You leave *only the Trailers* to be loaded or unloaded and use your truck for the full-time job of pulling first one and then another of the Trailers to be moved.

HERE'S HOW YOU SAVE

You need buy only one truck and the Fruehauf Trailers. The truck can be a small instead of a large one since its job is simply to *pull* the Trailers instead of *carry* the loads. As you know, a truck can pull three times as much as it can carry. Your investment will be far lower for the one truck and the Trailers than it would be for several larger load-carrying trucks.

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Gas and upkeep for the small truck will cost much less—you'll save 30% or more, depending upon your operation. That's an important saving on top of your saving on initial and replacement cost.

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Motor Transport is today one of the greatest economic factors in the nation, being responsible directly or indirectly for one-seventh of all pay envelopes.

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"Engineered Transportation"
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• We can't *guarantee* that Arrow Ties will endear you to the fair sex, but they *will* make you look much smarter. They have handsome new patterns, they're made of fine fabrics, cut to knot perfectly and resist wrinkles. Get some at your Arrow dealer's today. **$1.00** and $1.50.

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TOUGH BEARD? TENDER SKIN?

SHAVE THE WAY BARBERS DO—APPLY A BIT OF NOXZEMA BEFORE LATHERING

No drag—no pull—soothing comfort!

• Try the new shaving trick used by scores of barbers. Just apply a little *medicated* Noxzema before lathering or use it alone as a latherless shave. See how it soothes and protects sensitive skin—how smoothly your razor glides through the toughest whiskers. And notice how *cool* and *comfortable* your skin feels—*no after-shave irritation!*

Treat yourself to a Noxzema Shave *today.* For a *limited time* you can get a generous 25¢ trial jar of Noxzema for only 19¢ at any drug or department store.

25¢ TRIAL JAR 19¢

HERE'S YOUR '41 FREE FISHING GUIDE

Shakespeare's Wondereel

LONG CASTS · NO BACKLASHES

NO THUMBING

Now fishing's fun for all the family. Anyone can learn to cast in five minutes with this marvelous new Shakespeare Wondereel. No longer is it necessary to struggle with troublesome backlashes. Old timers like it especially for night fishing.

For Bait Casting $6.50, $8, $10, $15

For Surf Casting $8.50 and $9.50

SPECIAL OFFER

☐ NEW GLOLITE WONDERBAIT—glows 5 hrs. if exposed 3 minutes to sun or flashlight. 50c postpaid (90c value—limited supply). Send cash or stamps.

☐ FREE 80 page Fishing Guide and Catalog with or without bait. Write today.

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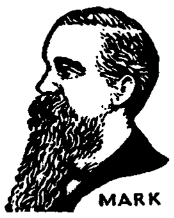
Shakespeare **BALANCED TACKLE**

OH, JOY!

What a joy to get relief from a cough due to a cold. Get it with Smith Bros. Cough Drops. Black or Menthol. 5¢. Both taste delicious.

Smith Bros. Cough Drops are the only drops containing VITAMIN A

Vitamin A (Carotene) raises the resistance of mucous membranes of nose and throat to cold infections, when lack of resistance is due to Vitamin A deficiency.



the quietly eager Mrs. Hogan some crumb of information about Ben's progress.

"Ben's out in 33," the reporter is obliged to report. And then, to his dismay, he sees that not a knitting needle is twitching. To the porch comes a tense, expectant silence. The reporter thinks wildly of flight, but knows he is in no condition to run. So, willy-nilly, he stands there and tells them the scores he knows.

If the boob reporter brings news that Joe Pro and Mike Mashie are coming down the homestretch, neck and neck, with a small pot of gold and fame awaiting the winner, and a smaller pot of silver and oblivion awaiting the runner-up, a subtle change comes over Mesdames Pro and Mashie. Bosom pals that they have been through weeks of their husbands' joint adversity, the two girls now separate. Mrs. Pro will excuse herself, to powder her nose, and when she comes back she'll take her preoccupied stand under another umbrella, or with another clique, much to her relief and the relief of Madame Mashie. There they'll sit until it comes time to join the pushing, shoving mob around the 18th green, biting their lips while watching the ending—getting ready for the kissing picture, or the long, silent, plaintively reflective ride to the next tournament.

By the following Saturday the girls are bosom pals again. Henry Picard—humph!—has beaten the stuffings out of both Joe and Mike.

You Can't Win It All

The nineteen winter-circuit tournaments, beginning in mid-December with the $10,000 Miami Open at the Miami Springs course, and ending the first week in April with the $5,000 Masters tournament, at Bobby Jones' Augusta National course, do indeed total $100,000 in purses. But it takes phenomenal good luck and supernatural playing to win even a small percentage of all that money. First prize in the $10,000 Miami Open is $2,000. In other tournaments the percentage is even smaller, a sample of which would be the $1,000 first prize in the $15,000 P.G.A. championship.

Demaret made winter-circuit history last year by winning six of the nine tournaments in which he competed. His purse income for the entire year was $8,400, which placed him near the top of the money earners. But pro golfers are the real amateurs of sport. They pay their way, and their way, particularly on the long jumps involved in the winter tour, is expensive. It probably cost Demaret and his wife $7,500 to win that $8,400. It therefore follows that less successful pros must be extremely parsimonious in order to keep going on the circuit, and that the hapless blokes who shoot only par—an archaic type of golf—wind up in the financial doghouse. The average tournament last winter was won with a ten-under-par score. Ben Hogan was thirty-four under par for the North-South Open at Pinehurst, the Greater Greensboro (North Carolina) Open and the Land of the Sky Open at Asheville.

Wiffy Cox, a master iron-shot player, once embarked on the winter tour with $3,000 and, though he played excellent golf, won so little that he wound up in April with $50. Hogan and his wife found themselves in Oakland in 1938, far from their Texas home, with $80 between them and a unique pauper's status. That afternoon Ben shot a do-or-die 68 to win $300 as an also-ran in the Oakland Open, while Madame H. was rolling her kerchief into tight little knots on the porch. Ben has been in the money in all but two tournaments since then. Ironically, he was paid $500 for endorsing a headache remedy after winning the North-South Open—now that he doesn't have any more headaches.

When Sarazen first tried to crack the early predecessor of today's well-knit winter circuit he got a rate at the fancy American Plan resort hotel where the tournament was being held, but at meal time would duck down the road and eat at a lunch wagon. He found to his horror, later, what American Plan meant.

Sam Snead first hit the glory road in a battered jaloppy fit to discourage a grape-hungry Okie. Route 90, that serpentine stretch of cement that follows the sun from Florida to California, has seen hitchhiking young pros. There may be a broken heart for every hamburger joint along the route. But some strike it rich. And the newcomers never forget that fact, when the going gets tough and the established stars, with mamma prodding them silently from the porch, begin throwing birdies and eagles at the upstarts. The pace is appalling. Last year Jug McSpaden had the $10,000 Miami locked up. He had shot a 65 on his last round over the par-72 course. Only a 64 could beat him. So Snead shot a 64.

The winter circuit creates great players and heightens interest in the game. The papers give the winners a lot of space, for there is little else stirring in sport. Scores plummet and par is ripped to shreds by men and boys who are driven along by gastric, domestic and business emergencies, or inspired by the will to break into the select circle. Horton Smith was the first ace to spring from the loins of the circuit. He appeared from nowhere, or, rather, Joplin, Missouri, in 1930 and made his rep on the tour. He won $15,000 in 1930, a record which stood for eight years. Demaret is the latest, but perhaps another star is emerging from the sunshine belt as this is being read. Will it be fat Ed Oliver, who was kicked out of the U. S. Open last summer, after playing sensationally, because he teed off a few minutes too early? Or Johnny Bulla, who plays a 35¢ ball? Or Joe Doakes?

Slammin' Sam Hits the Big Dough

Whoever it is, he will have a hard time equaling winter golf's most fabulous production — Slammin' Sammy Snead. What a job Ring Lardner could have done on that sweet-swinging hill-billy!

When Sam started on the 1937 winter tour he was an employee of the golf shop connected with the Greenbrier at White Sulphur. The club had picked him up as a promising ex-caddie (he had caddied for Helen Hicks) and was paying him $45 a month and boarding him. Somebody there believed Sam had the makings, for not long after he had strolled glumly out of his native Virginia hills he shot a 61 over the White Sulphur course.

He got to the coast by auto, after promising his transportation "angel" to split all his earnings with him—as young pros sometimes do to pay for transportation. Snead entered the L. A. Open, made no protest when his name was spelled Sneed on the scoreboard, and finished an obscure seventh. With a little money in his pocket, he drove on to Oakland, and to the consternation of all he won the Oakland Open with a blistering 270, ten under par, beating the best pros.

No reporter had followed him. Nobody knew anything about him. Fred Corcoran grabbed him as he finished and rushed him to the press tent. Snead sat suspiciously on the edge of a press table, and was trying to attune his slow drawl to the barrage of questions flung at him when a photographer took his picture with a flash bulb. Snead leaped three feet off his seat with an expression of rapt horror. He had never before seen a flash bulb.

After he escaped from the newsreel ordeal, and the clutching members who wanted him to dine with them, Sam pinned his $1,200 in his inside pocket, scratched his head and said, "Ah sweah! Last night I just had enough for a ham sandwich and a milk shake. Tonight I got twelve hunnert bucks and they want to *treat* me to mah supper." Then he excused himself, to go to his room to write a letter. "Ah want to write mah mother and tell her I won," he explained to Corcoran—oblivious to the clacking of telegraph keys and the bark of the radiomen near by.

Later somebody sent Sam a clipping of the picture the photographer took of him. The clipping was from the New York Mirror. "How could they get mah picture theah," he demanded, "when Ah never been to New York?" After the winter tour, Sam went back to White Sulphur and got back his $45-a-month job. He wasn't sure he'd ever get another crack at that soft winter-circuit dough.

Gone with the Boom

That summer of 1937, with the confidence born of the previous winter, Snead finished second in the Open, and Guldahl had to break the record to beat him. The following winter Snead went south and west again, won the Miami Open, the Bing Crosby and the Greensboro. By the end of the 1938 season he had broken Horton Smith's record by winning $19,600. With his endorsements and other income, he paid tax on $38,000 for 1938. Some statistical nut figured out that he made four dollars for every golf swing that year.

Snead's record for purse winnings still stands, but during the boom times in Florida, when competitive winter golf was getting its real foothold, some pros earned more than that in a few months, but not in purses. In 1924 Walter Hagen was made president of the Pasadena Club of St. Petersburg at a salary of $30,000 a year, plus a house, expenses, entertainment, etc. Ten years earlier, when Miami was still a mangrove jungle, Hagen and other hard-bitten pros had played a few exhibitions at Bellair and Palm Beach.

During boom times, pros like Sarazen, Leo Diegel, Johnny Farrell, Tommy Armour, Willie Klein, Cyril Walker, Bill Melhorn and a few others rented themselves out to various Florida real-estate developments for publicity purposes, and were handsomely paid. They had a Sunday real-estate league. In 1926 Hagen played Bobby Jones, then connected with a Sarasota real-estate firm, for the so-called world's championship, played, by coincidence, at Sarasota. The 72-hole match between the best pro and the best amateur did much to make winter golf. Hagen won by the runaway score of 11 and 10, and took the entire gate—$6,800. It is the most money ever earned by a golfer from such a challenge match.

That same winter of 1926 the Los Angeles Chamber of Commerce, alarmed over the number of golf stories coming out of Florida, established its famed $10,000 Open. Jim Coffroth and other promoters at Agua Caliente staged a $25,000 Open with a $10,000 first prize, won by Gene Sarazen. Florida answered with the $15,000 La Gorce. Texas, civically aroused, increased the value of a couple of its theretofore nondescript winter tournaments. And the winter circuit was born, parented by real-estate men and chambers of commerce.

Now, bolstered, enlarged and policed by the vast P.G.A., the winter circuit has become a permanent, colorful and highly respected feature of the American sports picture. It retains part of its old real-estate and C. of C. flavor, but by and large, the play is the thing. The money, none of which is put up by the P.G.A., now occasionally finds its way into the pockets of obscure, battling pros who—in the lush days of the boom—would have starved before they could have broken into the elite circle.

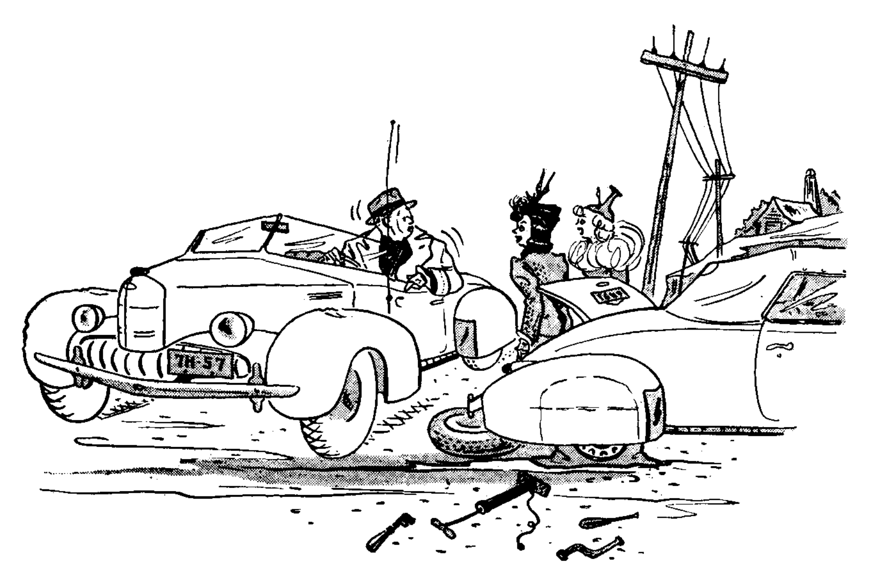
Manufacturers of golf equipment travel alertly along this glory road, urging on their subsidized players, and keeping an eye peeled for some dormant star to add to their list of "advisers" for a minimum retainer of $1,500 a year. The competition gets severer each winter, but each year more young pros set out along Route 90. And the older ones, sensing the bright stare of mamma on the backs of their necks, bear down a little harder.

So the quietly frantic, seesawing enterprise unwinds. Last year at Asheville, the convivial Demaret found himself woefully alone at the bar at the conclusion of the tournament. He had won five winter-circuit events before that, but at Asheville the strain had told on him at last and he had gone so bad that he had dropped out. The bar was ablaze with the spurts of flashlight bulbs. Ben Hogan, the winner, had come in, and not even the free loaders would come near Demaret.

"Can I buy anybody a drink?" Jimmy called out to the room.

No answer.

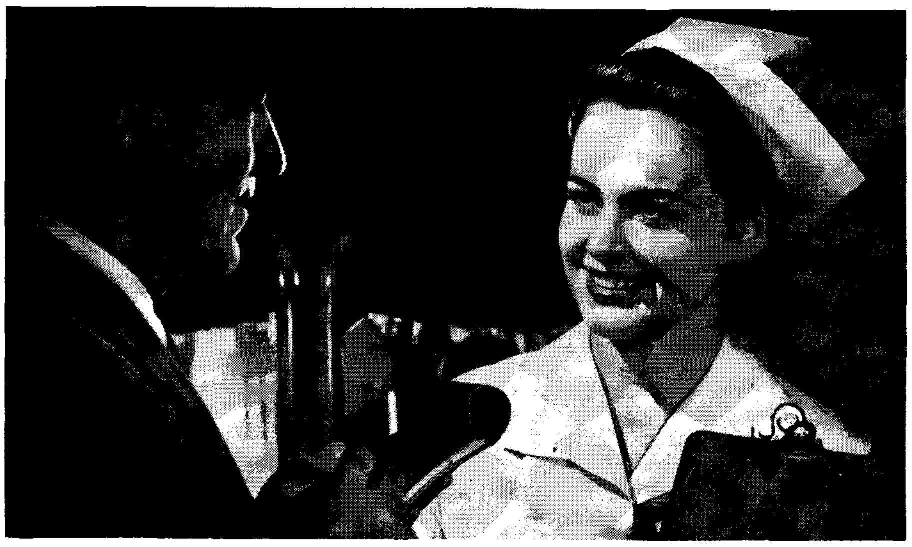
Demaret tried a few more times, then bought one for the bartender. And the next week he was nearly mobbed after winning the Masters at Augusta by four shots. That's the winter circuit.



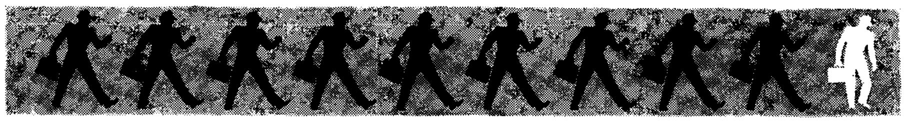
"Could we borrow your jack—er, ah, and you, too?"

GERALD GREEN

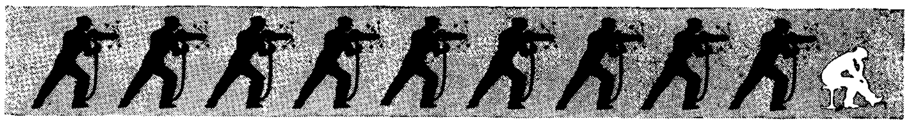
Can Professional People REDUCE TIREDNESS This Way?



A plan to reduce fatigue got the interest of 69 physicians, nurses, lawyers and actresses. They were among hundreds of men and women who volunteered to drink Knox for 28 days to see if it could fight tiredness!*



When the results were scored, 7 out of 10 professional workers who started the Knox test, and 9 out of 10 who completed it said that tiredness had been undoubtedly reduced for them!



128 men on steel work, truck driving...other hard manual jobs...took the Knox test. Here are the results. 8 out of 10 men who started, and 9 out of 10 who completed the test declared Knox definitely increased their endurance.

This could happen to you! When 26 occupational groups tested Knox, 2 out of 3 people who started, and 9 out of 10 who completed the test reported that tiredness was definitely reduced for them. The majority of people reporting Knox effective at fighting fatigue in these tests got results in two weeks' time. (Here's indication that you have a chance to be less tired by drinking Knox regularly.) The Build-Up is easy to follow. Stick to it for at least two weeks, faithfully. Remember, others have fought fatigue this new way!

Tests made and certified by a qualified research organization.

TRY THIS YOURSELF...for 2 weeks

1. Drink 4 envelopes of Knox Gelatine *every day* for 2 weeks. Then drop to 2 a day. After 28 days, drink as needed.
2. To prepare, pour 1 envelope (¼ pkg.) Knox Gelatine into ¾ glass water or fruit juice, not iced. Let liquid absorb gelatine. Stir. Drink immediately. If it thickens, stir again. The gelatine is tasteless.

BUT BE SURE it's plain, unflavored Knox. Knox is *all* body-building protein. Ready-flavored gelatine dessert powders are ⅞ sugar, ⅛ protein. Buy from your grocer in 4-envelope or economical 32-envelope package.

SEND FOR FREE KNOX BULLETIN

telling how *you* may try reducing tiredness. Write Knox Gelatine, Dept. 70, Johnstown, N. Y.

KNOX
U.S.P. PLAIN
SPARKLING
Nº 1
GELATINE
THE HIGHEST QUALITY
CONTAINS 4 ENVELOPES
NET WEIGHT ONE OUNCE

KNOX Gelatine

A PROTEIN FOOD THAT FIGHTS FATIGUE

Collier's
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Jobs After the War

PRESIDENT KARL T. COMPTON of M.I.T. wants to know how about jobs after our defense program is pretty well completed, or after the war, if we get into the war. The defense boom is artificial, and won't produce goods which will produce other goods, or create new wealth, or stimulate new demands.

Dr. Compton answers his own question by suggesting that American industry, beginning now, set aside 2% of gross sales income per year for research aimed at originating "new products and processes which will keep our assembly lines busy after this emergency."

If American industry as a whole would thus assess itself for research, Dr. Compton claims, it could mobilize $1,000,000,000 a year and 250,000 research scientists for development of new goods, services, industries. He adds that despite the big talk about research in this country, the sum total of this work only scratches the surface.

We'd better listen to Dr. Compton and similar advice—and begin acting on it before the boom begins tapering off.

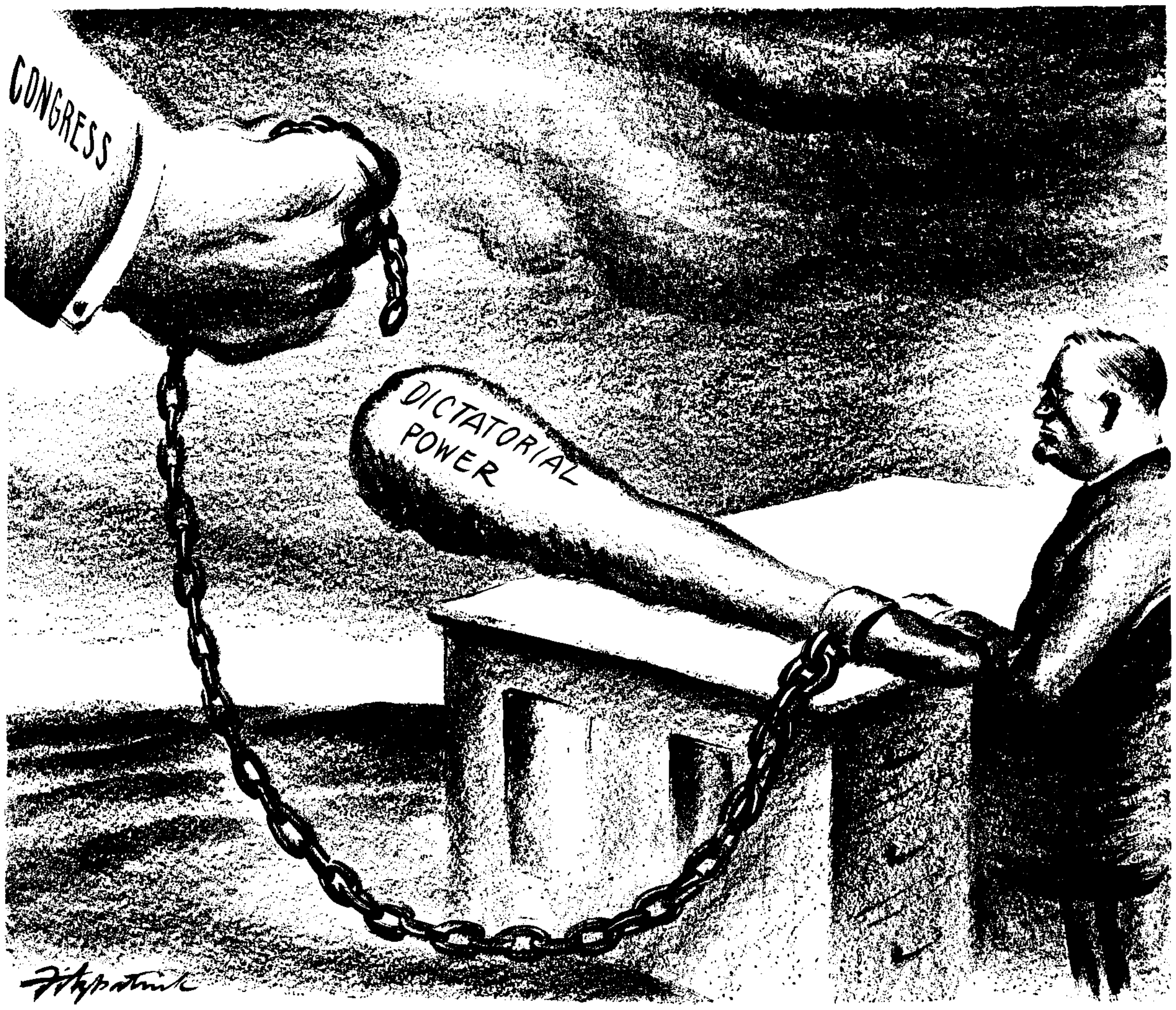
Roll Out Some Medals

MEDALS, ribands, plaques or some such ought to be hung on the following labor organizations, all affiliates of the A.F.L.'s metal-trades department:

International Brotherhood of Blacksmiths; Drop-Forgers and Helpers; International Brotherhood of Boilermakers, Iron Shipbuilders and Helpers of America; International Federation of Technical Engineers; Architects and Draftsmen's Unions; International Brotherhood of Electrical Workers; International Union of Operating Engineers; International Hod Carriers; Building and Common Laborers Union of America; International Association of Bridge, Structural and Ornamental Iron Workers; International Association of Machinists; Metal Polishers International Union; International Molders and Foundry Workers Union of North America; Pattern Makers League of North America; United Association of Plumbers and Steamfitters; Sheet Metal Workers International Association.

The reason why such honors should be paid is that these organizations have resolved not to strike on defense jobs or otherwise stop work—provided employers agree not to pull any lockouts without sincere attempts to arbitrate.

That is patriotism.



H. R. 1776

IS IT an all-out-for-democracy bill, or is it an all-up-with-democracy bill? As far as we can make out, that is the main question troubling debaters on both sides concerning the lease-lend bill, H. R. 1776.

It seems to us that with some amendments H. R. 1776 can be made a true all-out-for-democracy bill, and can also pave the way for a triumphant strengthening of democracy in this country when and if the world climate turns favorable to democracy again.

We regret to see all this power given to any President of the United States; who doesn't? It is contrary to our peacetime tradition.

But democracy has one notorious weakness; and the dictators have played on that weakness to their great (though we devoutly hope temporary) gain in Czechoslovakia, Denmark, Norway, Holland, Belgium and France. Democracy's big weakness is its slowness of motion—because, though two heads may be better than one, 200 or 2,000 heads can't make a decision as quickly as one, either for right or wrong.

When democracy bumps into an emergency, it has to delegate large powers to one responsible head, especially when fast-moving dictatorships are at the root of the emergency. The main thing is to delegate power before it is too late, as France failed to do and as Great Britain almost failed to do.

How wisely Mr. Roosevelt will use these practically dictatorial powers when Congress grants them, we can't predict.

But this much at least is known about the inner workings of his mind; that he is acutely concerned about his eventual ranking in the history of his country and of the world. Feeling that way, is he likely to do any of the dire things prophesied of him if this bill becomes law? Try to become another Caesar, we mean; or give away suicidal slices of our naval and air forces; or loot the Treasury for gifts to any and every nation that touches his heart?

We can't picture it. Or if the President should go thus megalomaniac, we can't picture the American people standing for it. After all, we had one revolution in this country, and we haven't forgotten it.

Let's put a brassbound time limit into the bill—say two years. It can be extended thereafter, or expire, as circumstances at the time dictate. Let's tie some strings to the seemingly absolute power of the purse which the original bill gives the President. Let's write in some other clauses insuring us against any possible perpetuation of this law and let's keep Congress in session.

But after that's done, let's adopt this law. It's a bitter dose for a democratic people to swallow. But a breakdown in our flow of supplies to Great Britain might lead to a breakdown of Great Britain, which in turn would lead to our downfall as a free and independent people. That would be an incomparably bitterer dose than the temporary application of this proposed law. Ask any Frenchman, except the Vichy coterie who are "collaborating" with Hitler and from grim necessity gratefully receiving the crumbs that he lets fall from his table.

By way of explaining how your 256 taste buds will burst into bloom when you try

BOTTLED IN BOND
Under U. S. Government supervision by the original distiller ... Internal Revenue Bonded Warehouse Number ... State of Indiana
This whiskey is four years old. Copper distilled from choice materials, stored in charred white oak barrels in temperature controlled warehouses
OLD SCHENLEY
REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.
Straight Whiskey
100 PROOF
BOTTLED FOR
SCHENLEY DISTILLERS CORPORATION
NEW YORK, N. Y.
FIRST
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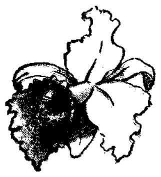
IN QUALITY

America's Mildest

BOTTLED IN BOND

OLD SCHENLEY

STRAIGHT WHISKEY—100 PROOF—AVAILABLE IN BOTH RYE AND BOURBON



Set of six, full-color flower reprints, suitable for framing, Edition No. 1, without advertising, sent upon receipt of 25¢. Copr. 1941, Schenley Distillers Corp., New York City, N. Y., Dept. B.

✻What is a taste bud? It is a palate nerve that permits you to enjoy the flavors of finer food and drink. A normal adult averages 256 such buds. If you are such an adult, your discriminating taste will appreciate the delicate delights of America's *mildest* Bottled in Bond OLD SCHENLEY.

HERE'S A SIMPLE AID TO *Sparkling* MORNING FRESHNESS

Just Do This Before Going to Bed Tonight

DO you wake up in the morning looking and feeling almost as tired as when you went to bed? Irritable . . . sensitive . . . your nerves on edge and your energy drained by afternoon?

Thousands who had this trouble are helping to solve it in a very simple, yet a *scientific* way. A way that involves no risky sleep drugs or medicines of any kind.

Morning finds them clear-eyed, buoyant and *alive*—fresh in looks and spirit. Teeming with new-found energy to carry them vigorously through the day.

What these people do is to take a cup of the *new, improved* Ovaltine regularly just before bedtime each night. Not only to foster restful sleep itself—but to build them up for heightened energy next day.

How It Acts

First: When taken before going to bed, Ovaltine has the power to relieve that feeling of "nervous tension." Thus helping to condition the mind for sleep.

Second: It provides a specialized form of nourishment designed to prevent certain common types of digestive unrest. These conditions, according to medical authority, may be the cause of as much as 50% of night-time tossing.

Third: Ovaltine also furnishes certain food elements to help replenish vitality—rebuild worn-out muscle, nerve and body cells while you sleep. The new, improved Ovaltine has recently been enriched with greater amounts of protective minerals and greater amounts of Vitamins A, B and D.

The new, improved Ovaltine is a *scientific* food-concentrate designed to accomplish specific nutritional results for those who are rundown, nervous and under par or who sleep poorly.

These are not mere "statements" or "claims." In a 3-year scientific sleep investigation, the majority found that, when they took Ovaltine regularly at bedtime, it did create a very definite feeling of being *more refreshed* in the morning.

Over 1,700 hospitals in this country alone serve it. Doctors approve its use.

Try It Tonight

For the sake of your health, your nerves and particularly your appearance—try taking the *new, improved* Ovaltine regularly. Commence tonight. See if it doesn't help you sleep better—and awaken with more "sparkle"—feeling brighter and more "alive."

You can get Ovaltine at your grocer's and druggist's—or mail coupon for free trial supply.

MAIL FOR *Free Samples*

CLIP AND MAIL TODAY

OVALTINE, Dept. S41-C-2A,
360 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Illinois

Please send free samples of Regular and Chocolate Flavored Ovaltine, and informative illustrated booklet on nutritional values. One sample offer to a person. (*Good only in U. S. A.*)

Name. . . . .

Address. . . . .

City. . . . . *State*. . . . .

OVALTINE

The Protecting Food-Drink